Emmanuel College Library
Boston, Massachusetts

Property of
Emmanuel College
Alumnae Archives

1490-13

EMMANUEL COLLEGE ETHOS

FEBRUARY
1948

Emmanuel College Library
Boston, Massachusetts

THE ETHOS FEBRUARY, 1948

VOLUME TWENTY-ONE 2115 NUMBER ONE

CONTENTS

MIST AND MYSTICISM—Alice T. Carew, '48 3

ANTITHESIS, *Verse*—Monica Cotter, '49 7

THE EAST MEADOW FENCE—Frances M. McCarthy, '49 . 8

TO A TREE IN WINTER, *Verse*—Eleanor Higgins, '49 . . 19

WEBSTER REVISED—Barbara Dandeneau, '48 20

LONELINESS, *Verse*—Laure Thibert, '48 24

MY MOTHER'S LAND, *Verse*—Claire Slattery, '49 25

THE HEROINE—Monica Cotter, '49 26

ANNA—Anne Keefe, '50 35

EDITORIAL 39

THE FATE OF AGNES, *Verse*—Sally Rollins, '48 42

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS 43

CURRENT BOOKS:

Collected Poems of Sister Madeleva—Dorothy R. Hingston 52

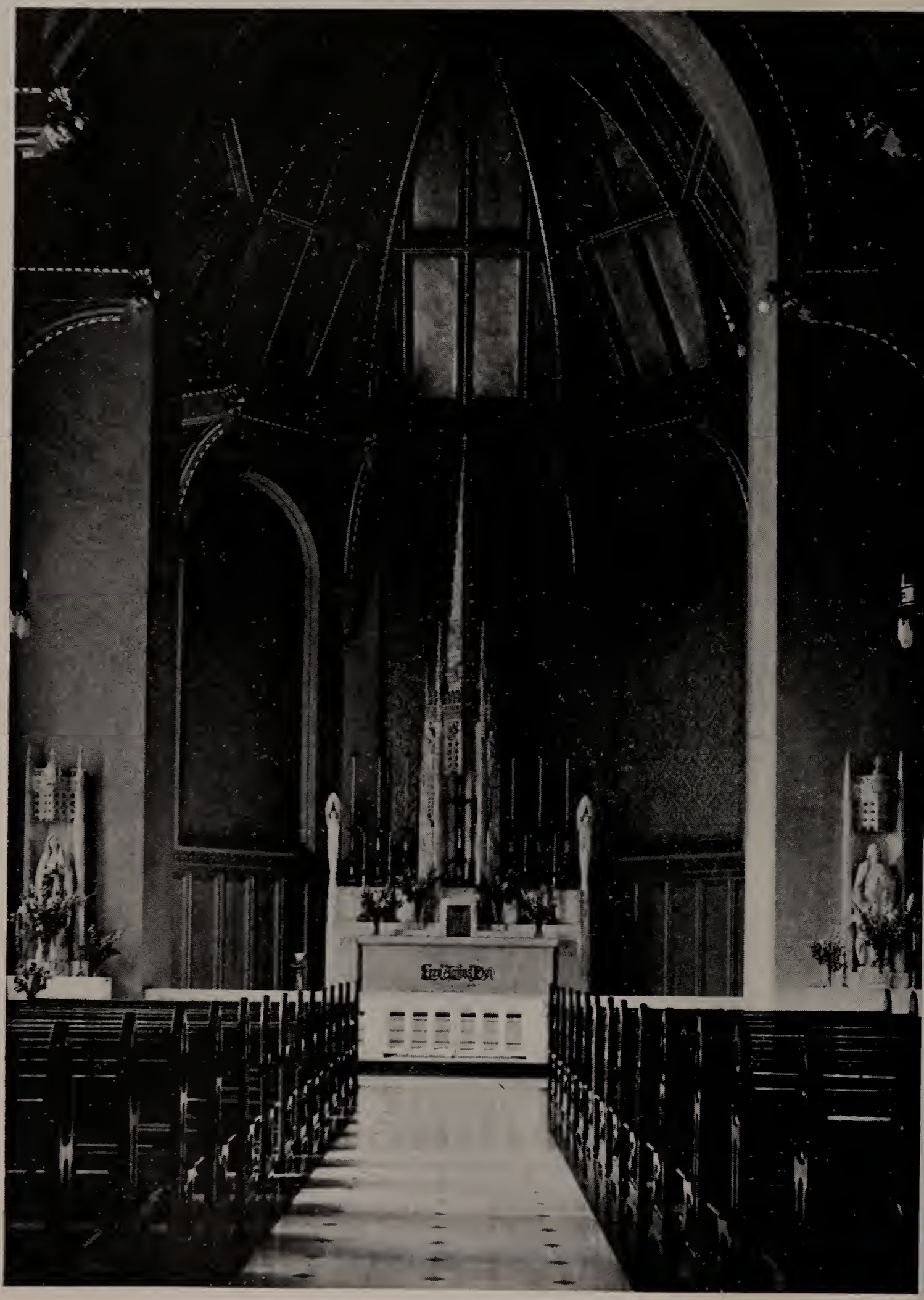
Life and the Dream—Claireanne Powers 53

The Dry Wood—Sally Rollins 55

The Living Wood—Lorraine A. Harding 56

Nothing So Strange—Winifred T. McDonough 58

Published quarterly, during the academic year—February, April, June, November—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: $2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



THE CHAPEL EMMANUEL COLLEGE

MIST AND MYSTICISM

Alice T. Carew, '48

WILLIAM BLAKE was utterly childlike in his belief in the supernatural. Without any apparent effort at all, he could look out of his window and see angels riding on clouds or poised on the limb of a tree, or turning blue with rage in a combat with the devil in a flame of fire. Blake lived almost entirely in a world of his own making, but because he was gifted with an unusually vivid imagination and could create beings with whom he seemed to feel more at home than he was with his fellowmen, we could hardly call him a mystic.

Neither is the poet who presents a complicated, philosophical interpretation of life necessarily a mystic. Yeats spent a generous portion of his life searching for a vision which would help him to understand the relationship between imaginative truth and the world of actuality. He emerged from the search, not with a clear-cut answer to his problem, but with a set of poetic symbols through which he tried to explain his particular vision of universal values. The lyric verse in which he presented his ideas is rich and varied, and wrought in beautifully patterned language, but the thought expressed is too often vague and confused. It is misty rather than mystical.

According to the Christian definition, a mystic is one who through contemplation and love attains to an immediate consciousness of the knowledge of God. The mystic views all creation as a means of lifting his mind to the all-powerful Creator. Through intense self-abnegation and control over

his senses, he rises above the contemplation of mere physical realities to union with the one eternal Reality, God. Every movement of his will, every impulse of his emotions, every thought of his intellect tends toward his goal of union with God. As far as it is possible in this life, he enjoys intense, personal communication with his Creator. Naturally, such union is attained by a very few souls in this life, but everyone who is in the state of grace is a potential mystic.

The false mysticism of the many so-called mystics often leads to confusion of thought. There are poets who have devoted their lives and talents to a sincere searching for the highest good. Often we may read into their poems a Christian, mystical meaning, but actually their thought has not reached the fulness of spirituality that is essential for a true mystic. Many critics extol Shelley as a sublime mystic, the "Ariel" of English poetry; yet his conception of intellectual beauty and love as the supreme good in life is hardly orthodox. The "unseen Power", the "awful Loveliness", the "Spirit of Beauty" to which he directed all his powers in an effort to love mankind led him not to union with God, but to a deep appreciation of Platonic philosophy. Although Shelley reached the heights of poetic expression, his exquisite verse often clothes pagan thought. In his beautiful tribute to his fellow-poet, Keats, he expresses his sense of the presence of Keats' spirit in nature:

> Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
> Which has withdrawn his being to its own.

We may find true aesthetic enjoyment and often intellectual stimulus in Shelley's poetry, but he is not a mystic in the true sense of the word.

Wordsworth is also classed as a mystic by some of his

admirers. It is true that he delighted in an intimate union with nature, which he called "wise passiveness", but one is not always sure that he distinguishes between Nature and the God of nature when he speaks of the "Spirit of the Universe" and the "Presences of Nature". The true mystic, viewing the wonders of creation—its beauty, harmony, and perfection—praises the Creator whose reflection is mirrored in, not identified with, nature.

Yeats resorted to spiritualism to express what is styled his mysticism. He claimed that his system of philosophic thought was revealed to him through messages received by his wife when she was in a spiritualistic trance. At the end of his searching, Yeats had to admit that his philosophy was not completely satisfying. "But nothing comes", he says—"though this moment was to reward me for all my toil". He was sincere in wanting the world to return to a consideration of spiritual truth, but erred in trying to find a solution for the ills of the modern age in the false mysticism of Hinduism and spiritualism.

Who then is a mystic poet? For an answer let us turn to one of the sublimest mystics of the Catholic Church and one of the finest poets of the sixteenth century Spanish literature, Saint John of the Cross. This Carmelite friar asserts in the Prologue to "The Song of the Spirit" that poetry has a greater power than reason. The mystic soul experiences raptures and has an insight into ineffable mysteries which he could never rationally express except through the use of symbols. These mystic verses may seem senseless if we do not understand that they clothe divine truth. Many portions of Holy Scripture, such as *The Song of Songs,* are comprehensible only if we understand that the Holy Spirit has ex-

pressed His thought, not in common terms, but in lovely mystic symbolism.

To the mystic, poetry is not an end in itself. He expresses his love of God in verse to help him and others in the search for union with God. He is a poet because his intense love takes him far into the realms of the spirit. His imagination is excited and his powers of perception become keen. Yet in this excitement he is able to select the proper rhythms, the exact symbolism to clothe his mystical experience in the language of poetry. Even though he may express his thought in apparently simple verse, behind the austere simplicity of the words there is a wealth of thought that can only be discovered after a number of serious readings. Saint John wrote lengthy commentaries on his own short poems, "The Dark Night of the Soul", "The Song of the Spirit", and "The Living Flame of Love".

Mystic poetry is not a medieval tradition. Since it flows from the love of God which flourishes in the poet's soul, it is universal. Admittedly the mystic poet has the difficult task of expressing supernatural thoughts in natural language, but every age and every country produces some mystic to satisfy the yearnings of men. The mystic merely expresses the innate longing of every man for the Supreme Good.

"The Father of Modern Poetry" and great mystic, Gerard Manley Hopkins, has expressed the inspiration of the mystic in the opening verse of that powerful sonnet, "God's Grandeur".

> The world is charged with the grandeur of God.

His nature sonnets, in fact all of his poems, are vigorous hymns of praise to the goodness and wisdom of God in His

Immanence. His symbolism is difficult, but if the reader will enter into the mystical spirit of his thought, he will be able to cry out with Hopkins

> His mystery must be instressed, stressed;
> For I greet him the days I meet him, and bless
> when I understand.

The true mystic, then, does more than simply raise the reader's thought to a contemplation of the things of the spirit. He creates in his soul a longing for union with God.

ANTITHESIS

Monica Cotter, '49

Swiftly as the lark in flight,
Soundlessly as snow at night,
Fleetingly, as an infant's smile,
Man passes here.

Constant as a mother's care,
Omnipresent as the air,
Infinite as love itself,
He is who is.

THE EAST MEADOW FENCE

Frances M. McCarthy, '49

JUDD SHAW piled the last tomato-filled basket into the back of a pick-up truck and slid the bolt across the tailboard.

"Come on, Tommy," he shouted to his younger brother, who was filling feed pans in the center of a chattering group of chickens. "You can leave those chickens until we get back."

The boy moved slowly out of the chicken yard, his progress hampered by the hungry birds reluctant to move out of his way, and climbed up beside his brother into the cab of the truck.

The truck followed the road to the village as if it had the power of staying on it without the help of the tanned, husky boy behind the wheel. It climbed the steep inclines, only to pause at the top for a moment before plunging like the car of a roller coaster into the tunnel of aloof, gnarled-trunked old elms that lined the street, looking like sturdy policemen holding back the surging crowds of passing generations. The road stretched out for miles through the rolling New England countryside, the near-by hills making a patchwork of meadow and forest. The light, pale yellow of new grown summer fodder, cross-stitched with the grey of endless, rambling stone walls, reached to borders of dense, mysterious darkness that was spruce and pine groves hiding the sun.

As the truck bowled along the narrow strip of tar road, Judd turned to his brother with a grin. "Isn't it about time

you get a junior license, Tom? You're getting old enough to go up for the test. It'd be a big help to Pa if you could drive the tractor. Hey . . . ! Hang on, Tom!"

Judd was forced to use all his strength to avoid hitting a lemon-colored convertible, top down, crowded with young people oblivious to the presence of the truck, intent only on racing past it.

"Those darn summer kids! You could drive better than that with one hand tied behind your back," Judd growled. "Imagine passing on that hill. It would serve them right to be hit. Might put some sense into a few of them."

The boys drew up before the rear entrance to one of the spacious, porch-bordered summer homes that clustered around the water front. Judd never could understand why people enjoyed living in such show places; they were so completely lacking in privacy. He never saw the water side of some of the houses, except in winter when the shuttered windows seemed a mockery of the gaiety that had held sway throughout the summer.

A white-aproned maid answered his knock. "It's about time you got here! I've been waiting all morning for that order. After all, I have to get meals on time around here. Here's your money; and you be sure you get here on time tomorrow! You farmers are so independent!"

The door slammed after him and Judd walked slowly down the stairs and back to the truck.

"Gee, I'm glad Labor Day isn't so far away. A few more customers like that one would just about finish me. Come on, Tom; let's go down to the store. I could do with a coke right now."

The boys entered the general store that was crowded with

noisy youngsters, some still in dripping bathing suits, pushing one another toward the window of a small post office set up against one wall. Many pigeon-holed mail boxes were stuffed with letters, magazines, and city newspapers which had arrived on the noon mail boat. Some of the older people awaited their turn, leaning against a counter across the wide board floor from the post office window. Groceries, penny candy, yard goods, and fishing tackle were generously piled in studied disorder over the counters and shelves.

"Hi, Mrs. Knowlton, can you make me up a lemon coke?" Judd swung his long legs over a stool at the soda fountain which stretched across the back of the store.

"I guess so, Judd. How's all your folks?"

"Just fine, thanks. Ma's pretty busy, though. She started canning the early tomatoes today. I think she wants to get them done before it's time to make pickles."

Suddenly Judd became painfully aware of a pretty girl dressed in a brief bathing suit who was sitting not far away. She was coolly appraising his reflection in the cracked mirror that hung across the back of the soda fountain. Self-consciously he chewed the end of his soda straw, wishing somehow that the level stare of the girl were not so obvious to his younger brother.

"Looks like you're getting the once-over, Judd," Tom snickered. "Maybe she wants you to teach her how to milk a cow. As if she'd ever know what one looked like if she saw it."

"Why don't you mind your own business, half-pint? Maybe she's just friendly. Some of the summer people can be civilized if they want."

The girl, who was listening openly to the conversation,

smiled slowly and turned to Mrs. Knowlton behind the soda fountain.

"You know, Mrs. Knowlton, I think it's about time we called off this war between the summer people and the natives. It is really pretty silly, and I'd like to try to change the situation. Would you introduce me to those boys, please? I'd like very much to know them."

Mrs. Knowlton was a bit surprised at the friendliness of the girl's tone. It wasn't often that the visitors were so cordial. As she mumbled faint introductions, Judd could feel a flush of embarrassment rise under his sun-bronzed skin. He had seen this girl before, sometimes in the store, more often on the dock of the yacht club; but always the center of a laughing crowd. He realized that she was the only girl of the yacht club crowd that had ever attracted his attention.

"You're the boy that comes to the house every day with the vegetables. I've seen you delivering things around the village. You don't live here do you?"

"No, ma'am, I live about a half a mile up the North Road. It's a big white house, but you probably don't know where it is. After all, it's just another farm."

"Oh, I know; the barn has a gold weather vane on top of it. Let's see; it's a rooster or a hen or something crowing, isn't it?"

"It's a rooster. Hens can't crow, but you wouldn't know the difference," Tommy piped up with every evidence of contempt in his voice.

"I guess I wouldn't, but you and your big brother can show me some day. Maybe you'll even teach me how to milk a cow; at least I do know what they look like."

"Don't pay any attention to Tommy, Miss Green; he's just too big for his breeches!" Judd tried to apologize for his younger brother.

"You must call me Melissa, Judd. And now would you mind dropping me off at my house? I've got to get back with the mail. Wait until I tell my friends I've been riding in a truck. They'll get a big laugh out of that."

Tommy sat on an empty, overturned crate in the back of the truck and Melissa and Judd rode in the front.

"You know, Judd, I'll bet you're a marvelous swimmer. Why don't you come down to the club this afternoon and show some of the city people really how to swim. Of course if you're busy . . ."

"Well, ma'am, I mean Melissa, gee whiz . . . I don't know. I've never been swimming down there and I haven't met any of the kids that belong. Anyhow, they probably wouldn't let me in at the club; they're pretty strict, aren't they, about letting the town folks swim from the float, I mean? Anyhow, I should be fixing the electric fence in the east meadow. It isn't that I wouldn't like to go . . ."

"Oh don't be silly. You'll be my guest and no one will say anything to you. Come on down; we've got a smooth new high board. You'd love it."

"Aw heck, I suppose it would be all right . . . just this once. The fence can wait. I guess I can go. Do you want me to pick you up at your house?"

"No, never mind. I'll be down at the club. I'm eating lunch there. This is my house, Judd." They stopped before a pretentious house; its many gables and bay windows made it almost ugly in its elaborateness. Melissa ran lightly up the curved walk. Just as Tommy was climbing into the

front of the truck, she turned suddenly and came running back.

"Oh, Judd, if you haven't a pair of swimming trunks, we can lend you a pair of my brother's. Don't forget, I'll see you around 2:30."

Tommy slammed the door vehemently. "She'll lend you a pair of trunks, huh? What does she think we are—paupers? You're not really going down there, Judd. Gee, those kids are way out of your class. What do you want to swim at the club for? The mail-boat dock always used to be good enough for you."

"Gee, Tom, it won't hurt to go just once. I won't have another chance and I want to try the high board. It looks pretty neat."

"O.K., O.K., talk yourself into it. Maybe you can convince yourself that's where you belong, but talk is cheap."

"Aw keep still; it's none of your business anyway. Will you open the shed door? We can put the crates away before lunch if you hurry."

The boys pulled up in the farm yard and began to unload the back of the truck, piling the crates and boxes in a corner of the shed. They stood in pyramids and towers like large, olive colored building blocks, reaching at last almost to the rafters of the low-ceilinged, earthen-floored shelter.

When the job was almost finished, a tall gaunt woman appeared at the door of the kitchen.

"Tommy! Judd! Dinner's on the table. Go call your father and Fred; they're down by the spring. Tell them to hurry. Everything is hot."

The men gathered about a wash stand on the screened back porch, washing from their hands the rich soil, soil that

had been the staff of life for generations of farm people. When they had finished, they trooped wordlessly into the kitchen and with much scraping of chairs across the linoleum, sat down around a heavily laden table. Its oil-cloth cover was set with odd pieces of china. Chipped white plates from a mail-order house were side by side with dainty, flowered cups and saucers that would achieve a place of honor in any antique collection. Serving dishes, steaming hot to touch, were scattered on the table in front of Mrs. Shaw.

Judd took his place in silence, reluctant to have his family know of his plans for the afternoon and dreading the inevitable questioning he thought would follow.

"Why didn't I tell Tom to keep his mouth shut?" he mused. "If he ever starts talking, I won't have much peace around here. Gee, the way Pa acts toward the summer people you'd think they were criminals or something. Maybe some of them don't know how to use their money, but that's no reason to condemn all of them. I hope Melissa isn't like the rest. She seems to have a little more sense. Anyhow, I'm old enough to make my own friends."

He reached across the table for a piece of bread and was beginning to spread it lavishly with rich, yellow butter from an antique cut glass butter dish when his father spoke from the head of the table.

"Judd, what are you going to do this afternoon? Isn't it about time you fixed the fence down in the meadow?"

Judd stopped, his butter knife poised in mid air. "Oh, oh, here it comes," he thought, but before he could answer aloud, Tommy broke into the conversation.

"He can't do it today, Pa; he's got a heavy date to go swimming. The whole lake to swim in and he has to use the yacht club diving board with all the snobs."

A hushed silence descended upon the table. An unnatural tenseness showed at the corners of Mr. Shaw's tightly drawn lips. His wife broke the silence, raising a well-worn coffeepot from a hot plate near the table.

"Come, Pa, let me pour you some coffee."

Judd's parents exchanged an almost imperceptible glance, one born of complete understanding throughout years of shared hardships. Mr. Shaw passed his cup to his wife and watched her as by force of habit she poured rich cream into the black pool of coffee.

"Well, mother, I guess it's about time he finds new friends. If they aren't the right ones, he'll know soon enough. Anyway, we won't be using the east meadow till fall. The fence can wait."

Tommy looked wonderingly at his father. "Pa, you're not going to let him go down there, are you?"

His sentence was cut short by a stern reprimand. "Judd can take care of his business and you take care of yours, young man. Hurry up and finish your potatoes. Your mother wants to clear the table."

All the way to the club, Judd puzzled over in his mind what his father had said. He wondered at his sudden change of heart, but soon put these thoughts into the back of his mind when he reached the club gates and was stopped by the caretaker.

"Where do you think you're going, Bud? You'd better back up and use the service driveway. They don't allow deliveries at the front door. Wait a minute; you're not the hick Miss Green is expecting? She said she was having a guest. I guess she didn't expect a truck, too. Go on in and enjoy yourself. Park over there to the left."

Judd felt a slight surge of anger, as he always did when someone called him a hick. The truck made a stark contrast to the shining newness of the cars scattered carelessly around the entrance to the club.

Melissa came down from the porch at Judd's approach. She was in a white bathing suit that contrasted vividly with her deeply tanned limbs.

"Hi, Judd, you're just in time. The gang has gone on down to the float. I'm just dying for a swim; aren't you? Come on; I'll race you down."

They ran down the wide flagstone path which cut a ragged swath into the smooth, green grass carpet that stretched from the club house to the edge of the lake.

They were being watched by a few older guests who were making a pretense at playing a gay game of bridge on the porch. The two women in the foursome were wilted in the afternoon heat, their heavy jewelry looking like bright colored penny candy sticking to a child's hot, grubby fist. One of them gestured towards Judd and Melissa, who were making their way down the hill.

"Well, it looks like Melissa has annexed another admirer. I wonder how long this one will last. He's a good looking boy, though."

The rest of the afternoon went by quickly for Judd. He was introduced to most of Melissa's friends, who accepted his presence casually. He was self-conscious at first, but Melissa's easy going manner was infectious and soon Judd was swimming as if the group were made up of old friends.

However, there was a little undercurrent of tension when a blond boy swam slowly to the float and climbed the ladder.

"Hi, beautiful, where were you this morning? I don't like being stood up for that tennis game. Say, who's this? You a new member, Mac?" He turned to Judd and started to shake hands.

Melissa spoke up, too quickly. "No, Skip, he's a friend of mine. This is Judd Shaw. I asked Judd to come down swimming as my guest this afternoon."

The boy made no reply, but shrugged his shoulders and dove into the clear water.

The group broke up at dinner time and just before he left for the farm, Melissa called Judd away from the others.

"I'll see you tomorrow afternoon for swimming, won't I?"

Many times in the days that followed, Judd was to meet Melissa, sometimes for swimming, sometimes for sailing, and every Saturday night for dancing. The invitations always came from Melissa and were always for events at the club.

One afternoon they were sitting on the dock, watching the final sailboat race of the season, when Judd turned suddenly to Melissa.

"Mel, I've got tickets for the Fireman's Ball tomorrow night at the Grange. Pa's a deputy chief so he'll be there. You know, I'd like to have you meet him; you never have met anybody from the village, have you? You'll go with me, won't you?"

She didn't answer for a moment, but kept watching the progress of six sailboats heeling with the wind, their sails dipping low near the water, and their wet, grey-painted hulls catching faint glimmers of a mist-covered sun. Finally, Melissa turned to Judd and laughed quickly.

"No, Judd, I don't want to go; those dances are usually

pretty dull. After all, I don't know any of those people. We'll have much more fun if we go to the dance here tomorrow night. Look—Skip is rounding the flag; that Star of his is way ahead of the others."

Judd tried to turn his attention back to the race, but Melissa's words had given him a quick feeling of insecurity that he could not understand.

The following evening, Judd and Melissa arrived at the club, this time in her father's car. The novelty of riding in the truck had long since worn off. The club house had taken on a nautical air; floodlighted signal flags fluttered from porch columns, and the steps leading up to the porch were transformed into a miniature gangway. Loud, brassy dance music cut across the water from a canopied patio set up on the lawn.

The two young people danced silently. Judd was thinking of the emptiness of the winter ahead. He looked down at her and smiled.

"I'll have to brush up on my letter writing this winter, I guess. We'll have to keep the mail service busy between here and New York, won't we, Mel?"

The girl shrugged her shoulders and sat down on the top step of the porch.

"Judd, I'm dying for something to drink. Will you go out to the bar and see if you can find something cold?"

Making his way back to Melissa across a now darkened porch a few minutes later, Judd could distinguish her voice mingled with the laughter of some of her friends. Suddenly, the realization that their conversation was about him made him instinctively shrink back into the shadow of a pillar.

"And that tux he's wearing," Melissa was saying; "it

smells as if it has been in moth balls since old Dan Webster dedicated the town pump. And all he can talk about is getting that fence mended. I suppose they're afraid somebody might steal their precious land. As if anybody would want it!"

"He served your purpose though, Melissa." Another voice came out of the darkness. "Skip is insanely jealous and he'll follow you around all winter like an obedient puppy dog, just so that Adonis from the farm won't have another chance."

Judd turned and walked slowly back into the club house. He handed the glasses he was holding to Skip, who was leaning easily against the doorway, and spoke with a bitter laugh.

"Will you take Melissa home for me, Skip? I just remembered . . . I've got a fence to fix."

TO A TREE IN WINTER

Eleanor Higgins, '49

Bleak symbol of austerity,
How gaunt and straight you stand,
Cold figure of severity,
Shorn of your grace by winter's hand.

Yet beauty will be yours again,
O wood in masquerade,
And you will hear spring's warm refrain,
When winter's debt is paid.

WEBSTER REVISED

Barbara Dandeneau, '48

LISTLESSLY I turned the pages of my Anglo-Saxon lexicon. Surely the study of etymology demands a scholar's mind, and today I am no scholar. With all the elements of nature conspiring to create a magic world just outside my window, how could I concentrate on the drab derivations of homely words like *hearth* and *Wednesday* and *house?* I closed my book firmly and gave myself up to day-dreaming.

A white veil of snowflakes was slowly screening the expanse of brown lawn and garden, the cheerless hills off in the distance, and the stark trees standing like signal posts for the chance wayfarer who dared venture forth in such a storm. The whiteness and the hush of it! Rain, I thought, is eager and insistent; it beats and hammers on pavements and windowpanes to gain your attention. But snow envelopes you in stillness, and its remoteness holds you with a quiet tenacity.

Now one could thoroughly enjoy the study of Anglo-Saxon lyrics in an atmosphere such as this. One could really enter into the experience of the seafarer when the hail flew in showers about him, and the shadows of night became darker, and his world was enchained by frost; but an appreciation of Anglo-Saxon lyrics would never help me to face the stark reality of questions on etymology tomorrow morning. I gave myself a mental shove and took out of my notebook the list of words for which I was to find an Anglo-Saxon origin. Words can be such fascinating things. They signify so much more than is indicated in their flat definitions.

My fingers idled through the pages of Webster's dictionary until I came to the word snow: "crystals of frozen water vapor falling from the clouds."

Such a blank description! Was a snowstorm to Webster nothing but a series of chemical elements and equations? Had he never been delighted by the shining faces of urchins building snowmen or waging war on the hats of dignified gentlemen? Had he never heard sleigh bells nor seen a forest of jewel-encrusted trees bent to the earth? Surely he had seen the transformation of angular black trees into a luxuriously-swathed landscape of wind-molded snow dunes.

My mother hurried into the living-room carrying a split birch log to throw on the fire, and bustled out again to continue her preparations for supper. The flames in the fireplace flickered greedily around the new log, and a thin grey scarf of smoke curled up the chimney. I studied the sooted bricks and the wire screen and thought how inadequate was Webster's conception of hearth: "the pavement on which a fire is made." To me, a fireside contains most of the elements requisite to a home. The word conjures up low voices telling ghost stories into the dancing glow of the fire; laughter; faces growing rosy as they bend over the flames to toast marshmallows or pop corn; grotesque pictures forged out of logs; that strange sensation of pin points burning through you on one side and ice-cold draughts freezing you on the other.

The kitchen door slammed and I heard Jackie's voice announcing with all the delight and enthusiasm of his eight years: "The circus is coming! It's coming to Boston and Dad said he'd take me when it came."

I smiled to myself, because it is a cherished secret in our

family that Dad uses Jackie as a plausible reason to attend every circus that comes to town. What is so enchanting about a circus? How disillusioning I found Webster's prosaic statement that a circus is "a show with many entertaining features, as acrobatics, trained animals, and the like."

A circus is magic, and fun, and the breathless gasp that cuts the air as trapeze artists twirl themselves daringly above the nets stretched to receive them. The word stands for the muscular woman with the tired eyes who rides bareback through a sheet of flame; for red-nosed clowns; for the shrill-voiced barker. The circus is a whole world of glamor, to which even the little boy who waters the elephants may belong; it is important enough to risk defying the principal and his admonitory ruler the next day.

From the kitchen the clatter of pans and the sound of busy footsteps, mingled with a warm, toasty smell suspicious of popovers, changed the direction of my thoughts. I opened the dictionary to the m's. "Mother", I read: "a female parent."

"Well now, Mr. Webster", I insisted, "mothers surely deserve more gracious treatment than that."

Remember the night that Mother puzzled through your algebra so that you could enjoy a special date? Of course, you never told her that the paper was returned a few days later with crossmarks beside seven of the problems. Other efforts had happier results. Now that you are older you recall little things unnoticed before: so many sacrifices gallantly undertaken; humdrum chores faithfully performed; problems thoughtfully hidden from the rest of the family; whole books of advice freely offered, though often not accepted; constant attention to your smallest trouble. You

could forget now how unhappy you were that you were not allowed to cover your trench coat with the autographs and latest bright sayings of your friends. What you could not forget was the proud look on her face the night Tim came home to say he had enlisted, and how she had cried as she watched his train pull out of South Station.

So many things, places, events colored the meaning of just one word. A word like *mother* or *September* or *rain* could perhaps conjure up memories and thoughts enough to construct a whole novel. Thousands of words could be written about any one word.

I scanned the list of words which I had to prepare for school the next day. School. There was a word with a different meaning for different groups of people. To the young seminarian, it is the instrument through which he learns to find and to serve God; to the true scholar, it gives a meaning to life, and a way of living; to the young socialite, it is a meeting place and a diversion—Grand Central Station might afford similar opportunities.

Webster's view on the subject was a neutral one: "a place of instruction; the building in which instruction is given." Any American schoolboy could have painted a more graphic word picture than that. Had Mr. Webster never longed impatiently for recess nor worried about chalkdust, and cramped knees, and apple-polishing? Were his dreams filled with visions of leaking inkwells and daily quizzes? Was he ever tempted by a shining April morning as he trudged reluctantly to school? Did his mind never wander from bleak English grammar to inviting vistas of an exciting baseball game as mine was now wandering from Anglo-Saxon? Sadly I pulled the lexicon toward me and, summoning all my willpower, plunged desperately into the study of etymology.

LONELINESS

Laure Thibert, '48

I wanted you to see the sunlight
On the wall. So often
I had told you of the growing way
It climbed the hearth at four o'clock.
"Ivy from an enchanted land; a golden waterfall,
Perhaps. You'll have to see—"

"I'll come for tea."
You promised faithfully.

I spread my whitest cloth,
And watched the room
Turn gold; sunlight caught in the cups
Like shining fish;
Racing along the slippery spoons; spilling;
Spreading like golden mercury
Upon the rug; touching the hearth,
—And then!
Smoothing and smoothing
The folds of my green dress,
I heard my own breath waiting.
I wanted you to see the sunlight on the wall—

The kettle has boiled dry.
Outside, the crickets cry.

MY MOTHER'S LAND

Claire Slattery, '49

The crimson and gold of the vetches blend
With the misty blue of the milkwort in May;
And a carpet of fly-orchids edges the bay,
A refuge for dunlin, curlew, and wren.

The thatched white cottages close to shore
Are weighted with stones to thwart the gale;
And purple mists discreetly veil
The ruined castle of Clonnamore.

Rocky crags, abrupt and bare,
Shadowed in vapour and softened by fog,
Are patched with the spongy, shallow bog
That yields good turf against winter care.

My mother's voice sings sweetly on
Of Erin's land and living lore;
And there is music, magic stored
In names like charming Sleivenamon.

And I who kneel here at her side
Live with her in this flower-fringed land;
And feel the spell of sea and strand,
And all the longing she fails to hide.

THE HEROINE

Monica Cotter, '49

"Miss Wright, kin we see those things . . . er . . . er . . ."

Nancy Wright looked up from the files. Two ragged urchins stood before her. The older one was groping for the right word. He tried again. "Kin we see those things you look through?" He held his forefinger and thumb up to his eye in a circle.

"The things you look through?" she asked, puzzled. "Oh, you mean the stereoscopes?" It was the child's turn to look puzzled. "No, you can only look at those on Friday afternoons," she explained patiently. "Why don't you take a look at the Comics?" Miss Wright pointed the way to the Children's Room.

Nancy wondered what kind of mother would allow her children out on such a night. A fierce March storm was raging. It was warm in the Riverside Library, to be sure, but the sound of the wind and the rain beating angrily against the window panes made Nancy feel cold. It was as if they were demanding admission, she thought.

Double trouble, she groaned, as she saw the two children heading for the desk again. Evidently they had decided against the *True Comics* after all. Not thrilling enough, I suppose, she mused. Now what do they want?

"Is that God up there?" Nancy pushed back her swivel chair and stood up. The little one was pointing a grimy finger at one of Gilbert Stuart's famous portraits of Washington above the desk. The older cast a scornful look at his brother.

"That there's Linkin. He freed the slaves."

"That," corrected Nancy decidedly, "is George Washington." She eyed their tattered coats and red, chapped hands. "I think you boys had better be running along now; the storm is getting worse." She watched the two children shuffle off.

Nancy had not expected to be on duty alone tonight. Indeed, the junior assistant librarians were never on alone, but Miss Brown had been taken suddenly ill, and Mr. Ward, the head librarian, had asked Nancy to take her place. He felt that she could handle any difficulties which might arise better than the other juniors. She had protested, of course, and told him that Joan, or Helen, or Hera could do as well as she. Just the same, his confidence in her had made her feel good.

Nancy looked up as Mr. Lyons and Mr. Nichols came in together. "Good evening," she greeted. Mr. Lyons sauntered up to the desk and Mr. Nichols headed for the music room.

"Good, is it?" teased Mr. Lyons. "Now, tell me, Nancy, what's so good about it?" He opened the top button of his overcoat and drew out five books, one by one. All mysteries, Nancy noted. She wondered how he had ever been able to fit all of them in. "And I owe something on every last one of them," he said with the air of a martyr. He took out his wallet.

"Indeed you do," Nancy chided playfully. "Ten cents, please!"

"One can certainly tell whose money is keeping this place going." He handed over his dime and went to look at the books in the pay collection.

One would think, mused Nancy, that it would be far from busy on a night like this; yet this is not the case. On bleak nights such as this, one seems to feel the need of books. Between stamping the outgoing books and discharging the incoming, Nancy was kept busy and the time flew. She had always found it interesting to note what people read; it told so much about them. Hm! she would exclaim to herself. Billy Smith reading *Great Expectations!* He's improving! He used to read the *Two-Gun Short Stories* all the time. But tonight Nancy had little time to meditate on the reading habits of her customers.

She was endeavoring, with the assistance of Mr. Nichols' forefinger, to tie up the album of records on Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, and hoping desperately that some day she would be able to take a course in bundle wrapping. The harsh shriek of the door bell shattered the stillness. The dignified, serious-minded Mr. Nichols—the organist in the First Congregational Church—jumped in fright, and then, feeling foolish, grinned at Nancy.

"That is Mr. Rice," she explained, handing the album across the desk. "He likes to announce his coming."

"Hi! Junior-Number-Twelve!" greeted Mr. Rice. He had been numbering the junior assistants for a long time. Nancy's older sister Ann had been dubbed Junior-Number-One. He plopped his magazines down on the desk. "Do you know how to make an Englishman die happy?"

Oh! moaned Nancy to herself, another joke. "How?" she queried, separating the *Atlantics* from the *Newsweeks.*

"Tell him a joke when he's young! Ha, ha, ha!"

Nancy smiled indulgently.

"I don't think you appreciate my jokes," he scolded. He

feigned deep sorrow. "Well, I'll tell you another next week," he said as he blustered off chuckling to himself.

Nancy liked working in the Library. Some people thought it was dull, but not Nancy. Indeed, it didn't seem like work at all to her. She liked everything about the Library. She liked the smell of the books, especially the new ones. She only regretted that she could not read them all. She liked the green shades on the fluorescent lamps in the Reading Room; they were friendly and seemed to invite everyone to come in and read the magazines. She liked the people, too. She enjoyed catering to their interests and even their idiosyncrasies. There was little Mary Flaherty, for instance. She was barely five; instead of wanting fairy stories, she always wanted stories about locomotives. Then there was young Mrs. Hudson, who had come rushing in one morning looking for a recipe for Irish bread. Her husband wanted to have some that night, and she had never made ordinary bread before, not to mind Irish bread.

Then, of course, people were always calling up to find out the answers to the Tele-test questions. "Who was Tippecanoe?" they would ask, or "Who said, 'Heigh ho the holly, this life is most jolly'!" No, never a dull moment here, she said to herself.

A gust of wind gave wing to the yellow pamphlets advertising the new books. Nancy picked them up and put the ink bottle on top of them. Miss Taylor, the "Mayor of the Town", pushed wide the swinging doors and waddled up to the desk. Her head was lowered as if she were preparing to charge, and there seemed to be a diabolical gleam in her green eyes. Ten years ago, thought Nancy, she sat behind this desk. She was the head librarian then. Thank goodness she's retired!

Nancy could still see her sitting at the desk looking like an ogress, large and threatening. She could see herself, solemn-faced and silent, tip-toeing about the Children's Room. Peg, Jo, Beth, and Amy March, and the Pepper children, and Tom Sawyer had seemed entirely out of place in such an atmosphere.

"I want the copies of the *Congressional Digest* for January, 1939," the ogress announced curtly.

"I am sorry, Miss Taylor," replied Nancy with relish, "but I am on duty alone tonight and I cannot leave the desk for any great length of time. The magazines are in the cellar, and I cannot get them now." Nancy was triumphant. It was nice to be on this side of the desk.

"You mean, young woman, you are not going to get them for me?"

"No, I am sorry, but I cannot." Nancy was firm. Without another word Miss Taylor huffed away.

This last half hour will be quiet, I know, Nancy confided to the bust of Burns opposite the desk. I'd better get myself something to read. She went out to the stacks and returned with a volume of Poe's short stories. Now to find something I haven't read, she muttered. She ran her finger down the table of contents. *The Cask of Amontillado,* she mused. I'll try that one. Her eyes skimmed over the printed pages.

> A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to—

The outer door slammed. A tall, slightly built man, about forty, came in and paused in the vestibule a moment to look

at the posters. His collar was turned up. His hat was pulled down as far as possible; from the brim, drops of water dripped and ran in little rivulets down the front of his coat. His skin was pallid and transparent, and the little brown moustache gave him a foreign look. Nancy was struck particularly by his eyes. They were large and brown and deeply set. They had a hunted look like those of an animal who is being tracked down. He hurried past the desk without a greeting and headed for the stacks.

I never saw him around before, thought Nancy, as she checked the seven-day books. Maybe he's a doctor. No, he's probably a professor, she speculated; he has that preoccupied air. He might even be a famous author who has stopped by to do some research. That would be exciting—to meet a real author. She picked up her book and continued reading.

Except for the deliberate "tick-tock" of the old grandfather clock and the sudden rumpus in the radiators, the silence had not been interrupted for the past ten minutes. Now Nancy became conscious of a low mumbling sound. That could be anything, she told herself. She went on reading. She struggled with that unknown *I* in the story as he strained every muscle to place the last stone in the last tier. She felt the desolation and despair that Fortunato must have experienced sealed inside the niche. She closed the book with a sigh.

She became more conscious now of the mumbling sound. She pushed back her chair determinedly. I must investigate that, she said to herself. I am curious. The old jingle ran through her mind. "Curiosity killed the cat, but satisfaction brought him back." As she neared the first division of shelves, she stopped short. The voice was loud and rasping.

"I'm going to kill you, Marion. You can't get away this time."

Nancy stood petrified. She could see the morning headlines: *MURDER IN THE STACK ROOM.* Her first impulse was to call the police. No, she reasoned. Not yet. That will take time, and every minute counts. I must go to the defense of that poor girl. The voice came from the very end of the stacks — from the psychology section, Nancy guessed. Who could it be? She recalled those who had been in that evening. Why, that tall dark man, of course. I thought he looked queer, she reflected. Who is Marion, she wondered. Why is he going to kill her? The answer came to her in a flash: she won't marry him, and he's tricked her to come here to get his revenge. Like poor Fortunato! She hurried back to the desk. She must be practical about this; she had to have a weapon. Her eyes lighted upon her father's huge black umbrella, which her mother had insisted she take. It was still dripping, for there was no floor space large enough for her to open it out and let it dry. Just the thing, thought Nancy, seizing it. The lights in the stacks were dim and low. She tip-toed down the shadowy aisle, holding the umbrella ready for use.

"You thought you'd never see me again, didn't you? Well, your time has come."

Nancy froze. How was he going to do it? A pistol? A knife? Hang her with the light cord? She slipped into the second last division and carefully laid the umbrella down beside her. Her hands shook as she knelt down and cautiously removed two dusty volumes from a lower shelf, the better to view the proceedings. Did she dare to look? But she must. Nancy peered trough the aperture, round-eyed and gaping.

Where was the victim? Where was Marion? No blood splashed around! No dagger! There he was all right. He was walking up and down gesticulating wildly, first at the psychology books on one side, and then at the religious books on the other.

"You have betrayed me once too often."

Nancy gasped in sudden realization. A lunatic! That's what he was! A lunatic! This was even worse; you could never tell what a man like that would do. She could do nothing alone. She must call the police. But would she be able to do that without his hearing her? The pines soughed dismally and the rain beat more persistently against the windows, determined to batter them down. Oh, why did this have to happen to me, she wailed mentally.

Nancy shuddered as she slipped off her suede sling-backs and set out to retrace her steps to the desk. In one hand she held her shoes; in the other, her umbrella. The aisle never seemed so long. First one foot, and then the other, and then the other foot again. Her heart leaped up at every step. Did he hear her? Was he not following her, coming nearer, ever nearer? Could she not feel his hot breath on her neck? Was he not even now stretching out his hands . . . cold, cold hands . . . to coil his long fingers around her white throat? Nancy sprang into the sanctuary of the front room. Safe at last! She looked fearfully behind her. Not a soul in sight. No sound except the slow, deliberate step of one pacing back and forth, back and forth. She seized the phone.

"Give me the police, operator!" she said low and dramatically. "Emergency!"

"Police Headquarters! Officer Flanagan speaking," came the crisp response from the other end.

"Officer, this is Nancy Wright at the Library. There's an insane man here and I'm holding him at bay. Hurry!"

"Keep cool! We'll be right there!"

Nancy sank back in the chair in relief. But would they get there in time? The siren announced the approach of the police. Simultaneously, the clock began to strike nine. From the stacks came the sound of hastening footsteps. He was coming out! She must not let him get away now! Nancy stationed herself around the corner. As the tall stranger came hurrying out, she shot her right foot forward. He was down, sprawled on the brown linoleum. Losing no time, Nancy pounced upon him and swung her umbrella menacingly above his head. The water dripped down his neck. The police dashed in.

"Violent, is he? Well, we'll take care of him," said Officer Flanagan. "Nice going, Miss Wright!" They pulled the man to his feet and two burly policemen pinned his arms behind him.

"Violent?" exclaimed the stranger in astonishment, having caught his breath. He glared at Nancy.

"Come along, now. What do you want to do in a musty old library, anyway?" soothed Flanagan.

"I came here to practice my lines in peace," he snapped angrily, trying to free himself.

"Your lines?" asked Nancy faintly.

"Yes, my lines!" he retorted emphatically. He drew himself up to his full height. "I am an actor in the Boston Tributary Theater." He turned to Flanagan. "What kind of girls do they hire to work in this Library? Peeking through the stacks! Walking around in their stocking feet in the middle of winter! Tripping respectable, law-abiding citizens! Why, that girl is insane!"

ANNA

Anne Keefe, '50

WHEN Anna arrived at our home twelve years ago, I was six and my brother was four. I don't remember exactly what she looked like then, but I think that she must have been a little worried. She was only sixteen, and we looked disturbingly healthy. Poor Anna! If she had only realized how very nerve-wracking our "growing up" process was to be, she would have fled in terror; but there was no hint of the wanderlust in Buddy's fat, rosy face and no sign of meditative moods in mine. I was at that restful age when one just accepts people without analyzing them. You can see why Anna as a personality seemed a little vague to me during those first years.

She used to sing rather plaintive ballads, I remember, such as "The Letter Edged in Black" and "If I Had the Wings of an Angel." I think she had a secret devotion to a popular cowboy yodler of the time, a devotion which we shared and manifested in our rendition of the tearful dirges. She had another pleasant habit, too, of making us sit on the kitchen chairs as a means of punishment until mother returned to the scenes of our crimes. It happened quite often, this chair-chastisement, regardless of the time or the audience.

One winter day I brought a friend home from school, and being in a particularly belligerent mood, I walked boldly into the kitchen with my rubber boots on, completely ignoring Anna's dark gaze. Surely Kate's presence would avoid any unpleasantness!

"Gee, Anna, we are awful hungry; any peanut butter?"

"Nothing for you until you take those boots off."

Either I didn't catch the serious tone, or I chose to ignore it. "We need something to eat first," I said. "I promised Kate a peanut butter sandwich, and she is dying for one."

"All right, young lady, you may have your sandwich now, and then you will sit on that chair until your mother comes home."

This seemed rather rude to me. After all, I did have a guest.

"But what about Kate, Anna? We were going to make a snowman."

"Well, Kate can sit on a chair, too, or make a snowman by herself."

With this graceful inclusion, Anna proceeded to make our sandwiches, which were eventually placed in front of us, their maker departing ominously with a duster. We finished our repast and spent the rest of the afternoon sitting on hard maple chairs, amusing ourselves during Anna's intermittent appearances by making weird faces behind her back. Of course, my entire childhood was not spent on wooden chairs, but many of my friends say that they were brought up in our kitchen.

The ballads and the chairs are things that I associate most intimately with Anna's advent. Not until I was fourteen did I distinguish her as a person in her own right—a person who resents being called five feet one and a half, but is; who hates red hair, but has it; and who tries to calm others while chewing her nails distractedly. She keeps herself looking as pert as the white organdy curtains in her kitchen. Her step is deliberate and expressive. We can sense her frame of mind by the sound of her approach. Quick steps mean that she is hustling to mother with a report of the latest

domestic upset. A slow pace is sometimes caused by preoccupation, but more often by sheer fatigue.

Anna has a funny little habit when answering the phone. If it happens to be mother's sister who is calling to chat, Anna will say, "M's Keefe, your Aunt Margaret is on the phone," disregarding the fact of the actual relationship. All family ties seem to start and end with Bud and me. If it is my father's sister, her name becomes "his Aunt Mary"; if it is mother's, "her Aunt Margaret". We have teased her about her original appellations, but they have become almost a symbol of her personality.

Her kitchen is her kingdom, and her reign is unquestioned. She develops an instant attachment to anyone who extolls her cooking; but there is a danger in praising this talent too elaborately. We, of the family, know the pitfall and restrain our enthusiasm; but visitors unconsciously give lavish tribute and we suffer. Once a certain recipe has been called to her attention as producing unusually delicious results, Anna presents us with the dish for weeks.

Dessert is her specialty, and if she takes extra care with it, she decides quietly to save the remnants. She selects a unique hiding place, wraps her treasure in wax paper and stores it away, secure in the knowledge that there will be dessert for tomorrow's dinner. Then come the unexpected guests. Mother does not fear, for she remembers the generous portion of dessert left at dinner. Invariably Anna is out when mother starts her search for it. The entire family helps, madly scouring cupboards and closets, with despairing eyes on the hungry guests. Suddenly someone remembers that Anna locked the china cabinet and pocketed the key with a triumphant motion; all then realize the hopelessness of the hunt. My father explains to our friends and pre-

pares hors-d'oeuvres rather hurriedly. The anticlimax comes the next night when Anna proudly brings in her well-preserved cake, blissfully ignorant of the furor caused by her stealthy scheming.

Only in the last two years have I appreciated Anna as a character, paradoxical and true. She seldom laughs outright at my brother's antics, but I know that she chuckles inwardly. She says she has no time to read, yet her subscriptions to Catholic magazines are numberless. Her hands are never idle; still they are always ready to help someone who needs them. She feigns a complete indifference to family activities, although she has ready information on the most insignificant detail of home concerns.

Anna is one whose nature is inherently maternal, and I know that when kitchen chairs are no more and when wet boots are a thing of the past, she will be casting a watchful eye on the cherubs of heaven, having well earned "the wings of an angel" that she sang about so very long ago.

THE ETHOS STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Alice T. Carew, '48

Associate Editor
Eleanor T. Hughes, '48

Literary Staff
Margaret M. Carroll, '48
Barbara A. Conley, '48
Janet C. Healy, '48
Dorothy R. Hingston, '48
Winifred T. McDonough, '48
Sally W. Rollins, '48

Business Manager
Jean C. Farrell, '48

Business Staff
Ann C. Bulger, '48
Ann T. Corbett, '48
Gertrude C. Creedon, '48

Circulation Managers
Anne M. Farrell, '48
Patricia E. Hogan, '48

EDITORIAL

Mea Culpa

The message to American Catholics that grew out of the meeting of the Bishops in Washington last November is concerned with secularism and its place in the modern world. Secularism, as defined by the Bishops, is "a view of life that limits itself not to the material in exclusion of the spiritual, but to the human here and now in exclusion of man's relation to God here and hereafter." The Bishops show clearly the disastrous effects of this view of life on individuals, on the family, on the school, on economic activity, and on the

international community. It is this attitude toward life that has resulted in immorality, broken homes, Godless schools, enslaved workers, and a world fearful of war. "Thoughtful men," the message asserts, "perceive that secularism, which over the years has sapped the divinely-laid foundations of the moral law, bears a heavy burden of responsibility for the plight of the world today."

On reading the statement of the Bishops, the Catholic student very smugly assures himself that secularism is not one of his sins. But is it? Of course the Catholic college curriculum, with its foundation of Catholic philosophy, provides a defense against which secularism should gain no ground. Are we sure that simply because we are Catholic college students, we are immune to this disease which is sapping the strength of modern society? It is true that we do not find cause for alarm in our course of study, as is the case in non-sectarian institutions, but the credit for this must go to wise teachers and careful parents rather than to ourselves. The question that we must ask ourselves is: Are we applying to our individual lives the principles that we can rehearse so readily in our courses in religion and philosophy? What is the average Catholic student's reaction when, in a discussion on religion, the Church is attacked? Does he speak with passionate anger or merely smile and turn away? Is he really prepared with the facts that are necessary to show an understanding of the problem that confronts the non-Catholic mind, and has he the charity and patience to explain the point to him?

What is the Catholic student's attitude on racial questions? Can he say that he is utterly free from secularism and is living his life in its proper relation to God if he has a feeling of superiority to those who happen to be of a different

color? Is the Catholic college student absolutely above a feeling of social and intellectual snobbery? Each one must answer these questions for himself.

If we are honest with ourselves, we shall find that we are not entirely free from the charge of secularism. If Catholic college students today, who are Catholic leaders tomorrow, succumb to this disorder, much will be lost. The Bishops tell us: "We must be true to our historic Christian culture. If all who believe in God would make that belief practical in their workaday lives, if they would see to it that their children are definitely imbued with that belief and trained in the observance of God's way of life, if they would look across the real differences which unfortunately divide them to the common danger that threatens, if they would steadfastly refuse to let a common enemy capitalize on those differences to the detriment of social unity, we might begin to see a way out of the chaos that impends." Shall we, then, like the Pharisee shake our heads disapprovingly and look to the world about us when we hear the cry of secularism, or shall we say "mea culpa" and seek to mend our ways?

G. C. C., '48

THE FATE OF AGNES

Sally Rollins, '48

Nurse Kate swayed in the rocking chair,
  With quiet, grateful sighs;
She clasped her hands in deep content
  And closed her weary eyes.
And in a mellow voice she wove
  Her tales of old folk lore
To Agnes, six, and, in her lap,
  Little Michael, four.

She told about the leprechaun
  Who stole poor Nell away,
Because she was a wicked child
  And never would obey.
He guarded her all day and night
  For seven years or more.
One was listening, filled with fear,
  Little Michael, four.

He led poor Nellie to a land
  Of blackened hill and glen,
With jagged crags and cutting thorns,
  And withered, jeering men
Who lived upon the mountains or
  The barren, stony shore.
"It isn't true!" cried Agnes to
  Little Michael, four.

That night when Agnes lay in bed,
  A tiny man appeared;
He hopped upon her rocking horse
  And danced and grinned and cheered.
A jacket green, a yellow sash,
  A bright red cap he wore.
Alas! he stole our Agnes—not
  Little Michael, four.

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

On Looking in a Mirror

Someone once remarked that a man's best mirror is an old friend. Perhaps he is, but I claim that a man's best friend is an old mirror! Although such a declaration may not be in good taste, self-praise is better than no praise. After all, when you have stood for goodness knows how many days on the same hard cement floor, beside the same coldly taciturn lockers, and in the same noisy gym, it is about time that you asserted yourself.

It is not that I dislike Emmanuel students. You know them all. They are grand girls—but somehow they fail to appreciate me. After all, I am one of their most devoted friends. Who else would complacently reflect the same sets of staring eyes, day after day, or listen with such placid meekness to trite comments: "This light is terrible! I always have a ghastly pale look." "Good grief! That can't be a gray hair, can it?"

A mirror does not have to be so acquiescent. Do you remember the mirror of Snow White's queen? He (such daring was hardly feminine) could not resist pointing out to the haughty queen "the awful truth." Ah me, we cannot all be martyrs.

My life could be worse. I must admit these college girls do entertain me. Everyone of them has her own peculiar antics which she reserves for the poor mirror. Little do they realize that a glassy eye is not always blind.

Although I do not produce as flattering a reflection as a shop window, Patsy (that cheerful freshman who sits beside you in Religion) never fails to primp before me, whether she parades in her brother's smooth corduroy jacket or in an Alice-blue gown. She may come into the gym to practice a catchy waltz step, to hold consultation with her friends over that impossible calculus problem, or to add a few more rows to her precious sweater, but invariably she casts what she imagines is a subtle glance into the mirror.

Most girls have individual gestures which express their particular reactions to their vision in a mirror. Some timid souls are actually afraid of a mirror. Instead of looking me straight in the eye, they squint their eyes to visualize how their countenances will look in the softening haze of candlelight. A self-conscious student caught stealing a glance in a public mirror will give her earring or necklace a reassuring twist to regain her composure. Now Patsy, not unaware of her blond beauty, always ruffles her pert bangs, pauses, and then curls the ringlets around her slender finger. I imagine her overworked bangs are as annoyed with the procedure as I am bored watching it. I should be flattered; it is not every young man's privilege to be favored with so many of Patsy Conway's smiles.

I see little of Patsy on those momentous occasions when I am besieged with admirers. No one is more popular than I on class days. What fun it is to watch seniors struggle with their stocks, juniors and sophomores fuss over their corsages, and freshmen arrange their veils. Milton's Eve could not have been more pleasurably surprised and satisfied when she first viewed her reflection in the waters of Eden than the seniors are when they first study their new academic selves.

Cannot a mirror have a place in the traditions of a college? Why, I have looked out on more than you imagine. Never fear, I shall not repeat a word of those vivid Monday morning accounts of that "perfect week end." I do not know what there is about combing hair that loosens a woman's tongue, but I do not have to be a hairdresser to realize that girls exchange "fascinating" intimacies while unsnarling their lovely tresses. What a successful blackmail business I could establish!

As a side line I could set up an amusing collection of "early morning expressions." I have come to the conclusion that every commuter must travel to work half asleep or else he could not bear even to glance at the

drooping faces of his fellow travelers. Few can testify as I can to the transforming power of a touch of lipstick applied to the lively rhythm of "Near You". Bubbling chatter over the prospect of a Spanish quiz or the possibility of a bid to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival can work miracles for the "before coffee" blues.

As entertaining as these morning metamorphoses are, I look forward to the evening rehearsals of the dramatic society. Many a youthful Bernhardt has strutted up and down before my gaze. These preliminary speeches are hilarious enough to make a mirror crack his sides. What pompous phrases! Their gestures are unpredictable. I never know when I am going to receive a smarting slap or a fatal blow. Their facial expressions, or, more correctly, distortions, are equally entertaining. Like Richard II, she glares into the mirror as if she thought I were trying to deceive her. If I were not so solidly stationary, I would have been dashed to the floor long ago. Vanity is often vicious.

I could deliver a magnificent sermon on the vanity of mankind and the foibles of "mirror magistrates", but I shall let you observe yourself when next you look my way and exclaim:

> I know that mirrors do not lie
> But for mercy's sake, can this be I?

A. T. C., '48

THE THIEF

Oh work, you heartless thief who steals
My precious time away!
And when you find its value's past,
You cleverly return it, fast,
It's with me, then, to stay!

S. W. R., '48

A MATTER OF OPINION

Snow clouds rolled in on a scowling day,
A darkening fortress with turrets grey.

"If it snows," said the doorman with caustic cough,
"I'll have to shovel the sidewalk off."

The businessman railed, "It mustn't snow;
My shipment of toothpaste tubes won't go!"

The engineer heaved a sigh at fate,
"If it snows, the trains might be ten minutes late!"

The shopkeeper growled at this world of ours,
"A storm would keep customers home for hours!"

And men fretted their minds with worry and stress
And lost still more of happiness.

A child by the window with sighs soft and low
And hungry eyes said, "I wish it would snow!"

M. R. H., '50

Her name was Janet, Janet Webber, to be exact; but that doesn't matter. No one in the crowd ever referred to her by just that name. She was popularly hailed as "old reliable" or "good old Jan", but more often as the "salt of the earth".

No one in particular had started it, but you know how it is at a college house. Everybody gets to know everybody else quite well, especially in the group you go around with. You meet all types of girls. Some of them are sophisticated or witty or clever, and others are quiet, serious-minded students. Now you take "good old . . . . . ", that is, Janet. She sets herself up from the start as the mainstay of our crowd. She wasn't the life of the party or anything like that. It was just . . . . . well, for instance, let me tell you about Anglo-Saxon. None of us could ever quite grasp it, except Jan. She was inspired from the first. So about every other evening, the gang who lived at the Guild House would trudge dejectedly up to her room (muttering disconsolately that hieroglyphics or Japanese would be much easier on poor sophomores) and with Jan to more or less guide us, we'd sit around and decode it together. Miss Summers never could figure out how four of us whom she regarded as second cousins to morons passed her mid-year with our heads above the water mark. That's how Jan was. Always ready to help us out when we needed it most. It wasn't only with classes, either. She always had an extra pair of gloves or stockings if you were going out or needed something in a hurry. She was good at doing hair, too. Even Mary Lou Jackson, whom everyone in the crowd considered glamour personified, would admit that. It came to the point that whenever Jan did anything for us, we would pat her affectionately on the back and exclaim, "You're just the salt of the earth"; and whenever her name would come up in the conversation, one of us would invariably say "good old Jan".

* * * * * * *

Things were going along just fine for the crowd that winter. As I said, we had emerged from Anglo-Saxon, worn but unbeaten, comforted by the fact that we would never have to endure another campaign like that. I could see that there was something bothering Jan, though. Not that she said anything about it, but she began to be quieter and she seemed to grow more and more reserved with all of us. Then

something did happen. It was in philosophy. It was one of those nerve wracking hours when we were having an oral quiz. We were supposed to have mastered the first fifty pages of a perfectly mystifying but perfectly logical text (so the professor maintained) entitled REALITY AND THE MIND, by Biddle. We were all sitting there frantically clutching our notes and at the same time trying to appear composed and extremely nonchalant so that Father might overlook us in his quest for a victim, when he called Miss Webber to stand and answer a few questions. Everyone relaxed. Of course "good old Jan" would know all the answers. But she didn't. She was completely at sea. We could hardly believe it. In fact, I forgot to get panicky when I was called next, and as a result came off not too badly in the encounter.

When the bell rang, Jan got up and walked into history class without saying a word to anybody. We were baffled. This just wasn't like her at all. Everyone else except Mary Lou, Susie, and I were due in class. We three went right down to the caf because we felt that this incident needed mulling over. We settled ourselves over coffee and then Mary Lou and I exchanged puzzled glances. Susie, as usual, was off in a world by herself. Perhaps I'd better explain. Susie is a *petite* redhead, the pride of French 207. Everywhere she goes she carries a little French phonetics drill book, and she is always making very peculiar faces and emitting very odd sounds. Frequent and long oral practice is the keynote to the understanding of the language, Susie has told us more than a million times. Susie is my roommate and the only time I've ever seen her without that book is when she is in bed or on skis. Mary Lou dismissed her from the conversation with a casual glance and leaning towards me inquired in confidential tones, "What do you suppose has gotten into Jan?"

"I don't know," I brilliantly contributed.

"Maybe she's sick," Mary Lou continued.

"*Le i bu y lyl*". This from Susie's corner.

"For heaven's sake," I intoned in disgust, "can't you forget that mumbo jumbo for once? Don't you realize that Jan is sick or . . . . . .?"

"I'm sorry." Susie apologized, her mind already leaping ahead to the next drill.

"She'll probably tell us herself at noon," Mary Lou offered. With that we changed the subject and spent the rest of the hour in small talk.

Of course I was still peeved at Susie, but when the bell sounded the three of us strode companionably enough up the stairs to class.

At noon meal in the Emmanuel Caf there is little time for social conversation, so after a hasty lunch I walked down the hall to the gym, where most of the crowd are to be found between twelve and one on any week day. As usual it was mobbed. There were about a hundred pairs of feet dancing dreamily to the latest Dick Haymes record. I edged through the crowd, making my way towards the familiar corner in back of the piano, which was our favorite hide away. Susie and Claire Elliot were its only occupants. I had barely said "hello" when Claire began, "Did you hear about Jan in philosophy this morning?"

"I was in there myself," I said.

"No . . . . . really? What got into her?"

I was about to say something when Mary Lou and the rest of the crowd joined us.

"Still talking about this morning?" one of them wanted to know. "Forget it. Jan's only human. What if she did slip up on a quiz for once. I don't think she's been feeling well lately."

Maybe we would have forgotten it, too. A few of the crowd started to dance. Claire and I busied ourselves in admiring Mary Lou's new alligator pumps and in trying to lure Susie out from behind the covers of her phonetics. Then Jan was coming across the floor. I could see by the expression on her face that there was something troubling her. She didn't mention anything, but after a cheery "hello" settled herself casually enough by me and seemed to be listening to our chatter. All of a sudden Claire said, "Jan, I'm going out tonight. Could you possibly do my hair just for this . . . . . ?"

"No," Jan broke in emphatically.

"Huh?" Claire was amazed.

"And what's more," Jan seemed to be all worked up, "and what's more I'm tired of being just 'good old Jan', the 'salt of the earth'. I'm through being the Stonewall Jackson of this crowd—and—and I guess I can be just as gl . . . glamorous as anyone around here if I tr . . . try." With that she stalked out of the gym.

So that was it. Jan wanted a change. She wanted to be glamorous. The idea seemed rather ridiculous at first. Not that Jan looked like a hooded terror or anything like that. In fact she was an almost pretty

girl with small even features and soft, wavy blonde hair. It was just that she was always so dependable and stable. We talked it over a long time and then decided something had to be done. That Jan had grounds for complaint we all agreed.

During the next few weeks we tried especially hard not to ask Jan for favors, and that "salt of the earth" phrase was taboo in our circle. I guess maybe for the first time in almost two years we were beginning to regard Jan as a person instead of as an institution run for our benefit. The climax came when Mary Lou arranged a date between Jan and her cousin, one of the big football heroes at Notre Dame University. We all outdid ourselves that night. Claire came up to Jan's room with some wonderful new cologne. I played tailor, letting down the hemline of her white woolen dress to give it the "new look", while Susie supplied the manicure. It was a big evening for all of us.

* * * * * * *

At the Guild House you are supposed to be in by eleven on school nights and twelve-thirty on the week end. When we heard the front door bell, we all tiptoed hurriedly out into the upstairs hall to see how our home-made Cinderella had made out.

It had been snowing. Jan stood at the foot of the stairs, the snow sparkling in her hair and the deep red of her coat contrasting strikingly with her pale skin. She looked almost beautiful. Clement (Mary Lou's cousin) was tall and very dark. Susie was leaning intently over the bannister, her phonetics clasped tightly in one hand. Claire and the rest of us were lined up in back. Jan was saying, "Thank you so much, Clement. I had a wonderful time." We exchanged glances of mutual satisfaction.

"I'm glad." He had a deep baritone.

"Well . . . . . ." Jan was at a loss for words.

"Look, Jan, suppose I call you tomorrow."

"All right. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

She came dreamily up the stairs and waltzed right by us. When she reached the door of her room, she turned and with a dazed stare softly asked, "Do you know what Clement said to me tonight?"

"What?" we chorused in perfect unison. I don't know what the others were thinking, but from the tone of Jan's voice I figured it was anything from an invitation to the Notre Dame football dance to . . . to a proposal.

"He said . . . . ." Jan was entranced.

"Well!" we encouraged expectantly.

"It was when we were coming home," Jan continued; "he said that some of the girls that he's known have tried to be too glamorous or too witty when he took them out. They didn't act natural, but that I . . . . . I was the 'salt of the earth' ".

The next thing we heard was the thud of Susie's drill book as it hit the floor below.

M. C. F., '48

. . . . . .

When I was still a child,
Old Housman made me wild.
To think that he would say,
Don't give "your heart away."

But now at one-and twenty,
Though I've offered it to plenty,
They all refuse to take it .
Mr. Housman, they won't break it!

. . . . . .

While I like a "rainbow in the sky",
There's a shop window I pass by,
Where "my heart leaps up, when I behold"
An evening gown, all made of gold.

M. M. C., '48

CURRENT BOOKS

Collected Poems. By Sister M. Madeleva. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1947. 166 pages.

The Collected Poems of Sister Madeleva cover a wide variety of subjects, and range over an extensive field of interest. The poems treat of nature, of children, of classical subjects, and of religious themes; their geographic range varies from Paris to Jerusalem, and from Suez to California. Yet we find one theme running through them all. Each poem reveals a new facet of a simple but mystical love of God. The reader is thrilled at the beauty of delightful scenes, but is conscious always of the presence of God, the Source of the inspiration of the poet's song. Sister Madeleva says on a visit to Carmel:

> For I have seen a splendor past the sun,
> Have heard a voice beyond the listening stars.

In "The King's Highway", the author compares her poetry to a "garment of song" which she lays upon the highway for Christ's Feet to touch as He passes; and in "A Question of Lovers", she tells us of the one Lover who gives her "the blossoms of all the world". The west wind, the mountains, the river, and the "deliberate stars" are questioned in "The Quest". Where is the place of rest for the wind; whence come the joys, the singing, the dreams of the river; of what do the stars talk, and what is their quest? All answers are to be found in the place "past my divining".

The nature poems reveal the poet's almost affectionate intimacy with meadow and woodland life. She is on friendly terms with the "clustered, rose-pink lady-fingers", the "tanager, splendidly shy and showing", the Indian paint-brush, "half-flame, half feather", and the "pert, capricious towhee".

The poems of children show a tender, loving knowledge of little ones. In "To Swing You", we catch the spirit of thrilled childhood in the lines:

> And I watch you, lovely flying thing,
> A sweet, bright bird of a child on wing,
> With eyes all shining and lips apart!
> On a sudden I catch you to my heart.

In the description of a Bishop's visit, it is not only the simplicity of children that impresses us, but the child's power to call forth the same quality in the truly great.

Sister Madeleva applies in an unusual way classical references to her own experiences. She, too, even as Penelope, "ravels at night with regret the design of the day", but for another motive. She, too, has been "stretched" or "trimmed" to suit God's purpose, even as the victims of Procrustes were made over to suit the standards of their master.

The travel poems show again how experiences are adapted to the author's mood. There may be bells and spires at Oxford, but the poet's first impression was that "there were in my new world only I and a bird", as she heard that "lyric word" of welcome.

Sister Madeleva exhibits on occasion a delicate elfin humor. She attributes the birth of the pepper tree to the dreams of the wind, sun, earth, and weather; "Conceit" tells of her Lover who is "making April just for me."; her "Best Dress" is her body, which will be placed one day "neatly . . . in my grave".

The style of writing is simple; it comes as "naturally as the leaves to the trees." There is no straining after formless ideas, no forcing of vague symbols. The poems, almost without exception, are effortless, exquisitely graceful and sure—the outpourings of a soul exuberant with the joy of living close to God.

DOROTHY R. HINGSTON, '48

Life and the Dream. By Mary Colum. New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1947. 454 pages.

Life and the Dream is not only an autobiography of Mary Colum, but also a literary history of her age. Born in Ireland in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the author had the good fortune of witnessing the growth of the Celtic Literary Movement from its inception, and of becoming personally acquainted with most of its leaders. Her travels on the continent brought her into contact with some of the more famous European writers of her day. Especially was she admitted to the circle of Jacques Maritain and to the friendship of the well-known critic, Charles du Bos. Most of the years of her married life have been spent in America, where she has followed literary trends with sympathetic interest.

Not the least attractive part of the work is the description of rural life in Ireland as Mrs. Colum pictures it from her own experience. Projecting herself back to her childhood days, she lives over again in the pages of her book her rambles through the hill country of the little village where she was born, her visits to the cottages of the lonely parents whose children had gone away to America, her friendship with the strolling musicians—those "queer, homeless men" who went from town to town singing the legendary songs of Ireland. Equally vivid is her account of her boarding school days in a German convent, where educational ideals were high and discipline was rigid, and where the memorizing of "the twenty-four acts of rudeness to be avoided and the twenty-four rules of politeness to be practiced" was considered as important as lessons in mathematics and the languages.

The reader who is interested in intimate glimpses of the private lives of notable literary figures will find pleasant, and sometimes unpleasant, bits of gossip about practically all of the well-known English, Irish, and American authors of the past thirty years. We see Mr. Yeats striding through the streets of Dublin, muttering strange things to himself —a unique figure in black suit and flowing tie, completely lost in a world of fantasy. We learn of the deep affection, the whimsical wit, the great courage of George Russell; we see Padraic Pearse at work in his school—the "mystical, high-minded idealist, who had never had a mean thought or done a mean action"; we listen to Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg as they read their poems to the group gathered about Harriet Monroe in Chicago. The Colum home in Connecticut seems to have been a favorite meeting place for Van Wyck Brooks, William Rose and Stephen Bénet, Robinson, Frost, and Elinor Wylie. Mrs. Colum is not merely descriptive in her presentation of these authors, but shows discrimination and keen understanding in her criticism of their work. Her forthright and often very witty comments reveal the independent thinker who forms her own judgments and is not governed by current opinion. The personality of the author dominates the book, in spite of the fact that many great personages pass in review before us.

Mrs. Colum is not a careful writer. She writes with enthusiasm and warmth, it is true, but in her eagerness to tell her whole story, she becomes repetitious and almost garrulous, at times. However, her sincerity and her winning Irish manner help the reader to overlook her faults.

CLAIREANNE POWERS, '48

The Dry Wood. By Caryll Houselander. New York: Sheed & Ward, 1947. 257 pages.

Those of us who have enjoyed *The Reed of God, This War is the Passion,* and *The Flowering Tree* for the spiritual inspiration which they afford, have read Caryll Houselander's first novel with special interest. *The Dry Wood* also offers abundant opportunity for reflection on spiritual truths, but the reader questions whether or not the novel form is the best medium for their presentation, in this instance.

The story begins with the death of an old beloved priest, Father Malone. His parishioners, believing him to be a saint and wishing to have one especially for themselves, hope for his canonization. A miracle is necessary for the accomplishment of their purpose, and they pray for the cure of a small crippled boy, Willie Jewel. Hundreds of lives, representing all types of society, are involved in the cause of Father Malone. Father O'Grady, the new pastor, is perhaps its strongest promoter. Solly Lee, the Jewish tailor, seizes the opportunity to advance his commercial interests and produces holy pictures of the potential saint. A newspaper reporter, Timothy Greene, sees in the cause a good story. Carmel Fernandez becomes involved in a friendship with Solly Lee and breaks her father's heart. Rose O'Shane, a dish-washer at a restaurant, finds in Willie Jewel an outlet for her sympathetic nature. Each one of these characters is the center of a minor plot. It is the promotion of Father Malone's cause that unifies their separate stories and that touches each individual life, raising it to a higher spiritual plane.

The theme of the book is concerned with the potentialities of human love raised to supernatural heights. The author has a deep appreciation of the latent goodness in every child of God and of his capacity for holiness. This attitude toward her fellow man makes her tolerant to Jew and Gentile, to Englishman, Irishman, or Spaniard—to all men, irrespective of their race or creed or nationality. It is refreshing to find a book which portrays the finer traits in human beings, especially in this age when the darker side of man's life is so often depicted. William Rose Benét says of it: "This is a living and human book. Read it for yourself, even if you are an infidel, and you will be nourished by it."

The most attractive feature of the work is its style. The author writes

prose like a poet. It is the lyrical quality of her style that gives beauty to the descriptions of the liturgy of the Church.

The main defect in the novel is its lack of unity. The action passes from one character to the next, with interruptions for descriptions of Catholic practices, leading the reader to think that too much has been attempted. The story of one of the characters alone would contain enough material for a whole book.

SALLY W. ROLLINS, '48

The Living Wood. By Louis de Wohl. New York: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1947. 314 pages.

The books of German-born Louis de Wohl have for many years been popular in his adopted country, England. His success has resulted in a rapid production of works on a variety of subjects. Sixteen of his books, including *I Follow My Star,* have had their thousands of readers and millions of movie audiences. *The Living Wood,* his latest work and first historical novel, will also be filmed by J. Arthur Rank, noted producer and director.

The story centers about Saint Helena, daughter of British King Coellus and the mother of the Emperor Constantine, beginning with her marriage to Constantius, a Roman tribune stationed in Britain during her girlhood. The first years of her married life are happy, despite the turbulent wars that characterize the period and that engage much of the time of her husband. In the course of time Constantius is recalled to Rome, not to return for ten years. During his absence, the care of his young wife and their son, Constantine, falls to the lot of Hilary, a devoted servant of her father, who has accepted Christianity and has become a priest. It is through the inspiration of Hilary that Helena embraces Christianity. In the meantime, Constantius, in order to advance his own interests, marries the Emperor's daughter in Rome. After his return to Britain he realizes the devotion of Helena and recognizes her son Constantine as his successor. The narrative includes the famous miracle of the vision of the Cross to Constantine when he was in battle, and the consequent journey of Helena to Palestine to find the true Cross.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this book is its description of Christian and pagan life in the early Roman Empire. De Wohl de-

scribes graphically the life of the early Christians, their fervor, their willingness to make sacrifices for God and for one another, their zeal for spreading the true faith, and their courage in braving the dangers attendant upon their meetings in the catacombs. His picture of pagan life —its immorality, selfishness, worldliness, and cruelty—presents a complete contrast to the holiness of the Christians.

There are many forceful scenes in the book. One of the most striking is that which describes a church service in the catacombs. During a Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that was being offered by Hilary, Roman soldiers enter and interrupt the ceremony. Hilary tries in vain to escape with Helena to a place of safety. He takes the Sacred Host and flees, but is caught by the soldiers and killed. Helena takes the Blessed Sacrament from his hand and guards it securely until her death.

The character of King Coellus is drawn with great feeling. He is one of the most appealing personages in the book. The author weaves into the description of this wise, old monarch something of the mystery that we associate with the ancient land of Druid and Celt. The rich imagination, the strong independence, the integrity of mind that are so characteristic of Helena are found first in the old king who has "sired noble blood".

The style in which this book is written is natural and informal. The conversation of the soldiers in the camps might have taken place in one of our own American posts. The book may have little importance for the historian, since de Wohl does not attempt to distinguish between historical truth and legend in the details of the story, but the spirit of the work is true to the period which it describes so dramatically.

LORRAINE A. HARDING, '48

Nothing So Strange. By James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1947. 308 pages.

Upon opening a book by James Hilton, the reader has the pleasant anticipation of soon meeting a character like Mr. Chips who will belong to the close friends he often finds in literature. It is with a sense of disappointment that he turns the last pages of *Nothing So Strange* and finds himself with little to reflect upon save the cold intrigues of Nazi plots.

The story is told in a series of flashbacks covering the friendship of the scientist, Dr. Mark Bradley, and Jane Waring from nineteen thirty-six to the present. The Warings had met and befriended Mark while he was studying at the University of London. Mr. Waring, a wealthy American, introduces him to Hugo Framm, a noted Viennese scientist, who offers the young man an opportunity to work with him in Vienna. In a few years, Mark marries Pauli, a young Viennese technician who is employed in Professor Framm's laboratory.

Dr. Bradley has been working on a new theory in electromagnetism, which Professor Framm publishes and claims to be his own discovery. Pauli, in bitterness and rage, goes to Framm's laboratory and in the course of a violent argument stabs the Professor. Pauli is placed in a concentration camp by the Nazis, although Framm recovers. To obtain her release, Mark is obliged to declare all his wife's claims false and to apologize publicly to Framm. Although the devoted husband fulfills these terms, Pauli dies mysteriously in the concentration camp a few weeks before she is to be freed.

Morally convinced that Professor Framm has caused her death, Mark returns to work at the laboratory in order to avenge his wife. He is working on plans of great importance, and Professor Framm trusts his findings implicitly. One surmises that the plans concern theories of atomic power. Mark attains revenge by falsifying the results of a perfect experiment, leaving Framm at the mercy of his enemies. Back in the United States, the F. B. I. keeps Mark under surveillance while he is working in Tennessee and later when he is in the air corps. When he comes to visit Jane in California, she helps him overcome the guilt and persecution neuroses from which he suffers.

Nothing So Strange falls short of those literary standards which Mr. Hilton has already set for himself. The reader has been kept in suspense throughout the book, yet the plot dissolves with a weak anticlimactic ending. The characters in the story do not seem true to life. They are types that may be found in any magazine serial or short story written in a commonplace, journalistic style. Jane Waring is the young, attractive, cosmopolitan writer, wealthy in her own right and successful in her career. Mark Bradley is the handsome, likable scientist of unrecognized merit. Mr. and Mrs. Waring are the typical world roamers, burdened only by too much wealth. Their friends belong to the smart set, all of whom fit into a "made to order" plot. There is nothing original in thought or style to give this work distinction. The story has possibilities that the author has failed to explore. Perhaps Mr. Hilton has created situations and has been unable to give life to the persons who could manage them.

WINIFRED T. MCDONOUGH, '48

EMMANUEL GRADUATES:

With a Bryant & Stratton training you can have a choice of jobs, generally in the field of your college major. Shorthand is the "Open Sesame," while the other subjects may help progress on the job. Individual advancement assures you your training in the shortest possible time. Ask about the Intensive Course for College Graduates. Telephone to Ken. 6789, or visit the school — Boylston corner Arlington Streets at the Arlington Subway Station.

BRYANT & STRATTON SCHOOL

BOSTON

Best Wishes

Guy Ormandy

Orchestras

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

433 Little Building

BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. Hancock 7777

COMPLIMENTS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

President ..... Alba Fraccastoro

Vice-President ..... Kathleen O'Shea

Secretary ..... Joan Fitzgerald

Treasurer ..... Mary Alice Murphy

Parliamentarian ..... Marie Lynch

S. S. PIERCE CO.

Visit the
Perfumery Department
at our
133 BROOKLINE AVENUE STORE
A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel

M. B. FOSTER
Electric Company
368 Congress Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Hubbard 7032 Open Evenings
Thomas
Beauty Salon
Hair Stylists of Distinction
7th Floor — Dexter Bldg.
453 Washington Street
Boston, Massachusetts

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE HERLIHY BROS.
Incorporated
MILK – CREAM

COMPLIMENTS OF
Watertown Savings Bank

Thomas P. Mee Co.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
Fruit and Produce
Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market
and Cellar No. 9
BOSTON, MASS.
Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

General Ice Cream Corporation
Mansion House Division
183 Cambridge Street
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

President ..... Beatrice Fitzgerald

Vice-President ..... Poppy Apidianakis

Secretary ..... Harriet Tirrell

Treasurer ..... Florence Feeney

Parliamentarian ..... Martha McElroy

John D. Lynch Drug Company

APOTHECARIES

2406 Massachusetts Avenue

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

DAWSON & HICKEY

BEEF - LAMB - VEAL - POULTRY

14 New Faneuil Hall Market

BOSTON 9, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. CAPitol 1637
1636

COMPLIMENTS OF THE FRESHMAN CLASS

President ..... Patricia McDermott

Vice-President ..... Anne W. Murray

Secretary ..... Jane Lynch

Treasurer ..... Joanne Maher

Parliamentarian ..... Helen Morrissey

Kenmore Lunch
CAFETERIA
RESTAURANT
AND TAP

Kenmore Square
526 - 528 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Massachusetts

Kenmore Pharmacy, Inc.
PRESCRIPTION
SPECIALISTS
"Where Your Physician Trades"
500 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

Matthew F. Sheehan Company
New England's Leading Church Goods
22 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

Compliments of a Friend

"WE KEEP THE STORMS OUT"

BENJAMIN P. WILD

Roofing and Sheet Metal Work
Repairing a Specialty

142 Cherry Street Cambridge, Mass.
TRObridge 6-6751

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

Albany Carpet Cleaning Co.
GRIMES & HANRIHAN INCORPORATED
18-36 Penniman Rd., Allston, Mass.
"New England's Largest and Finest"
STAdium 4200

From a Friend

WITH EVERY GOOD WISH FOR SUCCESS

TO OUR MANY FRIENDS AT EMMANUEL!

WHITING MILK COMPANY

(Quality for Over a Century)

Hotel Continental

"One of New England's Best Hotels"

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Telephone LIberty 8587

Frank A. Gendreau

47 Winter Street, Room 605-6
BOSTON

Expert
Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing
Diamonds Watches Jewelry

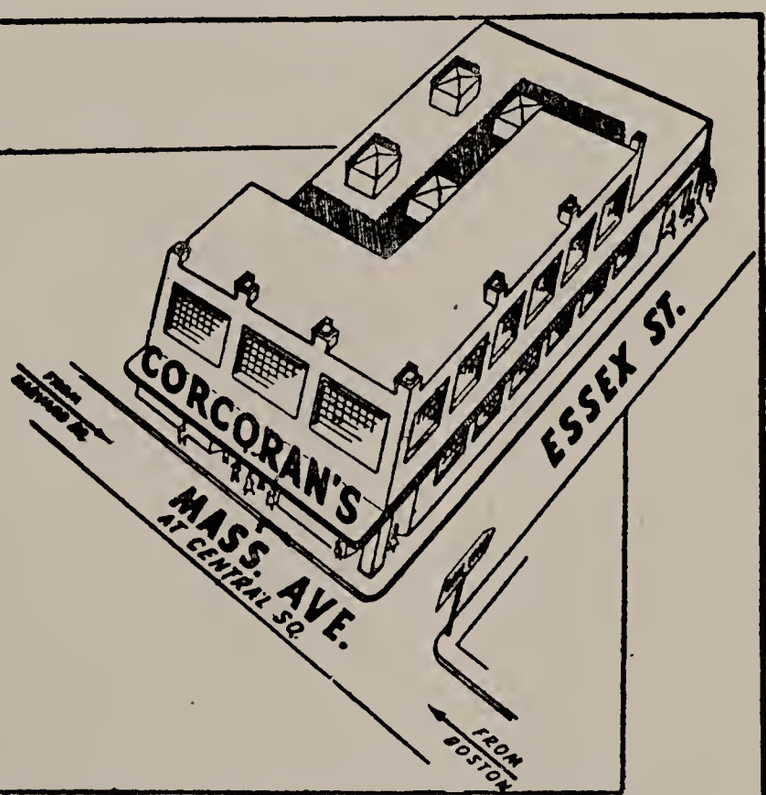
BENZIGER BROTHERS Inc.

Church Goods

106 Chauncy Street

LIBerty 1150

A FASHION STORE in Cambridge



Corcoran's CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

Compliments

of the

Alumnae Association

of

Emmanuel College

Compliments of

Emmanuel League

The
Angel Guardian Press

Printers

Publishers *Bookbinders*

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

ACADEMY OF
NOTRE DAME

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF
NOTRE DAME

TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF
NOTRE DAME

Corner of Granby Street and
Bay State Road
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS

Primary, Intermediate and
High School Classes

A PROMINENT SPOT ON MAIN STREET

Within the past year A&P has been mentioned as part of the story or dialogue in at least 47 popular books of fact and fiction.

Well, that's perfectly natural, because we provide 6,000,000 American families with good food at low cost.

Wherever plain people live, the A&P is an important part of their lives. Years ago it was the familiar red-fronted grocery store. Today the super market, carrying over two thousand different items, is as much a part of the American scene as the town hall or Main Street or the village green.

No wonder so many chroniclers of American life put the A&P into their narratives!

We're flattered to turn up in 47 books. But we know—and we think you know, too—that institutions like the A&P are built on generations of hard work and public service.

If we're a fixture in American life, it's because the men and women of A&P have worked constantly for over 86 years to do the nation's most efficient job of food distribution.

A&P FOOD STORES

VISIT YOUR FRIENDS
Across the River

- *for smooth Campus Togs*
- *for attractive Home Furnishings*
- *for the ultimate in value plus savings*

And Sears *is* your friend. For we have your best interest at heart. Whether it be a comfortable upholstered chair—a suite of furniture—a new fountain pen—or nylons you can find it at Sears. And it will be priced to fit your budget. You can depend on Sears to give you maximum value at economy prices.

Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings until 9:00

✣

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" **SEARS**

Boston—KEN. 7350—Brookline Ave. at Park Drive

THE ETHOS APRIL, 1948

VOLUME TWENTY-ONE NUMBER TWO

CONTENTS

THE RETURN—Monica Cotter, '49 75

RESURRECTION, *Verse*—Dorothy Hingston, '48 . . . 84

THE WOOD THRUSH OF ESSEX—Barbara Dandeneau, '48 87

LYDIAN AIRS, *Verse*—Isabelle G. Finn, '49 93

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY—Ruth Sterry, '49 . . . 94

INEFFABILITY, *Verse*—Laure Thibert, '48 102

LIVING UPSTAIRS—Mary Louise Fitzgerald, '51 . . . 103

SPRING FEVER—Jean Edwards, '49 107

GYPSY DANCE, *Verse*—Mary Littlefield, '49 117

TABLE TALK—Louise Clasby, '50 118

QUIET PLEASE—Alice T. Carew, '48 122

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS 127

CURRENT BOOKS:

The Ides of March—Jean Edwards 132

The Pearl—Eleanor T. Hughes 134

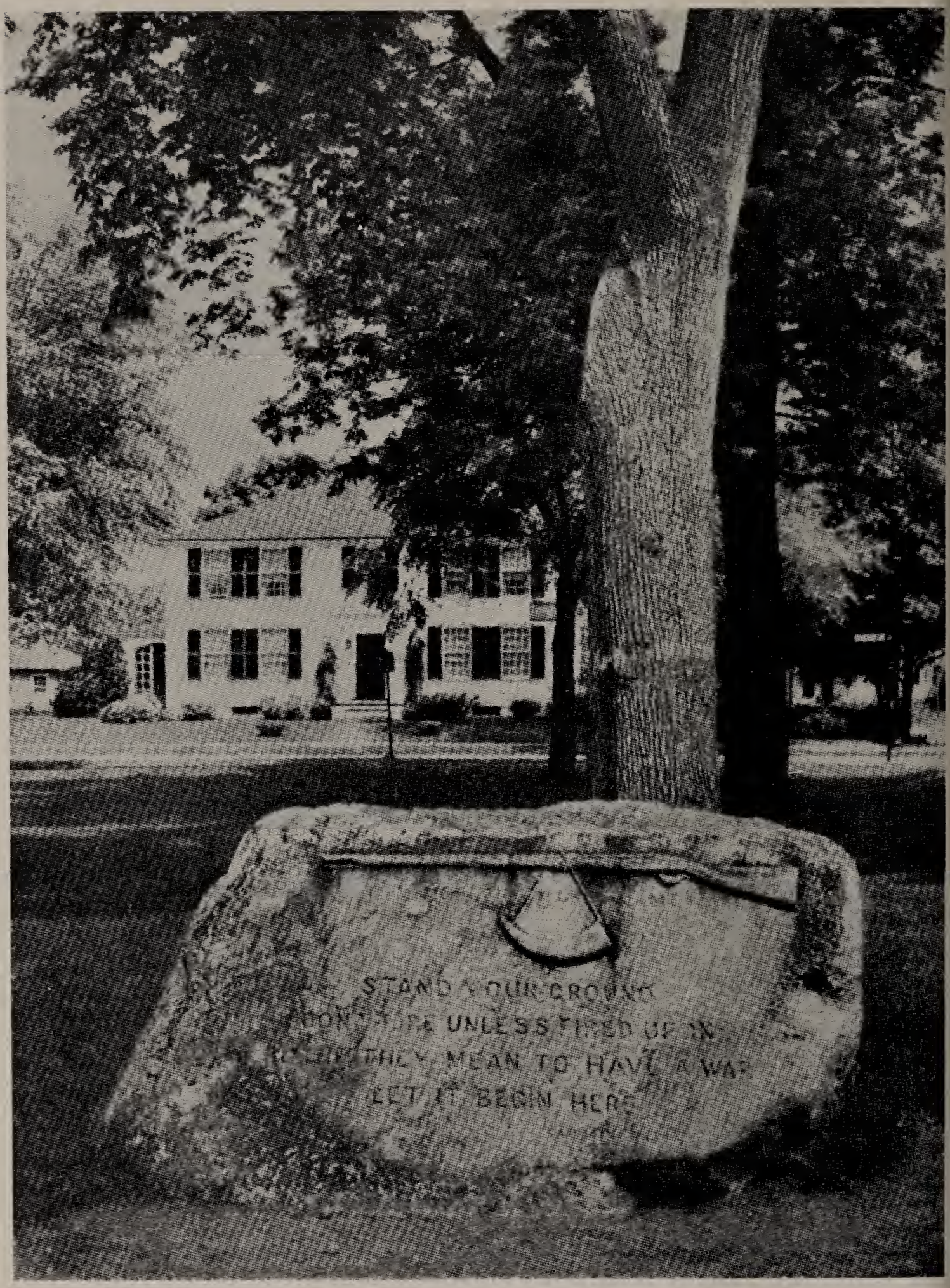
When the Mountain Fell—Ann T. Corbett . . . 136

Peace or Anarchy—Patricia A. Murphy 137

The Proper Bostonians—Marilyn G. Myers . . . 138

The frontispiece is taken from a photograph in *Invitation to Boston* by A. C. Lyons, published by M. Barrows Company, Inc., New York.

Published quarterly, during the academic year—February, April, June, November—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: $2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



Jonathan Harrington's House, Lexington

And so through the night went his
cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and
farm

THE RETURN

Monica Cotter, '49

"SH-H-H-H!"

Captain Parker drew out his white cotton handkerchief and wiped the tears from the cheeks of his little four-year-old. If Hope woke up, he would have two on his hands; he would be in a fine predicament then. He removed the half-knitted blue baby bonnet from the wooden rocker in the chimney corner and dropped it into the wicker basket of undarned stockings. He settled himself in the chair and drew his small daughter close to him. She looked like a newly hatched chick, he thought, with her tousled yellow hair and surprised eyes.

"What was the nightmare this time, Deliverance?" he coaxed. This was usually Grace's job.

"Gen'wal Gage was wunning after me with all the Bwitish," and at the thought of it, fresh tears streamed down her cheeks.

Her father chuckled. He knew what had brought that dream on. Deliverance had been pretending that her doll, Solomon, was General Gage. She had strung him up on the lowest bough of the cherry tree at least a dozen times that day.

Poor little executioner, he thought sadly. He wished, in a way, that the whole nasty business was a nightmare. What chance, after all, did a few hundred unorganized, ill-trained men have against the well-drilled troops of the British army? What thoughts for the captain of the Lexington militia! Such doubts never won a war. War? Well, it was very nearly that. There was no turning back. It would be as

easy to hold back the oncoming wave as to call a halt to the rebellion now.

There had been great excitement in the village that afternoon. The townsfolk were keyed to a high pitch. There was an undercurrent of expectancy which was contagious. Captain Parker had sensed it immediately. It was rumored that Gage's troops were preparing to march, and their destination would be Lexington and Concord without a doubt. The Captain shifted his drowsy daughter to his other arm. He rocked gently. Adams and Hancock were at the parsonage and it would be quite a feather in General Gage's hat if he captured these two firebrands and shipped them off to England to be tried for treason. The main purpose of their invasion, of course, would be to destroy the provincial military stores gathered at Concord. With no supplies, the colonists would be helpless.

So an invasion was coming? But when? He had drilled his men as best he could, but they were not soldiers; they were farmers. They . . .

"When is my li'l budda coming?" Deliverance sat up determinedly, remembering a promise that had been made.

"Soon. But maybe it will be a little sister." Captain Parker stroked the yellow head.

"Want a li'l budda . . . " Her eyes filled and she opened her mouth threateningly.

"All right then, a little brother," her father agreed quickly, fearing a storm. Satisfied, she settled back and closed her eyes again. He sighed with relief.

A man was so helpless at a time like this. Well, he hoped it would be a son this time. Daughters were fine, but he had two already. He smiled at the thought of what Grace would say if she heard him.

"We will take what the Lord gives us, John Parker, and be grateful." And that would be that. But she would like a son, too, even though she would not admit it. Prudence, his sister-in-law, was upstairs with Grace now. He could hear her moving about. She was efficient, Prudence was, and he had the greatest confidence in her.

He had first met Grace at a prayer meeting. It was time for the final hymn, and as the congregation rose to their feet, his eyes wandered across the aisle to the opposite pew. He stood open-mouthed. A girl smiling in church! And smiling at him! She must be new in the community. Her father frowned at her, and she blushed and put all her attention on "The Rock of Ages". Young John Parker stood there watching her, but a smart rap on the head brought him back to reality. The ever alert sexton had caught him, and put his long wooden pole into use. John, in his turn, buried his face in the hymn book. He could still hear the Harrington boys snickering behind him. Yes, that was where he had first met Grace.

The log fell apart in the middle and the two charred ends dropped down between the andirons. Captain Parker gathered his sleeping daughter into his arms and carrying her into the adjoining room, he tucked her into her four-poster and pulled the flowered curtains together. He stopped to pull the covers up on little Hope, who slept in the trundle bed. Tiptoeing out of the room, he closed the door cautiously behind him. The cuckoo popped his head out of the clock eleven times and then retreated into his hole for another sixty minutes. Eleven o'clock! Captain Parker went over to the fireplace, took another log from the wood box and knelt down to blow new life into the dying embers. He

never used the bellows which hung at the side. Grace always teased him about that. She called him the "big blow".

The Captain leaned against the mantle and watched the flames curl hungrily around the pine log and leap merrily into the air. Spring had come early this year. It was April. The days were mild, but the nights were cool and damp. That evening when he had gone out to the barn to put the animals up for the night, he had heard the "peepers" in the marshes beyond. His heart was happy. That was the most joyful song a farmer could hear. It meant that winter was gone and that spring had come.

"The spring has come, Sarah," he had told his chestnut mare as he put on her feed bag. "The spring has come!"

Yes, spring has come, mused Parker, flicking up the wooden latch of the Dutch oven. He wondered what new developments it would bring for the colonies. He tilted the door toward him and drew out his can of Virginia tobacco. He filled his pipe carefully because there was only a little left in the tin. Scant chance of getting any more for a long time to come with the port of Boston closed indefinitely. Well, that's what comes of patriotism, he thought. You have to pay a price. After the Boston "Tea Party", Britain buckled right down on Boston town . . . closed the harbor and suspended the Legislature. Just the same, he wished he had been one of the "Indians" and helped steep that tea in the Atlantic Ocean.

Captain Parker paced back and forth. The candle on the table flickered from the draught which came from beneath the window. After all, he mused, England had let them practically govern themselves for a hundred years, and now she had decided to clamp down on them.

A sudden rap at the door! The Captain stiffened. He strode across the room; he slid back the bolt and lifted the latch. A cloaked figure stood before him. He held a lantern aloft, and Parker recognized Revere, the Boston silversmith.

"The British are coming, Parker! Prepare your men!" He was gone. John Parker shut the door. His hands were cold and the little pulse in his neck throbbed rapidly. Well, Revere knew what he was talking about. He was in the center of things. It was undoubtedly true. Yes, of course it was true.

He bit his lower lip. And what was he doing standing here? He should be on his way to the Common now, organizing and directing his men. He remembered making the pledge in the meeting house only a few months ago. He had promised to be prepared to fight at a moment's notice. When he had been elected captain, he accepted the position. Now, he reasoned, if no opposition is made, the British will think that they can do anything they want . . . tax the colonists without allowing them to be represented in Parliament, dissolve their legislatures when they please, send troops over and demand that the colonists quarter them.

Captain Parker eased himself into the straight-backed chair at the table. A government is instituted to protect the rights of man, and when a government destroys these rights, the people have a right . . . a duty . . . he slammed his fist down on the table and the candle tottered . . . to abolish that government and establish a new one. He rose decisively and reached for his cocked hat, which hung on the peg near the door. He heard Prudence moving about in the room above. He paused.

There would be a new member added to the family tonight, he thought. There would be three children then. He

was going off to battle. The odds were against the Minute Men. What chance did a handful of Lexington farmers with a limited supply of powder have against the well-supplied British army?

The chances were that he would be either shot down or captured as a traitor. He analyzed the situation coolly. And what would Grace do then? How would she support herself and three children? And was it fair to leave her at a time like this, anyway? He tossed his hat back on the peg and sank into the chair again. He must decide. Beads of perspiration appeared on his forehead. He opened the collar of his linsey-woolsey shirt. Grace had insisted that he wear it until May. The weather was too changeable, she said.

If he did go to fight, he might make a fool of himself. He had never been under gunfire before. Suppose he, the Captain, ran . . . just clean took to his heels? He would be a disgrace to his community and his family. He could see the epitaph on his tombstone in the Munroe Cemetery: "JOHN PARKER, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON (HE RAN)". He smiled sardonically.

Moreover, he argued, suppose by some miracle the colonists did win the war that was about to begin. He would not benefit by the change of government. Forming a new government was long and painstaking work. But it was impossible for the colonists to win anyhow. Why not give up this farce? If he remained loyal to the king he would not have to leave his fireside; he would not have to go out and endanger his life for a futile cause. After all, his parents and their parents before them had been loyal subjects of Britain. Why should he change?

"Meow".

Captain Parker jumped. The sleek black cat, Miranda,

arched its back and rubbed against his rough buckled shoes.

"Yes, Kitty, why not?" he questioned. Ten minutes had passed since Revere had come. It seemed more like ten hours. Miranda curled up on the braided rug in front of the fireplace and focused her green eyes upon the Captain accusingly.

Grace! What would she think about this? He had not thought of that. No . . . he had not even thought what Grace would have him do. He rose so quickly that Miranda leaped out of the way, fearing to be trampled upon. He went into the adjoining room and bent over his two daughters. Captain Parker stood at the foot of the stairs, uncertain, and then turned away. It would be better that she did not know where he was going. He took a quill from his desk and dipped it into the black ink. A few lines to Prudence would take care of matters. He sprinkled white sand over the paper and placed it conspicuously on the table. Yes, it was better thus. Parker took his hat from the peg once again and set it determinedly upon his auburn hair. He slung his powder horn over his shoulder, picked up his rifle, and slipped into the night.

"You're a good girl, Sarah," said Captain Parker a few minutes later as he hastily tied his horse to the hitching post in front of the Buchman Tavern. They had made it in good time.

"Captain Parker!" A stocky, sanguine man hurried out of the tavern.

"Munroe! What about Hancock and Adams?"

"They've escaped. Gone toward Lincoln."

"And the British?"

"A few along the road, but the worst is yet to come."

Captain Parker could not remember ever seeing Munroe so serious.

"Well, Captain Parker, they won't be here for a while. Some of the men are waiting inside. We have rung the bell to summon the others. Better come in and have a mug of beer. Imagine my stirring up business for the Buchman with a tavern of my own not a mile down the road!"

* * *

The grey fingers of dawn reached across the sky. The cold light of morning found the small band of Minutemen watching and waiting in silence. The door swung open and Solomon Brown rushed in.

"They are coming up the road!"

Captain Parker was on his feet.

"All right, men! Let's go. Line up on the Green!"

* * *

Captain Parker led Sarah out of the stable and walked her across the Green. He stopped in front of the white-spired meeting house to watch the troubled sunset. Drawing a lump of sugar out of his inner pocket, he held it out to the horse. The air was still heavy with the smoke from the gunpowder. He flexed his fingers to make sure they were his. Yes, he was still alive. It was strange, though . . . strange that he should be alive. When the firing had begun he had forgotten everything but fighting. He had seen Jonathan Harrington fall on one side of him and Robert Munroe on the other. He did not know how many others. The few who remained had to disperse. The British had marched on to Concord, but they had been turned back there. When they were marching back along the Lexington Road, the Minutemen were waiting for them . . . this time behind stone walls. They had been able to pick off the "Redcoats" one after the other. General Gage and his fine army! He chuckled. It had been completely routed.

Now his work was over for the time being. He could go home. He rode slowly down the dirt road. He breathed deeply and the smell of the fresh earth filled his nostrils. Much nicer than gunpowder. The buds on the chestnut trees were just beginning to unfold. Everything was new. The sun had set and evening came like a stranger who stands on the threshold, not knowing whether to stay or go. This was the time of year and the time of day that John Parker loved best.

He ran his fingers through Sarah's mane affectionately. From the marshes came the sound of the "peepers". His heart sang with them. He was going home—home to a son, he hoped. It had to be a son! It was wonderful to think of a son growing up in a free country. They would send him to Harvard and he would become a minister. He might even succeed the Reverend Clarke in the Village. Grace and he would go to hear him preach every Sunday.

He turned the bend in the road—or, rather, Sarah turned, for John Parker was too busy getting his son settled in the ministry to think about where he was going; but at the sight of the house he hurried Sarah along. Coming out of the barn, he nearly collided with Deliverance, who came racing around the corner.

"Got a li'l budda!" and she threw herself upon him.

"A little brother," he exulted! He tossed his daughter into the air, and putting her upon his shoulder, headed for the door. Prudence was waiting.

"You're safe, John! You have a son . . . but, Grace . . . "

"Grace?" But he did not need to question her further. He heard the "peepers" singing in the marshes and he wondered how they could.

RESURRECTION

Dorothy Hingston, '48

Lazarus saw Mary coming from the road,
And smiling, eager as a child, he called,
And bade her come to see what he had found.
He led her through the fragrant meadow grass
To where a shrub bloomed lonely in the sun;
Brushing aside the silky, troubled leaves,
He pointed, radiant, to a hidden nest
Where three young wrens stretched hungry, searching mouths
Against the coming of the parent bird.
Lazarus bent close to look at them once more,
Feeling again the throbbing pain of joy
That he had known since first he left the tomb.
"I thought you wished to tell me now at last
The reason for your way since you returned,"
She said. "And all you have . . . is this."
She dropped a branch and quickly rose to go.
He knew that there were tears now in her eyes
And his heart ached to tell her what he knew . . .
But how was he, so shy of words, to say
Why he was joyous as a little child,
Yet sadder than the wisest of the seers;
How he could read so well the Master's Eyes
And touch the joy and pain that burned in them.
The Master now could tell her, if He would,
The secret that was throbbing in His Eyes

The day He called him forth from out the tomb.
He followed Mary then across the field,
Lifting his face to feel the sun's warm touch.
His fingers brushed the tops of simple flowers
That he had loved and treasured as a child,
But never loved as now. The muted hum
Of insects was a paean to their God.
"Mary", he said, "listen to the crickets."
She stared at him again as if to probe
His mind.
"What does it mean to you?" she asked.
"You have been so strange since your return.
You spend your time in playing like a child
Or sighing over nothing I can see.
What is it, Lazarus?" He took her hand.
"God's world is beautiful. I, who lost it
Once, have eyes now of a trusting child.
A child believes and questions not God's powers;
He finds a world of charm and mystery
And all is music, color, warmth, and light.
But if, as childhood falls away, he leaves
Behind the sense of harmony and joy,
Forgetful of the law of love that makes
This complex life a comprehensive whole,
His world becomes a prison without light
And he, a victim of his own despair.
He must be born again to find the Word;
He must be joyful in a childlike way."
They went on slowly towards the little house. . . .

Mary, in silence, fixed her thoughtful eyes
Upon the distant, sun-touched hill. Lazarus
Walked beside her, empty now of words.
They reached the creaking gate beneath the trees
Where Mary stopped and laid her hand on his.
" 'Tis hard for us", she said, "who have not seen,
To feel what you must feel. There is such grief—
And death is part of it. We cannot fail
To be afraid of many things. And yet
I feel the dawning of a deeper peace.
God is Love and Joy, and we are blind.
We calculate how much He will demand,
When all the time His Love is waiting us.
We are so blind."
She looked at Lazarus then
And now his eyes serenely sad met hers.
He smiled.
"We are blind, but you are not.
You knew when you first saw Him what He is.
But death it was that taught me He is Love.
I had to tell you what I found. You know. . . .
But I have gone beyond to Love Itself;
And I am marked until I die again."
Smiling he pulled a lock of her black hair
As he was wont to do in childhood days.
"I knew that I could speak to you . . . of all. . . ."
Hand in hand, they walked into the house
Where Martha bustled, anxious for their return.

THE WOOD THRUSH OF ESSEX

Barbara Dandeneau, '48

I HAVE always found something compelling about a house that turns its back to the roadside, as if disdainful of the world, to ponder in the privacy of what would ordinarily be its own backyard a landscape of green fields or forests. I remember the delight I felt as a little girl at the discovery that other old houses in the neighborhood besides my own had been built in this peculiar fashion. It seems to have been an architectural custom in the days of King's grants to the colonial farmers that a front door should never directly face the road. For this reason, the old New England farmhouses still surviving today have a casual charm unmatched by the newer models. They fit into their background; they sit comfortably among the narrow hollyhock hedges, not seeing, nor even bothering to look at the world passing by on the road outside their kitchen doors.

One bright afternoon I set out to visit such a house, where more than a century ago lived a man who was known as the Wood Thrush of Essex because he sang the songs and legends of the country folk of the Merrimac Valley. The name of John Greenleaf Whittier had long been familiar to me. As a child, the joy of driving to the beach was always heightened by the fact that we would pass the birthplace of the poet. The sight of the old white house set in the green valley gave reality to the little girl in *Schooldays* with the "tangled golden curls and brown eyes full of grieving", and to that happy *Barefoot Boy* with his merry whistle and his turned-up pantaloons and the sunshine on his face.

Looking down the dusty road from the highway one is captivated by the scene: the squat, sturdy farmhouse, the long red barn across the road, the well-sweep and the beehives in the rear, and the little brook at the foot of a sloping meadow where as a boy the poet spent odd hours fishing. The house, built by Thomas Whittier in 1688, was obviously not intended to be an architectural gem, yet it achieves today's sought-for combination of solidity and charm.

Historians tell us that in the days of Thomas Whittier, when neighbors used to sleep together in garrisons in order to protect themselves from the Indians, the Quaker farmer refused to fortify this house, despite the fact that many homes around were burned and villagers tomahawked. The Indians actually liked to visit the Whittier home, where they were treated hospitably, and the family would often see them peeping in the windows or whispering outside the door.

The lady who admitted me was surprised to see me, she said, so early in the season; but she looked neither surprised nor in any way moved by my youthful exuberance. She had long since become immune to any reverence she may once have felt at living so close to the spirit of the Quaker poet. To my queries about the life of Whittier she would invariably answer in her matter-of-fact way, yet with a trace of caution, "So they say." I waited in vain for any unique legends or stories which would perhaps have escaped the notice of biographers. The facts which she recounted as we came to each object of interest were there for anyone to read on framed white cards placed on the various tables.

From the entryway we entered the long kitchen where on winter nights the Whittier family "shut in from all the world without, sat the clean-winged hearth about." The hearth remains, surrounded by such homely items as bed

warmers, a pair of slim-footed boots which are said to have belonged to the poet himself, and the small Dutch oven in which the family baking was done. Above the paneled fireplace hangs Uncle Moses' pocket watch on the nail where he hung it every night at nine o'clock—curfew hour in the Whittier homestead. A crockery cider jug stands on the shelf, reminding us of joyful times when

> Between the andirons' straddling feet,
> The mug of cider simmered slow,
> The apples sputtered in a row,
> And, close at hand, the basket stood
> With nuts from brown October's wood.

Into this kitchen came once upon a time picturesque tramps and peddlers with their stories and legends, knowing well that Whittier's mother was too kindhearted to neglect their demands. Whittier himself told the story of the fierce-looking foreigner with "an eye like a live coal" who had sought lodging there for the night. His mother, repulsed by his appearance, regretfully turned him away. He had hardly gone when Mrs. Whittier began to ask herself, "What if a son of mine were in a strange land?" and young John was immediately sent out after the stranger. That night the tramp regaled the family with fascinating stories of his past, descriptions of grape harvesting and festivals in his native Italy. He endeared himself to the whole household. In the morning he left with Mrs. Whittier a recipe for making bread from chestnuts.

Here, too, came the wandering Scotsman, Jonathan Plummer, who ate his bread and cheese, drank his mug of cider, and sang *Highland Mary* and *Auld Lang Syne*. This was the first time that young Whittier had heard the songs of Robert Burns, and when, at fourteen, he heard his schoolmaster read

from a volume of Burns' poems, he was so delighted that he begged to borrow the book and even learned the Scottish dialect that he might understand the contents thoroughly.

The most interesting room in the little cottage is perhaps the birthroom in which all the Whittier children were born, and in which some of Whittier's poems were written. It is a pleasant room with white paneled woodwork around the fireplace and an old china cupboard in one corner. On the wall are two portraits of the poet, one taken when he was about thirty, the other at fifty. He was handsome in a severe way, with a certain aggressiveness around the chin and a fire beneath the heavy eyebrows which belied the meekness of his Quaker spirit. A friend of his, Mrs. Harriet Pitman, wrote charmingly of him:

"In society he was embarrassed, and his manners were in consequence sometimes brusque and cold. With intimate friends he talked a great deal and in a wonderfully interesting manner; usually earnest, often analytical, and frequently playful. He had a great deal of wit; it was a family characteristic. When a wrong was to be righted or an evil to be remedied, he was readier to act than any young man I ever knew, and was very wise in his action—shrewd, sensible, practical. The influence of his Quaker bringing-up was manifest. He was very modest, never conceited, never egotistic."

One learns more sometimes from these little items mentioned offhand by a man's contemporaries than from a long study of the best biographies. Take, for example, Mrs. Pitman's explanation of Whittier's attitude toward the ladies:

"He was delicate and chivalrous, but paid few of the little attentions common in society. If a girl dropped her glove

or handkerchief in his presence, she had to pick it up again, especially if she did it on purpose."

From my silent comparison of the two paintings of Whittier, I was brusquely recalled by the little lady who, not sharing my preoccupation, was impatient to move on into the back hall.

"You notice that the back door, like all the other doors, has no keyhole. When they wanted to lock the door in the old days, they slipped a small wooden block underneath the latch."

She swung the door open and the dusty brown woodwork took on a golden hue as the spring sunshine struck the walls of the narrow hallway. The sunlight was so inviting and I was so anxious to escape the blank scrutiny of the caretaker that I walked down to Country Brook, which goes bubbling by at the foot of the meadow. As I returned, I reflected that this must be the door of which the poet dreamed when he wrote:

> Oh for festal dainties spread,
> Like my bowl of milk and bread;
> Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
> On the door-stone, gray and rude!

Through this door, too, raced one summer day, a hot, bedraggled, breathless boy of nineteen, who hurried upstairs to change from his dusty working clothes into a clean suit, for a most distinguished gentleman had come to call on him. The visitor was William Lloyd Garrison, only three years older than young Whittier and already editor of the Newburyport *Free Press,* who had been so impressed by a poem which the boy had submitted to his paper that he had traveled fifteen miles on horseback to encourage Whittier to im-

prove his talent. Garrison persuaded the boy's parents to permit him to enter Haverhill Academy.

Thus began the training for a career which was to lead him into the thick of the Anti-Slavery Movement at a time when to be an Abolitionist was to be considered a traitor to the country. As a newspaper-poet, Whittier did more to rouse the country against slavery than any other contemporary writer. The Quaker non-resistant did not hesitate to do battle, if only by angry, fiery words, for the slaves. He himself characterized his life and his work in the lines:

"And one there was, a dreamer born,
  Who, with a mission to fulfill,
Had left the Muses' haunts to turn
  The crank of an opinion mill,
Making his rustic reed of song
  A weapon in the war with Wrong.

A silent, shy, peace-loving man,
  He seem'd no fiery partisan
To hold his way against the public frown,
  The ban of Church and State, the fierce mob's hounding down.

For while he wrought with strenuous will
  The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
  Of winds that out of dreamland blew."

Not until the Civil War, when the fight was removed from the hands of the Abolitionists, did Whittier turn once more to his beloved countryside, to the New England which no one knew better than he, nor loved more. Whittier sang once more the songs of the little road-side schoolhouse framed by sumachs and blackberry vines, of the long green valleys, of the "drowsy maple-shadows" falling across the silent rivers at

sunset, of the "old swallow-haunted barns", and of "sweet, calm days in golden haze". And people read his ballads and saw again the New England of their own childhood.

Old houses dream of their past. Looking off toward Job's Hill where a little boy once played, a house down off the Merrimac road broods silently on the lives of a gentle Quaker family that lived beneath its roof a century ago and from whose patience and love there came one who was called the Wood Thrush of Essex, the Poet of Freedom.

LYDIAN AIRS

Isabelle G. Finn, '49

Once more I enter the crowded hall of song
With eager step, thirsting for newer airs,
To find but harsh and formless mocks along
These paths of sound. A lonely reed despairs
Amid the rush of hate-filled brass and drum,
Where beauty's fragile form can only grope
And stumble in a world that has become
A sea of hands that clutch at melting hope.
Distraught, I turn from strident songs to find
The might and awe of life that Bach could build,
The childlike joy that poured from Schubert's mind,
Debussy's lute with cloud-thin beauty filled.
I wander back to older realms of sound
Where clear and ordered melody is found.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

Ruth Sterry, '49

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS:

MRS. SHEPHERD, *a motherly woman of forty, whose hair is streaked with gray, probably from worry. She is a devoted wife and mother, but tends to spoil her son by her kindness.*

MR. SHEPHERD, *a handsome man in his early forties. His word is law in his home; he is constantly goading his son into action.*

JACK SHEPHERD, *a sensitive boy of seventeen, appearing younger than he really is. Physically he is a younger edition of his father, but he is his exact opposite in temperament.*

LINDA DIXON, *Jack's girl friend, a vivacious girl of sixteen, who is constantly bubbling over with energy.*

MR. MASON, *the principal, a small, very astute man, who tries to impress his importance on others.*

TWO LADIES *of the Contest Committee.*

TIME: *Sunday afternoon.*

SETTING: *The Shepherd living-room, comfortably furnished. There is a sofa in the center. Resting on one of the sofa cushions is a work basket. To the right is a large armchair. To the left, another armchair. There is a glass-topped coffee table in front of the sofa, and at the extreme rear left there is a desk piled with papers of all sizes. At the rear right there is a table with a telephone. There is a center exit, leading outdoors. A door to the right connects with the kitchen; a door to the left, through which a stairway is visible, connects with the upper story.*

As the curtain rises, Mr. Shepherd is sitting on the sofa reading the Sunday paper. Mrs. Shepherd enters from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. She crosses right to the armchair. She seats herself, and then glances around with a worried look.

MRS. SHEPHERD: Where's Jack?

MR. SHEPHERD: Up in his room—studying. Do you know what that son of yours got in history? *(He continues without waiting for her to reply.)* C! What kind of a lawyer will he be if he doesn't even know his history?

MRS. SHEPHERD: But, John, that was his only low mark. Why, his card was one of the best in his class. And it's such a lovely day. Don't you think you're being a little hard on him?

MR. SHEPHERD: There you go—spoiling him again! *(He rises and comes toward her, pointing his finger at her.)* If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times . . . *(The front door swings open, and a vivacious girl bursts into the room, shouting.)*

LINDA: He won, he won! Oh, isn't it wonderful! Jack won! *(Both parents look at her, startled and confused. Mr. Shepherd recovers his composure first.)*

MR. SHEPHERD: Won what?

LINDA: The essay contest—the one the school was sponsoring. *(She dashes over to Mrs. Shepherd.)* Oh, isn't it too marvelous! Where's Jack? I've got to tell him. *(She doesn't wait for an answer, but rushes to the stairway and calls up.)*

MRS. SHEPHERD (*fondly*): Aren't you proud, dear? I just knew our Jack would make something of himself.

MR. SHEPHERD *(trying to conceal his great pride)*: Well, of course, he *is* a Shepherd, Mary. What more could you expect? *(Jack comes downstairs. Mr. Shepherd smiles at his*

son.) Well, son, congratulations. You're a chip off the old block. *(Jack's eyes light up at his father's praise.)*

MRS. SHEPHERD: Jack, dear, I'm so proud. I knew you had it in you.

MR. SHEPHERD: By the way, Mary, we haven't been over to see the Browns for a long time. The last time I saw Jim, I remember he was telling me how that over-stuffed young son of his had the highest marks in his class. Hmph! I notice he didn't win any prizes for *his* essay.

MRS. SHEPHERD: Let's go now, John. Then we can visit the Kings and the Wilsons tonight. *(She rises and heads for the stairway.)* Why don't you children go to the movies? *(Jack looks at his father hopefully.)*

JACK: Can I, Dad?

MR. SHEPHERD: No, I still think you'll have to catch up on your history. You don't want to let little successes go to your head.

LINDA: But golly, Mr. Shepherd, Jack is smart enough already. Winning the essay contest proves he's the smartest boy in school.

MR. SHEPHERD: I'm afraid you're prejudiced, Linda. No, I've got to be firm. I can't allow Jack to become soft. *(He follows his wife upstairs. Linda dashes over to Jack, who has seated himself on the sofa.)*

LINDA: Oh, Jack, aren't you excited? I'm so happy. I feel as though I were going to burst; and I'm so proud!

JACK: Yes, I'm glad I won; but the real reason I'm glad is because Dad is proud of me now. It's the first time he's ever been proud of me.

LINDA: Oh no, Jack, you're wrong. Your father is always proud of you. He just doesn't want you to become

lazy. He wants you to become a great lawyer, even better than himself.

JACK: I suppose so; but just the same I'm glad he's proud now.

LINDA: What are you going to do with the prize money? Imagine—a hundred dollars to spend on yourself. Why, you could see *all* the movies—that is if your dad would let you.

JACK: No, I'm not going to spend it on myself. Dad and mom are always buying me things, so I'm going to get them each a fine gift; and then with the money that's left . . . *(The telephone interrupts him. Linda jumps up and races over to answer it.)*

LINDA: Hello . . . oh hello, Mr. Mason. What? *(She assumes a frightened look.)* But that can't be. Oh he wouldn't —not Jack! *(Jack jumps up and walks a few steps toward her, frowning. He hears angry shouting coming from the phone, then a loud click of someone hanging up. Linda turns from the phone with a stricken look on her face.)*

JACK: What is it, Linda? What did Mr. Mason want?

LINDA *(almost in tears)*: Oh, Jack, you shouldn't have done it—not even for your father's sake. It wasn't honest.

JACK: Wasn't honest? Listen, Linda, will you stop this double talk and tell me what Mr. Mason wanted.

LINDA: All right. He wanted to let you know that they had just found out that you had copied your essay, word for word, from a book.

JACK *(with a puzzled look)*: But I didn't. There must be some mistake. I composed that essay myself. You remember, Linda, the night I couldn't take you out because I had to stay home and write my essay, don't you?

LINDA: Jack, you don't have to be ashamed to tell me the truth. I'll stick by you no matter what happens. *(She rises*

dramatically.) Even if the whole town turns against you, I'll still be your girl. Even if they lock you up . . .

JACK: But, Linda, don't you believe me? I tell you I didn't do it.

LINDA *(continues, without paying any attention to him)*: But we'd better not tell your dad—at least, not until we have to. *(She starts guiltily as she hears Jack's parents coming down from upstairs. Jack remains in the center of the room, stunned, not knowing what to do. Mr. Shepherd's voice can be heard as he descends the stairs.)*

MR. SHEPHERD: Yes sir, a chip off the old block. Reminds me of my own high school days. I always knew the boy had it in him. *(They enter the room.)*

MRS. SHEPHERD: Who was that on the phone, Jack?

JACK: Uh—it was somebody for me.

MR. SHEPHERD: Well, who was it? Is it some secret that you can't tell us?

JACK: No, Dad, it was . . . uh . . . *(He stops, confused. Linda interrupts.)*

LINDA: It was someone calling about the essay contest.

MRS. SHEPHERD: Oh, how nice. Well, goodbye, dear. Don't stay up too late. Goodbye, Linda.

LINDA AND JACK: Goodbye.

MR. SHEPHERD: Yes, you'd better go to bed early. You'll want to be in good shape when you receive your prize. They'll probably want to take pictures. *(Linda wipes a tear from her eye.)* But don't forget that studying. Now that you're starting to get ahead, you don't want to neglect your studies.

JACK: No, Dad, I won't forget. Goodbye.

MR. SHEPHERD: Goodbye. I trust you won't be staying long, Linda.

LINDA: No, Mr. Shepherd, I'll be leaving soon.

(The parents move towards the door. They are about to leave when they see a small group of callers ascending the stairs.)

MR. SHEPHERD: Hello, what's this? It looks as though we're about to have callers.

MRS. SHEPHERD *(looking out the center exit)*: Why, it's the committee of judges. *(Linda clutches Jack's arm in terror.)*

MR. SHEPHERD: Well, Mr. Mason, this is a pleasure. I don't have to tell you how pleased I am. I suppose you want to make arrangements for the awarding of the prize.

MR. MASON *(drawing himself up to his full height of five feet)*: There will be no prize. At least your son will receive no prize.

MRS. SHEPHERD: But didn't he win the contest? Linda told us he won the contest. *(The ladies of the committee make noises to represent their sympathy and displeasure.)*

FIRST LADY: Imagine any boy doing this to his parents!

SECOND LADY: And he had such a fine upbringing. Well, they say there's a black sheep in every family.

MR. SHEPHERD *(assuming his courtroom manner)*: Ladies, Mr. Mason, would you be kind enough to inform me what you are talking about? As far as I can comprehend, the crux of the discussion seems to be that my son did not win the essay contest. Now will you be kind enough to tell me why? *(There is a commotion as all try to speak at once. Mr. Mason's voice rises above the rest.)*

MR. MASON: Ladies, please! Let *me* explain. You see, Mr. Shepherd, we've discovered that this town lodges within its portals a shameless cheat. *(He casts a menacing look in Jack's direction.)*

MR. SHEPHERD: But what's that got to do with my son?

MRS. SHEPHERD: And how does it concern the essay contest?

MR. MASON: *(angrily advances into the center of the room)*: I'll tell you what it has to do with your son *and* the essay contest. Mr. Shepherd, your son's essay is a plagiarism. *(Mrs. Shepherd gasps, and Linda begins to sniffle.)*

MR. SHEPHERD: Is this true, Jack?

JACK: No, Dad, it's not. I composed the essay myself. *(The ladies of the committee gasp and raise their eyebrows in astonishment.)*

FIRST LADY: And to think that I allowed my Ethelbert to associate with him.

SECOND LADY: Why, he's a menace to the community. We must make an example of him.

MR. SHEPHERD: Jack, go to your room.

JACK: But, Dad, let me explain. I didn't . . .

MR. SHEPHERD: Jack, I said go to your room. You've done enough for one day. *(Jack looks at his father pleadingly, turns to go, but suddenly turns back, and after taking a deep breath speaks.)*

JACK: Mr. Mason, do you mind telling me what evidence you have for your accusations?

MR. MASON: No, indeed, and I'd like to see you deny that you copied. *Here* is the book; and *here* is your essay. You will note that they both say exactly the same thing. *(Jack takes the paper and begins to read. Suddenly a light of understanding comes into his eyes. He lays the paper down on the coffee table.)*

MR. MASON: Well, what have you to say now? Is it or isn't it the same as the book?

JACK: It's the same all right.

MR. SHEPHERD: So, you admit it. My son a cheat! And after all the years I spent trying to teach you how wrong it was to deceive! I'm a failure as a father.

JACK: Not as a father, Dad, but you could use some lessons on how to pay attention. *(All look at him in amazement. He hurries to the desk at the rear left, and after rummaging through the assortment of papers, pulls one out triumphantly.)* Mr. Mason, this is the essay I wanted to submit. If you'll look at the top you'll see that it says 'essay contest', which the other paper doesn't say.

MR. MASON *(examining the paper)*: But why didn't you mail this instead of the other one?

JACK: The other paper was the one on which I copied my notes. It was rather late when I finished the essay, and I thought I could save time by having Dad mail it down town the next morning. I tried to tell him to be sure to take the paper marked 'essay contest', but he must have been preoccupied at the time.

MR. MASON: Is this true, Mr. Shepherd?

MR. SHEPHERD *(slightly embarrassed)*: Well, I guess so. You know how it is when a man's as busy as I am. I just picked up the first paper that looked like an essay.

MR. MASON: Well, that certainly takes a load off my mind. I don't enjoy dealing with cases of this sort. Now I can enjoy my Sunday dinner. Good afternoon, everybody. *(He rises to leave, followed by the ladies. Mrs. Shepherd sees them to the door.)*

LINDA: Just think, Mr. Shepherd, if only you had listened to Jack . . .

MR. SHEPHERD *(interrupting)*: Ahem! Why don't you two run along to the movies?

JACK: *(amazed)*: The movies, Dad?

Mr. Shepherd: Yes. I think you've been studying a little too much, Jack. You know what they say about all work and no play. Here, take this five dollar bill, and don't come back until you've spent it all.

Linda *(tugging on Jack's arm)*: Hurry up, Jack, before he changes his mind. We'll just have time to make the last show. *(Jack takes the money and hurries out after Linda.)*

Jack and Linda: Goodbye.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd: Goodbye.

Mrs. Shepherd *(settling into the armchair, with a sigh of relief)*: Whew! This has certainly been a busy day. I'm still proud of Jack, though, even if he didn't win the essay contest.

Mr. Shepherd: *(chuckling to himself)*: He's a chip off the old block, all right. Did you see the way he stood up to Mr. Mason—asking for proof? What a fine lawyer he's going to make! He's going to be even better than his old dad. *(shaking his head in satisfaction)* Yes sir!

INEFFABILITY

Laure Thibert, '48

This is the joy unutterable,
The ecstacy;
This is the phoenix self-consumed
Passionately;

This is the lapping, leaping flame,
The molten bird;
The promise of immortality—
The song unheard.

LIVING UPSTAIRS

Mary Louise Fitzgerald, '51

SHE always came here when she was lonely. It was her own private roost, far too many flights up the narrow stairway for anyone else to follow; but there were times when it was only here in the spacious old attic's friendliness that she felt she "belonged". There was a musty dimness about it, a quiet that never seemed to seep into the comfortable pattern of Downstairs. Somehow the shadowed forms of useless picture frames and faded novels, of multi-labeled trunks and long discarded dolls blended gently with her thoughts and wore an almost companionable air. Like them she could never fit into the changeableness of things; like them she felt herself a well-loved rebel who could neither be given place nor be discarded. Slowly the pale March sun had found its way through the dusty glass and touched her head in a gesture of understanding as the scratched but treasured portable played softly the records that she would not keep with the "jivy" favorites below. As always, the loneliness dimmed—as the afternoon and college and Downstairs dimmed—and she was home.

It should have meant power. That was the emotion the pianist had struck in those first few notes. That was the feeling these opening bars of Rachmaninoff instilled in others and chained in them throughout the Concerto's length; but it wasn't power. It was the insistent, low beat of a tall clock, a clock that stood at the turn of the stairs and measured sternly, ominously, the arriving hour's toll. It had always been there, she was sure of that, always tall and deep and stern, and always its tone had played the background

melody in her life's little dramas. She had listened angrily to its exasperating slowness when she had been waiting for the letter. She had waited so long! And when it arrived with its breath-taking word "Come", the word that meant college and security for the winter in her aunt's great city home, she had stood laughing and a little flushed, defying it ever to annoy her again. She heard it now in the piano's note as it had lingered in her memory all through the long, hot ride in the train, as it would be striking now in the warm darkness of the little hall.

And the music swept on—dipping, rising, circling, and, finally, suddenly breaking into the first slow theme, exquisitely sad yet sweet; and she heard it as though for the very first time. It had been warm, and she had worn her graduation dress to the concert. She remembered the way they had laughed as they all walked together—friends who had never thought particularly of friendship, who had simply lived and played the way she did and missed her when she was gone. She had sat very near the piano that night and had heard nothing after the thundering close of the Concerto. It began then to mean the beginning, the success of all that lay before her. The next day she had purchased the records; they were the only ones she had brought to college.

The second disk dropped into place and the melody split into varying strains caught by the strings, heralded by the brasses, and held firmly by the faultless fingers at the keys. She heard the whole parade of seasons that had so nearly passed. But spring was yet to come. Spring. . . . Here the snow would become as black as city snow could become and would finally trickle in muddy little streams down the crowded streets. The soft wool skirts and sweaters would disappear from the campus scene and cottons would blossom

into a starched rainbow everywhere. An occasional spindly tree along the parkway curb would force a green look about its face, and the winds that swooped around great stone corners would amble more slowly. But she would know.

Although the great rushing mass of students would pass her by as always, and her dusky head would bend as wearily over her books; although her typical-teen cousins would in desperation try again to pull her into their smooth social swing—into the Downstairs—she would not mind so much the not belonging.

The theme was dying slowly, melting delicately into a stronger melody until suddenly it was gone and the newer strain found place—an infinitely tender legato that struck deep roots of unexplained contentment. She made a little space in the dust on the window and peered into the gathering twilight.

Oh, she would know that it was spring at home. The green points along the elm tree bough would burst into fat, gloating buds, and the bare earth would don a threadbare coat of fresh-sown grass. The mornings would be softer now and the sky a strange milk-blue rocked quietly with little clouds. The Kelley boys up the street would break their first window and the little girl next door would wail because she had to wear her snowsuit. The ice on the pond would float disappointedly under the bridge and some early riser would catch the first fish. Laughter around the corner drug store would last a little later into the night and the crowd would disperse more, more slowly—a little more into pairs. She would walk, if she were there, with a thin scarf around her hair and find the place where the first crocus had sometimes come, and she would hear Rachmaninoff playing again this gentle theme—that could be the theme of spring—and home.

But now from the whirling little machine the tenderness had gone and the melody grew stronger, quicker. It was almost—and she smiled for she had always known what it was —almost a triumph. She rose, waiting for it to end, feeling the wonderful power of it sing through her and race in her brain until the mighty chords of it swung to their peak and burst into the one blazing note of finale.

It was done, and she stood strangely silent—knowing that everything would always be silent after that one final sweep; and knowing other things, quietly, inside, as she had known about spring and being home; hearing in the echo her own little life-song, her lonely little way—hearing again the wildness yet the sureness of the melody's growth, its strength, its close. And suddenly the promise of it was there, clearer than ever before—as clear as the ashes of winter giving way to new life, as the sadness of the first theme falling away into an ever brightening crescendo. And all the world of the concert and graduation dress dreams seemed unbearably close. She knew, oh she knew that spring would bring so many things this year. Swiftly she fumbled for the door and ran lightly, surely Downstairs.

SPRING FEVER

Jean Edwards, '49

THE pressure of a five o'clock deadline hung heavily over the Clarion office. The long smoke-filled room with its rows of occupied desks vibrated with sound and motion. Crowded around the copy desk by the window, where the last rays of the sun slanted in, a dozen re-write men were slashing new stories to fit the front page. The staccato click of the typewriters was uninterrupted. It was like a word factory. Everywhere words poured out in an endless stream, sentences popped up and grew into paragraphs, paragraphs turned into pages. The rather officious copy boy was whisking the sheets to the press room as fast as they appeared.

"George!" The obituary columnist beckoned from a desk in the rear of the room. Old Mr. Harding never remembered what he had written on the last page. The alert copy boy always kept his story on the top of the stack.

"We have to keep our dead straight," George said, handing it to him. He looked around quickly for applause, but no one noticed. "Be back in a flash," George promised, and was off to the press room.

"Round trip in a minute and a half," he announced to anyone disposed to listen. But even his friend, Bill Evans, with his hat jammed squarely on his head, cigar protruding from his mouth, was too busy with a baseball story for a humorous response.

Annoyed by the competition of the typewriters, George went off muttering, "This place is like a morgue. Sure, it's the deadline!" Well pleased with this witticism he went in search of an audience. On impulse he poked his head in the

door of the lovelorn department, where Kitty Blair sat munching a candy bar and scribbling on a piece of pink note paper. "Dear Unknown," she said aloud.

"That's me," George chirped. "You must have spring fever—talking to yourself."

Kitty looked up disdainfully. "Doesn't school keep open on Saturday?"

"I'll have you know the University of New York has the honor of my presence five days a week; that's all I can spare to it." He paused for comment, but Kitty didn't challenge this. George was not one to be ignored. "How's Cupid's Corner today?" he asked coaxingly.

"Our department went in at noon," she said icily, without looking up from her letter.

"Miss L'Amour's gone, so you're taking it easy, huh?" George's eyes suddenly lighted on the writing paper. "Oh, I see. You write all those lovelorn letters and she answers them. Is that it?"

Kitty ignored the remark, but when he showed no signs of going, she said impatiently, "Don't they need you in there, Indispensable?"

"You'll regret this attitude, Miss Blair. When I'm editor you'll be the first one fired." George made a dignified withdrawal.

"Where was I?" Kitty reflected when he was out of sight. "I leave the news and night to you." She read the words aloud appraisingly. What next?

The whole thing had started when her roommate, Polly, had dared her to write to the new cub reporter on the night shift. All the girls had been discussing Tony Torgerson and why he remained so aloof. He's probably engaged, they decided after weeks of futile attempts to attract his attention.

Polly was all for a little excitement. She insisted that as he sat at the same desk Kitty used on the day shift, it was a convenient excuse for her to send a note. "You can get away with it," she had said.

Maybe it was Kitty's red hair or her purry southern accent that made her seem the ideal instigator of pranks. The office staff was always planning an intrigue for her. Once they had had her send a valentine to the rather dignified financial editor, but it had boomeranged. He thought it was from Gail, the glamour girl of the fashion department, and had been dating her ever since.

But Kitty didn't mind being a chubby counsellor of Cupid's victims and a good sport. Heavens, she had given up being calory-conscious long ago. It simply isn't worth it, she thought, taking another bite of the almond bar. Besides, everyone liked her and laughed at her, didn't they? Only once in a while she tired of being called, "Red," and disliked her rôle of office jester. She wished someone would take her seriously.

Polly, hatted and coated, breezed in. "What's the matter; losing your nerve?"

"You know, Polly, being spring and all, anything could happen."

"Well, it won't unless you write it," Polly retorted.

Kitty returned to her masterpiece with determination. She finished it with a flourish and then ran her eye over it.

DEAR UNKNOWN:

I leave the news and night to you. And a sharpened pencil.

"What about signing it 'Laura'?" Kitty asked. "Doesn't it sound thin and attractive?"

"It'll do," Polly said. "Come on, we'll be late for that movie I have to review."

Kitty slipped the note in an envelope and perched it against the ink well where Tony would be sure to see it.

"Now it's in the hands of the gods," she said to Polly in the elevator.

She would have been prostrate had she seen it in George's later that evening. Tony had come in at six o'clock. "Say, what's this on my desk, a note? Of all the crazy . . ." A few minutes later Tony smiled as he handed the carefully penned note to George. "Here, pal, this is right up your alley. You answer it."

"What are you passing off on me now?" George protested. He glanced carelessly over the first line. Convulsed with laughter, he began to read aloud dramatically, "The news was dull and the night was lonely . . ."

Kitty had almost forgotten her deed of daring by the time Monday came. She was late, as usual. Besides, she had a cold, and Miss L'Amour was concerned by the surplus of love problems that had arisen over the week end.

Kitty murmured an apology and attacked the stack of appeals waiting on her desk. When she had disposed of half of them she discovered a long white envelope bearing the Clarion seal, and inside:

> Dear Laura:
>
> The news was dull and the night was lonely, but the pencil was just what I needed. However, I got so distracted by thoughts of the sender, I could hardly use it. What are you like?
>
> Tony

Kitty gave a little squeal of delight. A moment later she burst into the drama department to show Polly. "Isn't this

simply fascinating?" she said, handing it to her friend.

"Amusing, anyway," Polly said after a minute. "Are you going to answer it?"

"Why of course I am."

All afternoon as Kitty poured over the laments of the lovelorn, her inner mind was writing replies. After tearing up half a dozen possible ones, she decided on the subjective, analytic approach:

DEAR TONY:

First, tell me about you. You sound like the subtle type—imaginative, intuitive, impulsive, to use a few adjectives beginning with 'i'. Am I right?

LAURA

Kitty arrived early the next morning, to Miss L'Amour's surprise. The first thing to catch her eye was the expected letter. Breathlessly, she tore it open and read:

LAURA, DEAR:

I'd say you were daring, different, dazzling, darling —to restrict it to 'd's'. But can't quite gather whether you're blond or brunette. I'm specially partial to redheads.

Curiously,

TONY

"Daring, different, darling," Kitty stroked the words in ecstasy, "and dazzling!"

"What did you say?" Miss L'Amour asked with sudden interest. "Maybe I should answer that one."

"It's, well, it's just a personal letter I have to answer," Kitty said, slipping it into her bag for safe keeping.

"Oh!" Miss L'Amour was obviously irritated.

During lunch Kitty took out the note and read it to Polly, not once but three times. "Funny, the way he prefers redheads," Kitty said a little smugly.

"That was funny. He must be psychic," Polly frowned.

"Don't you think he sort of likes me?" Kitty asked, trying to sound casual.

"Well, he has a good line."

"I think it's a little more than that," Kitty said confidently. "You're always suspicious."

It took Kitty until four-thirty to write a fitting answer:

DEAR TONY:

It's strange the way letters draw people close. I feel as though I know you. I wish day and night could get together.

LAURA

The next day Kitty waited until Miss L'Amour was safely out to lunch before opening Tony's letter. It was partially to prolong the excitement and partially out of timidity that she kept putting it off. Perhaps her last note had been a bit too daring. Maybe he was the conservative type. When she could stand it no longer she broke the seal.

DEAR LAURA:

It must have been mental telepathy. I was thinking the same thing about our letters. Do you believe in the meeting of true minds? You see, I've always had an ideal; she'd be clever and understanding and lovely. I'd almost given up my unknown goddess until now. Good night, dream girl.

TONY

Kitty was dazed. She had better have lunch right away to recuperate. Even afterwards she felt as though the top of her head were coming off. She simply couldn't concentrate on other people's love problems. Finally, when she found herself advising a sixteen year old, called "Desperate", to

marry the boy because she wasn't getting any younger, Kitty gave up. Eagerly, she started her own letter.

DEAR TONY:

I read your note over and over. It's beautiful. I carried it around with me all day. It's strange; it must be fate, our discovering each other. I have a feeling that you're a New Yorker. Of course, I'm a Virginian. It must be exciting being a reporter, a real one I mean. The Woman's Page gets rather dull. But these spring days one just lives for the week ends. What do you like to do Sundays?

LAURA

Kitty was dubious about the last two sentences, but she couldn't bring herself to ask Polly's opinion. In fact, she wasn't going to mention Tony at all; but when Polly asked her at dinner that night, "Didn't Impulsive write today?" Kitty couldn't resist showing her Tony's latest.

"My, how he goes on," Polly said.

Kitty nodded enthusiastically.

"You know, this Don Juan might be dangerous, Kitty. I wouldn't go out with him. Why don't you have him over here first. But wait a minute"—Polly paused. "It's strange he hasn't wanted to meet you. See, he raves on but suggests nothing. It doesn't seem very logical."

"Well, you're not very logical either," Kitty protested. "One minute you're worried about my going out and the next you think he doesn't want to see me." Secretly she was troubled. She consoled herself that he would surely ask for a date after her last note.

The next day she was even more confused. It was quite a long letter in which he compared her to Cleopatra for one full page and gave another to southern charm, but there was no request for a date and no mention of Sunday.

Kitty wrote a brief and what she hoped was a poignant reply, mainly about spring. It took her until five to finish it. On the way out she encountered George, who asked with a grin, "You working hard these days?" Kitty ignored him. "Well, you'll miss me next week," he called after her. "I'm taking exams."

It was a trying week end for Kitty. Her own doubts were heightened by Polly's sneering remarks.

"He's just shy," Kitty told herself. Saturday morning Polly thought of a new objection. "If he does come over, as you seem to expect, next week end, he'll certainly be surprised to find his dream girl so substantial."

For a moment Kitty sat dejected, and then brightened. "Maybe if I tried that fifteen-day diet in the Clarion I could lose a few pounds. How long do you think it would take to show?"

"About a week, if you stick to it," Polly said skeptically.

"Then I'll just stave him off until Sunday," Kitty said. The whole idea made her feel better. As compensation for the stoic routine she had laid out for herself, she decided to go shopping and treat herself to a glimmer of the new look.

As usual, Kitty couldn't make up her mind between a conservative brown gabardine in the correct size and a green faille "that did something for her," but was a size sixteen.

There was no question in Polly's mind. "The brown is smart, Kitty. I don't think you'll do better."

But Kitty was trying on the jacket of the green again. The skirt and Kitty just couldn't get together. It missed going on by an inch.

"Polly," Kitty coaxed, "it was simply made for me."

"But not to fit," Polly retorted.

The salesgirl, who was pondering the problem as if it were her own, sided with Polly. They had finally settled on the brown one, but as the girl was making out the slip, Polly was horrified to see Kitty snatch the green from the rack and bring it over.

"Kitty, be sensible!"

Kitty was firm. "I'll take this one," she said in a tone of finality.

"Aren't you wearing it? The jacket, I mean." Polly laughed, but Kitty ignored her and carried the suit box out in triumph.

On Monday, Kitty thought that there must be some mistake when there was no letter from Tony. She looked in all the drawers, even in the waste basket, but found only her own rough drafts. The day was bleak, and there were more professional letters than ever to answer. It even rained. Tuesday was letterless too. By Thursday Kitty was withdrawn, her lips tense and unsmiling. Polly noticed with joy, and then with alarm, that for once in her life she was eating practically nothing.

Kitty had stopped looking, by Monday, and wore a pale preoccupied look. Then on the desk, there it was. With trembling fingers she opened it.

DEAR LAURA:

Forgive my silence. I was suddenly sent away on a special assignment. All week I missed the sunshine of your letters. It was like an eclipse. Even spring seemed to fade away. I was just lost. It made me think of the Brownings, she treasuring his poetry and he depending on her letters. I like to think that there is that harmony between us, that we feel the same about each other.

TONY

"Oh, Tony, you've come back," she said aloud. And before she did another thing, she took out her pen and began writing.

DEAR, DEAR TONY:

It was desolate, Tony, and so lonely. You put it beautifully. And about the Brownings. They are truly like us! The way I feel now, spring is really here. Didn't Browning say, 'God's in his realm, all's fine with the world'—or something like that?

LAURA

Kitty was in such a trance that she barely listened to Polly's questions.

"Why didn't he tell you he was going away? Strange he was sent on a special assignment."

But nothing could dampen Kitty's spirits. She advised matrimony as the universal cure for all her clients; and in the back of her mind her own plan was formulating. She left the office promptly at four without waiting for Polly. When Polly arrived at the apartment at six, Kitty was in the emerald suit, her red hair in an up-sweep.

"Why, Kitty, it fits, and it's lovely on you!" Polly exclaimed.

"I hope he thinks so. You see, Polly," she dropped her voice confidentially as if Tony were within earshot, "I'm going back to the office. I'll pretend I forgot something. And then Tony and I will meet!"

A half hour later Kitty stepped out of the Clarion elevator a little hesitantly. She had never been there at night before. The office seemed strangely deserted. She hoped Tony wasn't out on an assignment. Soundlessly she crossed to her cubicle. The door was closed, and, hearing voices, she paused a moment outside to smooth down her hair.

"This takes the prize—Dear, dear, Tony," someone was saying. And there followed a burst of laughter.

Kitty drew back sharply. The mocking voice was familiar.

"Read the rest of it, George; go on."

"It was desolate, Tony, so lonely," George read in a simpering tone.

The laughter was even louder as Kitty tiptoed away.

GYPSY DANCE

Mary Littlefield, '49

The blaze spits and snaps at the ebony sky;
Its vivid flame gives light and warmth to greet
The scarlet circle where the Romany people lie.

The dancer claps her hands and taps her feet,
Leaps to the flames, a flashing harlequin.
In challenge, the musician's eyes and the dancer's meet.

The battle waged. Each one strove to win.
The fire waned, the music softened slowly.
The dancer sank to the strain of a saddened violin.

TABLE TALK

Louise Clasby, '50

I HAD always regarded my Aunt Mary's home with a feeling of admiration and wonder. The neatly arranged rooms might have been copied from the pages of "Better Homes and Gardens". They were faultlessly furnished, and not even a candlestick was out of place. I was just six years old when I spent my first vacation here. With my background of a first grade education, all my energies at this particular moment were devoted to counting. Nothing escaped tabulation. I knew the exact number of windows, doors, and lamps in my own home, and I even had an approximate account of the moss-covered bridges on our dining-room wall paper. I had accurate statistics on the number of telephone posts, bus stops, red lights, and candy stores between 8 Vesper Street and St. Michael's Primary School.

On my arrival, my first action was to make a tour of inspection. Then it was that I realized that there was something special about this house, something that only I knew. I had made the remarkable discovery that here were six wonderful tables—six tables, each with a different number of legs. It was my delight to wander through the rooms counting the legs as I passed each table, marvelling that they should all be collected in one place.

The one-legged table was made of sturdy, black oak, and it had long ago been relegated to the spare room. The large oval monstrosity was placed directly beneath the light fixture and precisely over the faded pattern of its fellow outcast, the rug. It was an old-fashioned dining room table, and

the huge leg looked exactly like the trunk of the tree from which it had come. Although it was not an impeccable work of art, it often proved very useful to me. It was the most perfect hiding place that you could imagine. By kneeling very straight, tilting my head slightly to the left, and holding my breath, I could remain unseen as long as I wished. It was wonderful for a game of hide and seek, or for those other occasions when one had incurred the wrath of the Olympians and retreat from the scene of action was the better part of wisdom.

The two-legged table was the aristocrat among its fellows and had a much more dignified position in the household, for it was the elegant Duncan Phyfe dining room table. Somehow, everyone seemed to know instinctively that it was Aunt Mary's pride and joy. On Thanksgiving, the gleaming mahogany was covered with white damask and laden with all the delicacies that make New England Thanksgiving feasts memorable. I can still recall the picture of all my relatives gathered around it, and the room ringing with chatter and laughter. Then, the inevitable would happen. The unerring ears of my aunt would catch the tell-tale scraping of some culprit's foot on the unblemished legs. A grim silence would gradually descend upon the guests as a pair of offended eyes searched up and down the table until they found the guilty one. That unhappy person would blush with shame and pray for the floor to swallow him. The general scuffling that followed was a blessed distraction and saved the involuntary sinner from further embarrassment.

In spite of its appearance, the three-legged table was one of the most necessary articles in the house, for its particular function was to hold a fern. The table assumed importance when the guests came and admired the delicate beauty of

the plant that my aunt had nursed from a tiny shoot. It came to be a family ritual to give a slip of it to all who praised it, so that now the species is well represented in New England.

The kitchen table was a modern masterpiece of four legs with a plastic top and chromium trim. There were extensions at each end that pulled out and snapped into place with a loud "zing". The table itself was quite satisfactory, but the chairs were my downfall. It was my firm opinion that they harbored a terrible scorn for children. I can remember perching myself on the red leather seat, quite content with my oatmeal cookies, when, without warning, I would find myself on the floor, trapped in a silvery maze of criss-cross legs. Experience finally taught me to sit far back on the chair, never to lean forward, and to dangle my legs as little as possible. The plan worked well, but it was not fool proof, for at the least provocation, the chair would calmly deposit me on the floor. To this day, I eye those chairs with a feeling of suspicion and distrust not undeserved.

In the living room there was another table, a delicately carved diagonal one with five legs. It was one of those reverential pieces that bore an invisible "Do not disturb" sign. On the lower shelf was a Bible, and on rainy days I was allowed to look at the brightly painted illustrations with their scrolled borders and the ancient figures of Moses and the prophets in their flowing robes. Between some of the pages I found parchment-like flowers that had an indescribable odor that was both pleasant and sharp. I loved to invent romantic, childish stories about my grandmother, who had long ago pressed those flowers to keep a memory alive.

The remarkable device, the gate-leg table with its six legs, occupied a place of prominence in the hall. I can never pic-

ture that table without visualizing also a delightful array of flowers. Nowhere did Aunt Mary show her temperament so forcefully as in her arrangement of bouquets, for if they were large and colorful, everything was well, but if they were stark and sophisticated, then we all heeded the warning. One day, early in my summer vacation, I decided to make a bouquet just like those I had seen on the table. My misguided zeal led me to collect a large armful of Queen Anne's lace, meadow hue, fleabane, and tansy. Remembering that my aunt had always used green fern with her flowers, I searched for something similar to it, and was rewarded by finding some bright, shining leaves. My beautiful bouquet was not received very warmly, and it puzzled me that it was not placed in the hall. Instead of the praise I expected, I was rushed to my room, scrubbed with yellow soap, and massaged with ill-smelling ointments. It was all without avail. Since then, I have always been able to distinguish poison ivy when I see it.

My strange fascination for numbers has never faded. I am now dedicated to the task of finding a table with seven legs.

QUIET PLEASE

Alice T. Carew, '48

"THIS ROOM IS INTENDED FOR SERIOUS STUDY."

THE black letters of the Bates Hall sign glared at me as I finished my diatribe on the educational system of America, in general, and college professors, in particular, who had so little comprehension of the mental capacities of their students. "Materialistic Philosophy as Revealed in Contemporary Poets!" What a subject for a term paper! It is enough to destroy one's faith in Aristotle!

Janet smiled sympathetically, but the elderly lady across the table pointed indignantly to the sign. "Please, dear," she hissed through tightly drawn lips, "I would like to study." She pushed her glasses firmly back on her large nose and, with a martyred expression, began furiously to leaf the pages of her encyclopedia.

I tried to cover my embarrassment by nonchalantly studying the magnificent vaults and unusual light effects above me. My quaint scholar friend kept muttering. I slammed shut the *Collected Works of Robinson,* zipped my notebook up hastily and tripped over a schoolbag that was lying on the floor behind my chair. My heels clicked defiantly on the marble floor as I stamped down the aisle. The young librarian at the main desk stopped copying call numbers long enough to watch me wonderingly as I rushed by.

If there is anything I cannot stand, it is a person who mumbles to herself, I sputtered. "Oh, I'm very sorry!" Goodness, I almost knocked that man down. What is he wandering around looking at the ceiling for anyway? I paused at the head of the staircase and leaned on the pillar. Why, he's

studying those paintings! I wonder . . . I've always wanted to study the art treasures in this library. Why don't I . . . I glanced at the clock across the court. It's only four o'clock. Janet probably thinks I have just gone out to calm down in the fresh air.

I picked up a card that was lying on the marble bannister. "The Muses of Inspiration." Just what I need, I sighed. "I have sought to represent under symbolic form and in a single view the intellectual treasures collected in this beautiful building." Keeping the card in my hand, I moved slowly around the corridor so that I could see clearly the panels that represented poetry, philosophy, history, and science. I was particularly puzzled by one panel that portrayed two primitive young men pointing out the heavens while a woman looked out from a tent behind them. Who were they? What were they doing? A couple of students snickered as they walked briskly by me. Undoubtedly I did look rather odd, hanging over the balcony like that. I decided to move to one of the marble alcoves where I would be less conspicuous. From this vantage point I could look down into the court. On a bench at one side of the garden two elderly ladies, absorbed in their knitting, sat chatting. Opposite them a young man stood against a pillar, bending over his book in profound meditation. I almost expected to see a medieval monk pacing the stone floor of the cloister.

I was startled out of my reverie by two frisky girls who were skipping up and down the marble staircase behind me. Having slipped at the corner, one of them spied the listing of the civil war battles on the font of the lion memorial. As they stumbled over the pronunciation of Gettysburg, one lion seemed to smile to the other across the marble expanse of stairs.

This art study is beginning to go to my head! I ran up the stairs to bring myself back to reality. From force of habit I turned into the delivery room. The dark richness of the place arrested me. The brilliant colors and magnificent pageantry of the murals! Perhaps I had always been too absorbed in paying my fines to look up above my pocketbook, but . . . I guess I had never been in the mood. As I followed "The Quest and Achievement of the Holy Grail" around the Abbey Room, I caught a glimpse of Janet, standing at the catalogue file. Poor girl! I wonder if she ever noticed Sir Galahad out here. I suppose I should get back to that paper but . . .

I sauntered down past the Muses again and turned up the dark grey staircase to the Special Libraries Floor. Half way up, I stepped out into a little balcony that overlooked Bates Hall. Through the hushed silence I could hear a studious murmur of voices. Every head was intently bent over a book.

I felt as if I had been peeping through a keyhole. I tiptoed out and continued up the enclosed staircase and entered the long narrow hall whose walls are covered with the paintings of John Sargent. At the head of the staircase, right above the door to the Exhibition Room, is his powerful painting of the crucifixion and along the walls in a series of panels his interpretation of the development of religious thought from paganism through Judaism to Christianity. I sat down on the stairs to the Treasure Room to drink in all the color, harmony, magnificent design, and tremendous scope of the paintings. I was trying to grasp the significance of Sargent's painting of the fallen Synagogue and the glorious Church when suddenly an inquisitive girl, hanging on the arm of her weary mother, rounded the corner of the stairs.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "why is that girl sitting there? Doesn't she feel well?"

I smiled weakly and tried to recover my poise as I walked into the music room. Eager students and interested librarians were bustling around in such preoccupation with their concerns that this hardly seemed the place for the curious and casual observer. I turned back to the portals of Sargent Hall. Unfortunately, my sanctum was being desecrated by a group of high school boys who were sitting on the steps munching candy bars and reading comic books. I walked indignantly into the Exhibition Room and soon forgot my chagrin in my amusement over the humorous lithographs of Daumier, who took such delight in satirizing the bourgeoisie of his day. As I studied his caricatures, students of all ages and descriptions rushed past me to the Fine Arts Department. I had to suppress an urge to stop some of them and ask them to enjoy the pictures with me. The room was just another corridor to them.

With a shrug of my shoulders I let them hustle by while I continued into the smaller room where the paintings of Brockhurst and Forain were being exhibited. The sincere, courageous features of "Young Womanhood" were a refreshing contrast to the satirical presentation of "Scene de Tribunal". Before I started downstairs, I paused before the picture of Our Lady of Sorrows, to carry away with me that look of solemn majesty and splendid beauty that Sargent has so wonderfully portrayed in his painting.

Back in Bates Hall again I was soon face to face with reality. The Hall no longer irritated me. I did not walk back to my seat with the air of a martyr. I smiled sympathetically as I passed an old man, dressed in work clothes, assiduously taking notes from Muzzey's *American History*

and a shabbily clad woman piously reading her Bible in an audible chant.

There were my books scattered all over the table. Janet? Where was she? Perhaps Madam Mutterer had strained even her iron nerves. I settled back in chair No. 203. Oh, there is a note!

Dear Ann,

I left early. Why don't you come up to my house to study? That library always seems to annoy you!

So long,

Janet

I opened my fountain pen, thoughtfully unzipped my notebook and leaned my head on my cupped hands. The Boston Public Library . . . I never dreamed. The bust of Benjamin Franklin smiled down in agreement.

THE ETHOS STAFF

Editor-in-Chief

Alice T. Carew, '48

Associate Editor

Eleanor T. Hughes, '48

Literary Staff

Margaret M. Carroll, '48
Barbara A. Conley, '48
Janet C. Healy, '48
Dorothy R. Hingston, '48
Winifred T. McDonough, '48
Sally W. Rollins, '48

Business Manager

Jean C. Farrell, '48

Business Staff

Ann C. Bulger, '48
Ann T. Corbett, '48
Gertrude F. Creedon, '48

Circulation Managers

Anne M. Farrell, '48
Patricia E. Hogan, '48

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

To Be or Not to Be

About this time of year, every befuddled freshman is confronted with an important question: To what subject will she devote the remainder of her scholastic years? Peace of mind, enjoyment of life, and "getting something out of college" all depend upon it. To help her determine her course, shadowy authorities have compiled queer questionnaires and bewildering charts and graphs to make her decision easier.

It looks easy, she is forced to admit, as she thumbs through sheets which ask her pertinently, "Which would you rather do?"

(1) Visit an aquarium?
(2) Raise chickens?
(3) Decorate the hall for the dance?

The freshman thinks, Very simple! She checks No. 3 and goes on to:

(1) Operate an adding machine?
(2) Work on a ranch?
(3) Teach English literature?

She groans in despair. "What can this have to do with my future?" she mutters.

To the confused freshman, the question is overwhelming. Which will it be? Her free hours are filled with conferences with teachers, paging through leaflets and books entitled: *How to Plan Your Career, Making*

the Most of College, and *Do You Know Where You're Going?* She sighs enviously at the black-gowned seniors and looks with interest at the white-coated biology majors. She tries hard to remember what her high school hobbies were, and what her faculty adviser told her at graduation. Education is so bewildering!

Now consider the prospect of a history major. Should she spend her college years tracing the background of mankind from the dawn of civilization to the Atomic Age? Think of all the facts to collect! She glances with apprehension at the round-shouldered and overworked English majors. Perhaps she should investigate the mysteries of Anglo-Saxon and Pre-Shakesperian Drama. She is warned away from the pursuit of science by an aproned senior who tells her of paralyzed arm muscles, burning eyes, and the studying of test tubes far into the evening. The poor French majors, who are continually sputtering phonetics, do not encourage her to become absorbed in the romance of languages.

Enough of this! On the point of tears, the poor freshman wishes herself back in the first grade. Life was so simple, there. Why did she ever allow herself to be promoted?

E. M. M., '50

High Hat

With the robins ushering in spring, a young lady's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of hats. Something for the head in gleaming ostrich feathers, elegant cartwheels, wispy sailors trailing clouds of tulle? This year it looks as if the flower pots, double boilers, and egg beaters will revert to their original uses and have nothing to do with hats. Instead of Hedda Hopper horrors and half hats, the keynote is frills and femininity. In keeping with the yards and yards tradition, the well-dressed woman will stroll across the Common with nothing less than a complete chapeau. How incongruous a solitary feather atop a billowing ballerina! No wonder the men breathe a sigh of relief at the return to normalcy and the bonnet. The Bishop's wife started that!

Now tying the velvet streamers under your chin, don't you feel different, with a fresh lease on life? Like a child wearing a new hair bow, something within rises up to meet it, making you lovely inside and out. New head gear—new heart glow.

Always in vogue are those jaunty caps that seniors wear. Like the

familiar derby or the top hat, they're perennials, but the faces under them are new. Already juniors have that heir-to-the-throne gleam in their eyes. Slightly crown-conscious, they ask: "Will they fit? How becoming will they be? Will they go with our hair?"

"Let it grow" is the junior watchword—"Your hair, of course! Resist the scissors and the new abbreviated coif."

"Will people recognize us? Shall we lose our identity? Will they add something? Because a hat's for the inside, too, and a crown's a lot to live up to."

"Let it grow," we say.

"What?"

"Why—your head and your heart, of course."

J. E., '49

EXODUS

Assembly's done, and the students
  Flee through the open door
Like bullets shooting out of
  A smoking forty-four.

I hear the sudden exodus
  Eddying down the stair,
And a feeling of hunger comes o'er me,
  But go down I would not dare.

On go the ruthless marchers,
  Who'll step back for only the Staff
In the dizzying, dauntless scramble
  To the portals of the caf.

A feeling of hunger draws them
  That is quite akin to pain
And resembles starvation exactly
  As *la pluie* resembles the rain.

And the caf shall be filled with students,
  And those who led the way
Will announce their claim to a table
  And as silently steal a tray.

M. H., '50

Vanitas Vanitatum

The ancient Romans listed this word *vanitas* among their nouns of feminine gender. Apparently they believed it a foible peculiar to the weaker sex. To them the male of the species was not a vain animal. It was utterly impossible for them to conceive that the man ever lived who was guilty of this cardinal character defect.

Perhaps this is the reason why men have not been thrown into a panic by the advent of the "new look". The male garment has been substantially the same since the turn of the century. The increase in the amount of padding about the shoulders is not attributable to any masculine desire to achieve that football-hero silhouette. Thick shoulder pads are necessary to secure a smoother drape of the material and thus increase wearability. Men select their suits with an eye to dependability alone. They spend hours trying on different styles simply to assure themselves that they are receiving full value. Color matters not at all. A blonde gentleman prefers a dark blue suit because blue is more serviceable and dignified. The fact that a dark-complexioned man gives a like reason for his choice of a light grey is purely coincidental. One is not to infer that the partiality shown is in any way due to the fact that these particular shades accentuate the individual type of virile attractiveness. Likewise, the penchant of the rather portly fellow for single-breasted chalk-striped models rather than double-breasted bright Glen plaids is the result of pure chance.

Men are not concerned about hair styles. Nothing is simpler than the typical masculine coif. One college Adonis is known to have spent only three months of concentrated experiment to perfect that becoming waved pompadour attained by parting the hair across the top of the head in a right angle. The effect is undeniably pleasing until viewed from above. That sleek wave and curl combination worn by his roommate were undoubtedly managed without benefit of the bottles of meadow-scented slickum he purchases weekly at one dollar apiece. This tonic produces a well-groomed effect by keeping stray hairs in place. And when a man's straight locks develop waving tendencies overnight, it is the result of a diet fortified by carrots and bread crusts.

Men never commit the unpardonable sin of combing the hair in public. When they do, it is merely a quick flick of the comb to smooth obstinate

locks. It consumes a brief two seconds, if there is no mirroring surface handy. If there is, this unobtrusive operation takes somewhat longer.

Men never, under any circumstances, use cosmetics. Their lavish shaving sets are bare necessities. The after-shaving skin-toner closes the pores. The fact that it imparts a ruddy, healthful glow to the skin is purely secondary. The rich dividends reaped by the stockholders in the Mennen Company, which has marketed a skin-bracer whose "he-man aroma wows the ladies" is but an example of the unpredictability of business ventures. The sole function of bronze talcum powder is to soothe the skin. The insignificant note that it also covers blemishes and gives a rugged tanned hue to the complexion is never considered by the purchaser.

Men never wear silly hats. Those monstrosities they wear fishing are both useful and comfortable. A man never knows when he might have occasion to use one of that multitude of brightly-colored trout flies protruding from all angles on the hat proper. The geometric holes offer ample ventilation to cool the brow fevered by the mental energy required for this arduous task.

Men never wear jewelry as such. Rings give the hand a prosperous look. Diamond stickpins hold the cravat in place. Identification bracelets are a necessity. A man never knows when he will lose the wealth of identifying data carried in his wallet.

Men care not a pin for their figures. They patronize gymnasiums and Turkish baths to keep in top physical condition and not to drop any excess avoirdupois.

Vanity is totally incompatible with masculinity.

M. E. S., '48

CURRENT BOOKS

The Ides of March, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Harper Brothers, 1948. 246 pages.

If you find yourself riding past your subway stop, if you neglect your friends, if you mistake the State House for Caesar's palace—then, you are no doubt reading *The Ides of March.*

It has been seven years since we have heard from Thornton Wilder. Those who were haunted by the lyric magic of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and the pathos of *Our Town* have eagerly awaited this new work. A few who had hoped for a contemporary study have turned away in disappointment from Mr. Wilder's excursion into ancient history. The more perceptive have seen in *The Ides of March* a parallel to our own uncertain times.

Caesar's world is not unlike the modern era, with its anxious forebodings, its vague sense of something about to happen. Against this sombre background, Thornton Wilder has re-created the scene in tapestry, rich and living. Woven with infinite care, dynamically the characters emerge. In sharpest focus and splendid detail, we see Caesar in the center, "the father of the people", dignified, kindly, touched with a majesty of the mind. All eyes are on Caesar, and Caesar's seem to rest on the distant couch of his friend, Lucius. Looking at Caesar without seeing him is Pompeia, his wife, a little in the background; and between them, Caesar's aunt, Lady Julia Marcia, whose resemblance to Caesar in features and carriage suggests a kinship of spirit. Behind the Dictator, heads together in intrigue, are the beautiful Clodia and her sinister brother, Clodius. Facing Clodia, pen in hand, is the brooding Catullus. There is Cicero in the corner, overshadowed and resenting it. Near by is Brutus, standing stiff and self-righteous, though less noble than in Shakespeare's portrait. On the edge of the group, in shining green and blue, gleams the exotic Cleopatra, lending an oriental touch.

Through a series of letters, which, even as Caesar's police, we are allowed to intercept, we are shown the inner life as well as the external traits of the characters. Though the literal-minded may protest that the documents are completely imaginary and that chronology has been thrown to the winds, we must remember that it is a psychological novel,

not a scholarly history. Mr. Wilder himself calls it "a fantasia", and his approach is that of the artist, skillfully integrating fact and fancy.

Once over the threshold of the first few pages, we realize that the letter technique is no mere device but the life-principle of the book. Lesser writers would have been shackled by the demands of so complex a pattern, but Mr. Wilder seems in his element, opening and closing the windows of the minds of his character creations. This at-homeness in his medium is proof of his craftsmanship and the stamp of the work's originality. Flawlessly he spins the threads into a cohesive whole, the texture strong, the colors multiple. There is the continuity and the sweep of a novel here. Strangely, although there is little physical action, all the ingredients of drama are inherent: the clash of wills, the conflicting ideas, and a beautifully sustained suspense.

Perhaps Mr. Wilder's secret formula is his Pygmalion-like power of characterization. Three-dimensional, his personages speak for themselves through their letters. It is true that the author has put the words in their mouths, but they are always authentic, always in character. We need not glance at the signatures to identify the oratorical flourish of Cicero or the impulsive outbursts of the intense Catullus. We could never mistake the proud boasts of Clodia for pale Pompeia's naïve complaints or for the simple, sincere tone of the electric Cleopatra. A whole city of other notables comes bursting to life in brief flashes which reveal them in moments of crisis; but primarily they are the supporting cast for the hero of the tragedy.

Here is a new Caesar, seen not from one angle, but in his many-sidedness. He is almost a different person from Shakespeare's ambitious ruler. He has more in common with the benevolent philosopher of Shaw's version. Mr. Wilder's Caesar is Caesar, the man. Mellow and wise, a blend of politician and poet, skeptic and saint, administrator and poet, he is a man of many moods. Sensibly, Caesar rejects the idea of his being a god: "The older I grow," he tells Lucius, "the more I rejoice in being a man—mortal, mistaken, unabashed". Though Cicero says of him: "His life has been one long flight from reflection", Caesar is constantly pursuing the answers to the ultimate questions. He is always the man of action, fitting his blueprint of life to life itself; yet his integrity remains unchanged. "I must arrive at my decisions," he says, "as though they were not subject to the comments of other men, as though none were watch-

ing." Always honest, Caesar, who suspects the plots on his life, admits, "If I were not Caesar, I would be Caesar's assassin!" A daring idealist, his only concern is that his murderer have no selfish motive, but that he do the deed for love of Rome and hatred of tyranny. It is typical that he has no time for bodyguards of armor against death; he is too busy living. In fact, one of his outstanding traits is his optimism. Life has no meaning for him save "that which we confer upon it". With an almost Chestertonian exultation he exclaims: "Then I seem to grasp the fair harmony of the world. . . . I wish to cry out to all the living and all the dead that there is no part of the universe that is untouched by bliss". Constantly, Caesar returns to the riddle of religion—searching and uncertain. He cannot accept many gods, but he can never reject one all-powerful god, though with him it is only a surmise. In a final affirmation he senses divinity, a god of love, when he says: "I seem to have known all my life, but to have refused to acknowledge that all, all love is one, and that the very mind with which I ask these questions is awakened, sustained, and instructed only by love".

The Ides of March has been aptly called a cerebral, a psychological novel in the true sense. It is also a very human drama. Thornton Wilder has not only added to the Caesar lore; he has revealed ancient history in universal terms.

JEAN M. EDWARDS, '49

The Pearl, by John Steinbeck. New York: The Viking Press, 1947, 122 pages.

Within the pages of this little book, John Steinbeck has captured all the charm and fascination of a simple folk tale. The theme is a universal one, for throughout the world and throughout the ages, man has been stirred to desperate deeds and violent acts by his greed for material wealth.

The author cleverly weaves the parable of the Pearl about that phase of life in which he himself, both in artistry and understanding, is at his best—the world of the simple folk. Here he finds the goodness and simplicity that are essential for true and beautiful living.

The story concerns a young Mexican fisherman, Kino, his wife, Juana, and their child, Coyotito. Poverty alone marred the bliss of this home

where life was so steeped in love and contentment that only a sigh could express the depth of the all but perfect happiness. One day when Kino brought up from the ocean-bed "the great pearl, perfect as the moon", he believed that here at last within the palm of his hand he held the key to perfect happiness. Reflected in its shining surface he saw the fulfillment that only such material wealth as this could bring to his dreams.

The possession of the pearl becomes an obsession with him. It blinds him to the growing turmoil within his own soul. Suspicion develops in his mind as he hourly becomes aware of the greed that is beginning to seethe in the hearts of the men about him. The world into which he had stepped serenely each day and which had held only beauty and peace and calm before, became now a world into which he stepped warily, dreading the challenge it gave him, fearing its darkness.

Now when he gazes at his gleaming pearl he sees nothing but a distortion of his former dreams. Reflected in its evil loveliness is the horror in the face of the man he has murdered, the haunted, grieving eyes of his wife, and the still lifeless body of his child—a terrible price to pay for a bauble. Kino's soul conquers. In a triumphant gesture he flings the pearl with all his might back into the lovely green water whence it came.

The mainspring of the charm in this little book lies in the rhythm and melody of the prose. With a delicate lyrical touch Mr. Steinbeck transports the reader into this magic world that he has created so that he, as well as Kino, watched the blue shadow of the mountain move out across the brushy desert below until it reached the Gulf, and the long twilight of the shadow was over the land. His picture of native life and Mexican landscape bespeak a first hand knowledge of these things, a knowledge which adds vividness and life to his portrayal. He makes us feel "the sun that was hot yellow" as it hung moisture "in shimmering scarves in the air". He makes us hear "a nervous, restless wind with the smell of storm on its breath". He makes us see "a flight of herring clouds. . . ." above the sand. And in this lies his power.

The Pearl has all the unsung charm of a lovely symphony. Like a drop of dew it glistens in the literary world of today, cleansing and refreshing the hearts of those who discover its simple message.

ELEANOR T. HUGHES, '48

When The Mountain Fell, by C. F. Ramuz. New York: Pantheon Books. 1947. 221 pages.

When The Mountain Fell is the story of what happened when a landslide obliterated a herders' settlement in the Swiss Alps two hundred years ago. The shepherds were gathered about their fires on the grassy plains of Derborence. "The burning wood cracked like a pistol shot, the soft caress of the wind filled the immensity of space. Everything was alive because of living sounds. The next minute the arms of destruction crushed the shepherds beneath a mass of rock. Nothing now but infinite silence and infinite peace."

As Mr. Ramuz tells the tale, the plot becomes harmoniously blended with the author's style. Nature and the writer are one. This association is not, however, pantheistic. It is rather the result of a deep understanding of and poetic sensitivity to Nature in all her moods. Silver threads of natural beauty are woven into this story, making a brilliant blue and green and gold tapestry.

Nature is now benign and tranquil, when

> nothing stirs anywhere under the impalpable white down of moonlight which seems to drift effortlessly on the night air;

and again it is a ruthless fury unleashed from the dark regions. The blast of wind

> snatched the slates from the roofs, blew two or three little shed roofs right off, tumbling them away like straw hats, flattening a grove of young saplings on a shoulder of the mountain, and passing through the cracks of the unmortared walls, struck at the men asleep inside, pinning them down in their beds.

In fact, Nature plays such a diverse role in *When The Mountain Fell* that it is difficult to analyze the form of the book. Beneath Mr. Ramuz's pen, which sweeps along as melodiously as water down a stream, it becomes a legend which almost imperceptibly fingers the hem of reality, for the characters are shadowy, hovering between spirit and substance. It becomes a shepherd's tale with the tinkle of goat bells somewhere nearby; or a simple folk tale in which the guileless peasants speak a language which would have delighted Wordsworth, it is so pure and natural. It is also domestic tragedy, where children trust in a Mother Nature that suddenly becomes fanciful. True, they heard a roar, but it was only

Nature romping about playing with her children. How could it be anything else? The night was

> beautifully clear. Bathed in a flood of moonlight. And the roar, why it lasted only an instant! Now everything fell back into tranquility, becoming round and still again, under the soft and brilliant rain of moonlight dripping down from leaf to leaf.

It is obvious that Mr. Ramuz is not only a novelist but an extraordinary poet—a Shakespearean poet whose "eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance from heaven to earth". He sees natural phenomena which the ordinary eye does not even know exists.

ANN T. CORBETT, '48

Peace or Anarchy, by Cord Meyer. Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1947, 233 pages.

This compelling book is written by an ex-marine who was wounded in the South Pacific and who returned to serve as an aide to Commander Stassen at the San Francisco Conference. Cord Meyer speaks then from direct experience when he talks of war and peace. His solution to the political, economical, and social problems of our time is the establishment of world government, and Mr. Meyer impresses his readers with the urgency of this form of government. Hesitancy or failure to solve our problems at this crucial moment in the life of the human race, he states, may end in total devastation of humanity itself or, at the best, humanity as it exists today. If peace rather than victory through an atomic war is to be our goal, then the problem should not be focused on which nation started this race for armaments, but rather on how to end the rivalry.

Mr. Meyer is striving to point out that war is not necessarily the right solution to our difficulties. Preparedness involves the loss of our cherished civil liberties and establishment of the iron rule of military totalitarianism. It is world law and peace that the American people must insist upon, or else compete in the globular race for national armament, which will result in inevitable destruction.

Peace or Anarchy may be considered from three points of view. It is, first of all, a penetrating analysis, shocking in its reality, of the world situation. It is also prophecy, because it scientifically predicts the chaos that will be ours in a third world war. Finally, it presents a program giving Mr. Meyer's solution to the problems involving world peace.

Some may feel that the author indulges in flights of fancy when he offers his high hope of peace without war. It is evident that emotionally and morally he is against war, but he is in no sense a pacifist. He is a realist who faces the fact that the next war will be like nothing before known to man. Atomic bombs used by one side may be opposed by atomic bombs and something else from the other. Who will be left, then, to make the peace?

Peoples of both nations seem to abandon themselves to the hopeless prospect that another war is inevitable. They behave as if nothing could be done about it. The purpose of Cord Meyer's book is a logical denial of such fatalism. His book is based on the conviction that we, the survivors of two world wars, are stumbling toward a third and more far-reaching disaster, not because we lack ideal principles, but because we are driven by the nature of archaic institutions that we have the capacity to change.

PATRICIA A. MURPHY, '49

The Proper Bostonians, by Cleveland Amory. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc. 1947. 381 pages.

We never doubt that spring will return each year and that jonquils will always be yellow. That day will turn to night, and night to day, we can be equally certain. And we can be just as sure of the Proper Bostonian. He will always have oatmeal for breakfast; he will never be anything but a Republican, and he will never be chosen as a fashion model for "Esquire".

The proper Bostonian has long been the butt of many jokes and heated discussions, and at last someone has put him in the annals of history by writing a book about him. It was not a very difficult task because the proper Bostonian is quite clear-cut. There is nothing complex about him. He will tell you just what he thinks and why he thinks that way. When he does not like a thing, you will be the first to know; and when he does like a thing, you will be sure that you are not hearing words of flattery.

Mr. Amory was well qualified to write this book because he has always lived in Boston and writes, to some extent at least, from personal experience. Critics have accused the author of exaggeration, and without

doubt the criticism is understandable. Yet, there is some proof that even his most extreme stories are true. One of the editors of the *Atlantic Monthly,* we are told, was asked if he enjoyed the book. The editor replied that he thought it was a little overdone. "For instance", he said, "I cannot imagine the wealthiest men in Boston picking up twigs for firewood on Louisburg Square." Several weeks later a friend of the skeptic, who was on the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly,* buzzed the office of the associate editor and told him to take a look out of his window. When he did, he saw a distinguished member of the "Brahmin caste" gathering up twigs from the ground as if they were gold nuggets.

If you are a Bostonian, you will enjoy seeing the names of people and places you know. If you have shopped at Stearns, you will receive an added pleasure by reading what the proper Bostonian thinks of it. If you have eaten succulent lobster at Locke Ober's, it might interest you to know that proper Bostonians have been stopping there for years. The next time you swim off the shores of Nahant, you can recall that this is the summer spot for numerous Cabots and Lodges. Many of us have seen our conservative neighbors, the Winsor girls, on their way to school, wearing the regulation "low-heeled shoes and sensible clothing".

The book is peppered with amusing anecdotes and legends. Some you have heard and others are new. The story about Mrs. Jack Gardner and the young New Yorker who came to Boston as a bride is not too well-known. It is a typical example of the candor of the Boston First Family woman. The young lady was passing Mrs. Gardner's palace one day and was startled to hear a rap on the window pane. It became more insistent, and a beckoning finger told her that she was expected to enter the house. The maid escorted her to a darkened drawing room where Mrs. Gardner was sitting. With frank abruptness she informed the questioning girl that she had noticed her pass and had observed that, like so many tall girls, she did not carry herself well. That was all. "Walk erect", Mrs. Gardner concluded, and, with that, the utterly dazed young bride was ushered once more into the street.

The bright humor, the pungent satire, and the vivid characterizations of the book help the reader to overlook the obvious faults of this work —its verbosity and its careless repetitions.

MARILYN G. MYERS, '49

EMMANUEL GRADUATES:

With a Bryant & Stratton training you can have a choice of jobs, generally in the field of your college major. Shorthand is the "Open Sesame," while the other subjects may help progress on the job. Individual advancement assures you your training in the shortest possible time. Ask about the Intensive Course for College Graduates. Telephone to Ken. 6789, or visit the school — Boylston corner Arlington Streets at the Arlington Subway Station.

BRYANT & STRATTON SCHOOL

BOSTON

Best Wishes

Guy Ormandy

Orchestras

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

433 Little Building

BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. Hancock 7777

Hotel Continental

"One of New England's Best Hotels"

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Telephone LIberty 8587

Frank A. Gendreau

47 Winter Street, Room 605-6
BOSTON

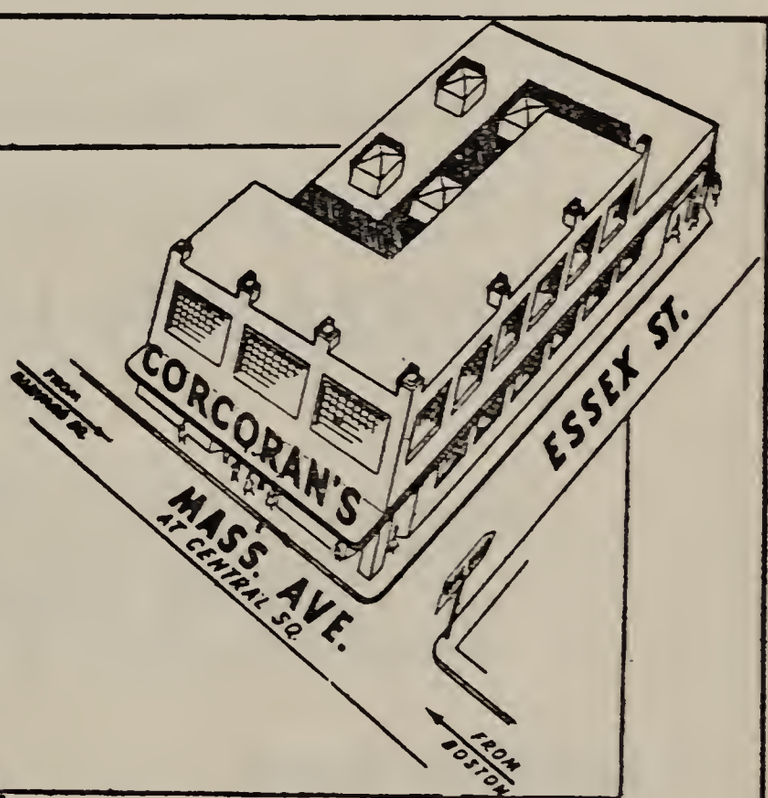
Expert
Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing
Diamonds Watches Jewelry

BENZIGER BROTHERS Inc.

Church Goods

106 Chauncy Street
LIBerty 1150

A FASHION STORE in Cambridge



Corcoran's CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

Kenmore Lunch
CAFETERIA
RESTAURANT
AND TAP

Kenmore Square
526 - 528 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Massachusetts

Kenmore Pharmacy, Inc.
PRESCRIPTION
SPECIALISTS
"Where Your Physician Trades"
500 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

Matthew F. Sheehan Company
New England's Leading Church Goods
22 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

Compliments of a Friend

"WE KEEP THE STORMS OUT"

BENJAMIN P. WILD

Roofing and Sheet Metal Work
Repairing a Specialty

142 Cherry Street Cambridge, Mass.
TRObridge 6-6751

John D. Lynch Drug Company

APOTHECARIES

2406 Massachusetts Avenue

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

DAWSON & HICKEY

BEEF - LAMB - VEAL - POULTRY

14 New Faneuil Hall Market

BOSTON 9, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. CAPitol 1637
1636

S. S. PIERCE CO.

Visit the
Perfumery Department
at our
133 BROOKLINE AVENUE STORE
A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel

M. B. FOSTER
Electric Company
368 Congress Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Hubbard 7032 Open Evenings
Thomas
Beauty Salon
Hair Stylists of Distinction
7th Floor — Dexter Bldg.
453 Washington Street
Boston, Massachusetts

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE HERLIHY BROS.
Incorporated
MILK – CREAM

COMPLIMENTS OF
Watertown Savings Bank

Thomas P. Mee Co.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
Fruit and Produce
Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market
and Cellar No. 9
BOSTON, MASS.
Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

General Ice Cream Corporation
Mansion House Division
183 Cambridge Street
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

A PROMINENT SPOT ON MAIN STREET

Within the past year A&P has been mentioned as part of the story or dialogue in at least 47 popular books of fact and fiction.

Well, that's perfectly natural, because we provide 6,000,000 American families with good food at low cost.

Wherever plain people live, the A&P is an important part of their lives. Years ago it was the familiar red-fronted grocery store. Today the super market, carrying over two thousand different items, is as much a part of the American scene as the town hall or Main Street or the village green.

No wonder so many chroniclers of American life put the A&P into their narratives!

We're flattered to turn up in 47 books. But we know—and we think you know, too—that institutions like the A&P are built on generations of hard work and public service.

If we're a fixture in American life, it's because the men and women of A&P have worked constantly for over 86 years to do the nation's most efficient job of food distribution.

A&P FOOD STORES

Compliments

of the

Alumnae Association

of

Emmanuel College

Compliments of

Emmanuel League

The
Angel Guardian Press

Printers

Publishers Bookbinders

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME

TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME

Corner of Granby Street and Bay State Road
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS

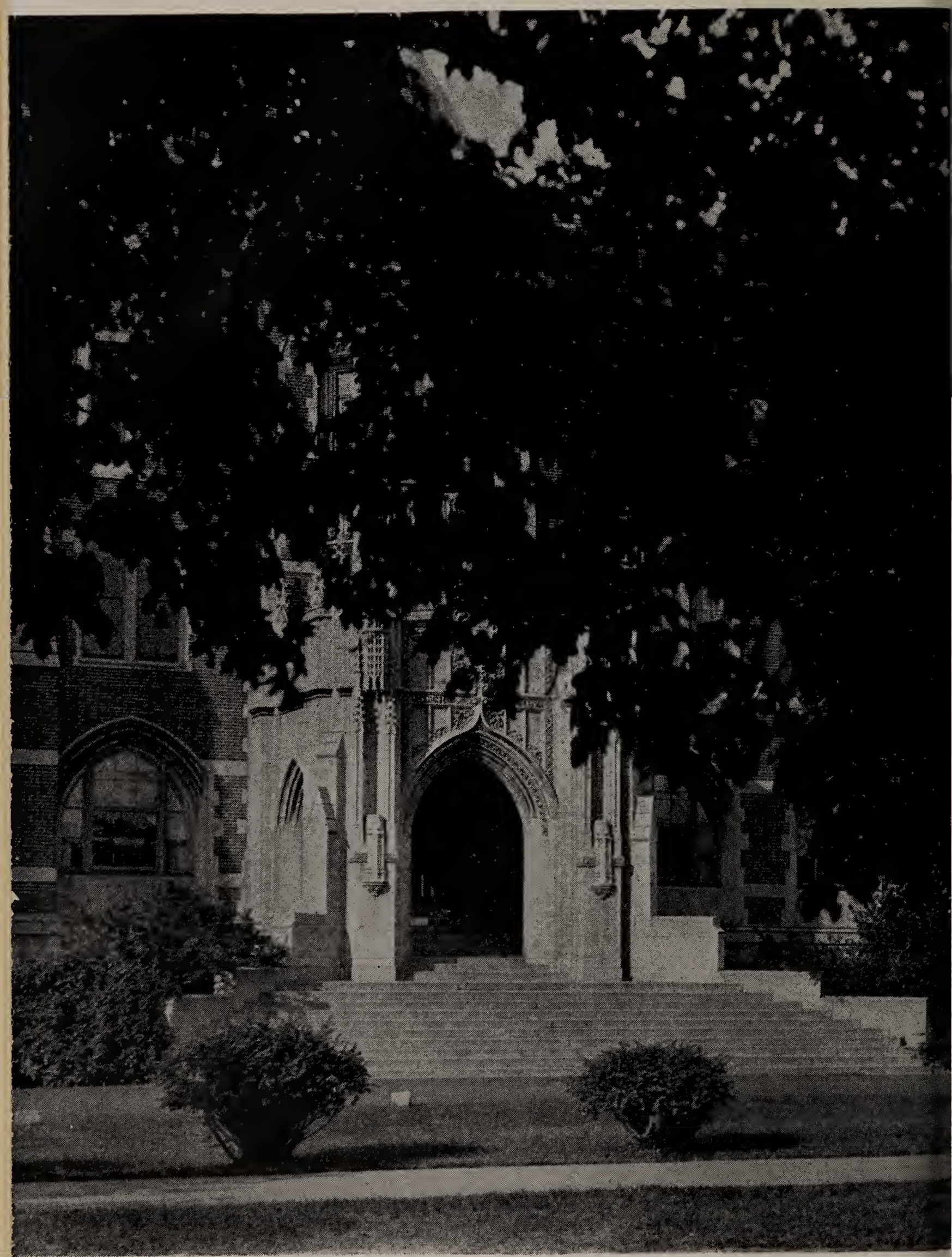
Primary, Intermediate and High School Classes

THE ETHOS JUNE, 1948
VOLUME TWENTY-ONE NUMBER THREE

CONTENTS

MR. DUCE REFORMS—Barbara Dandeneau, '48 149
THE SAINT DOMINIC OF EL GRECO—Isabelle G. Finn, '49 . 158
DUPRES FOR PRESIDENT—Jean Edwards, '49 159
GRACE, *Verse*—Dorothy Hingston, '48 168
DEIRDRE—Monica Cotter, '49 169
THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE—Mary M. Holihan, '48 . 176
TO RUTH, *Verse*—Jean Edwards, '49 179
CITY MUSEUM—Margaret Federico, '48 180
METAMORPHOSIS INCOMPLETE—Frances M. McCarthy, '49 184
MADONNA, *Verse*—Alice T. Carew, '48 191
REMEMBERED, *Verse*—Yvonne L. Bulger, '49 192
NOCTURNAL THOUGHT, *Verse*—Ruth Sterry, '49 . . 193
QUERY, *Verse*—Ruth Sterry, '49 193
EDITORIALS 194
THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS 198
CURRENT BOOKS:
The Hour of Spring—Anne T. McBurney 201
Thomistic Philosophy in Social Casework—Angela Carroll . 202
Two Quiet Lives—Catherine Reilly 203
Humanist as Hero—Doris Coulombe 206
The Times of Melville and Whitman—Monica Cotter . . 208

Published quarterly, during the academic year—February, April, June, November—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: $2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.



MR. DUCE REFORMS

Barbara Dandeneau, '48

MRS. DUCE was annoyed, and she had good reason. It was not every woman who would put up with a man like Mr. Duce, with all his good qualities. Another wife with more spirit would probably have left him long ago, or else made it uncomfortable for him. But Mrs. Duce was a quiet person, and she liked being a quiet person. She was very happy that she did not have a violent temper like Mrs. Littlejohn or that she did not have to be constantly on the go like Mrs. Ingram. She liked to go out sometimes, of course. She attended church on Sunday, went regularly to the Woman's Club, and attended all the church affairs. Aside from that, she was kept quite busy tending her house and doing odd chores around the farm. Neither she nor Mr. Duce cared much for the moving pictures, but they had gone to see *Gone With The Wind* and *Mrs. Miniver* because all the ladies at the Woman's Club had said, "Oh, my dear, you mustn't miss it!" She and Mr. Duce had liked them both very much indeed, although they had wondered if people like Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler really existed.

Once in a while, too, Mrs. Duce liked to take the local train to Boston, which the station master could flag for her at the Hazelton station, to do a little shopping in town, but mostly to see what the windows were showing. Her annoyance today was connected with just such an outing. Here it was five o'clock and the local train out of Boston which had deposited Mrs. Duce on the Hazelton platform had been gone half an hour now and still no sign of Mr. Duce and the station wagon. She had told him definitely

four-thirty, and he wasn't here; and he wasn't at home either, because she had called twice and both times the operator had said that no one answered. Mr. Duce thought of all the places her husband might be. He had said something about mending the roof of the barn where the timbers were sagging, and he had planned also to rake the first mowing in the orchard. But he should have been finished in plenty of time to have met her train at four-thirty as she had asked him. She walked up and down the little platform in front of the signs that extolled the comforts of the new air-conditioned trains to Boston, and wondered why the railroad company didn't use their magnificent streamliners on the Hazelton branch instead of the horrid mid-Victorian affairs like the one that had brought her home. She sat down on the green-slatted bench and stuck her feet straight out before her, contemplating them. They strangely resembled the pair of feet she had stepped out in that morning, but, oh, what painful complaints were now emanating from them!

It was Myra Duce's aching feet that really caused all the trouble because, as I have said before, she was normally a quiet person with peace-loving ways. When finally she heard the rhythmic clatter that heralded the approach of the station wagon long before it was even in sight, a vague determination, born of the irritation in the area of her trim black Oxfords, was forming in the back of her mind.

The station wagon jerked to a stop in front of the platform, and Mr. Duce good-naturedly opened the door. His eyes were brown and friendly, and his whole face wore such a settled look of satisfaction with his lot in life that a stranger meeting him would probably have said: "Here is a man to whom life has been kind," but the stranger would

have guessed only half the truth, for Mr. Duce was a man on whose easy-going shoulders the trials of life rested lightly.

"Well, Ezra," Mrs. Duce greeted her husband, "it's quarter after five."

"Yes." His reply was quite amiable and unperturbed. "Syd Tucker stopped in to borrow the drill. He's having a little trouble with his Fordson."

"Oh, and I suppose you had to fix it for him?" There was just the slightest hint of sarcasm in her remark.

"No, dear." Mr. Duce waved his arm in a vague circle to indicate his blamelessness. "But we got to talking and first thing I noticed it was after five o'clock. You know how it is."

"I know," said Mrs. Duce, grimly. "And how long were you *talking?*"

Mr. Duce shifted uneasily, but he managed to make his response casual. "Oh—couple of hours."

"About business?"

"Oh." Another vague gesture. "Different things. You know."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Duce again, and the vague determination began to assume an increasingly palpable form.

Had Mrs. Duce been accustomed to waging marital war, she might have laid the law down a little more directly. As it was, she grew very cautious, not wanting to be unfair to her husband, nor yet to give him an undue advantage over her. Thus it was characteristic of her that she kept her purpose shyly hidden, only to pounce on the unsuspecting Ezra in an unguarded moment a few days later.

At just two o'clock he had come into the kitchen to wash up for dinner. The flush on Mrs. Duce's cheek and the peculiar brightness of her eye as she sat darning stockings

in the rocker near the door might have warned him that something was amiss; but nothing having ever disrupted the happiness of his household before, he did not notice, and the blow fell with all the more startling effect.

"It's two o'clock, Ezra," Mrs. Duce told him, by way of preparation. Mr. Duce was busy soaping his face and ears and did not answer. "What kept you, Ezra?"

Ezra wiped his face on the roller towel, leaving on it a heavy deposit of soap, water, and dirt.

"Man stopped in about some boys from the agricultural school looking for summer jobs on farms."

"Did you tell him we didn't need any extra help?" Mrs. Duce was studying her work closely, but her needle was moving in and out among the threads slowly.

"Yuh, I told him we had a hired man this year and it wasn't likely we'd be needing anyone else."

"Did he stay long?" Perfidious woman, knowing quite well the answers to her questions!

"Well, he stayed a little while."

"How long?"

"Oh. Couple of hours, I guess." The circular gesture. "I'll have to get at that hen coop this afternoon."

"You were going to do that this morning."

"Well, he sort of delayed me, Myra."

"And you were going to fix my porch this afternoon," pursued Mrs. Duce.

"Well, I'll have to do that some other day," Mr. Duce said. "I can't let the coop go any longer. Is dinner ready?"

"It was ready at twelve o'clock, like it always is." The needle stopped altogether, although Mrs. Duce continued to look attentively at the sock.

"Did you warm it over?"

The blow fell. Mrs. Duce looked up from her work and stared stonily at her husband. She was frightened inside because she had never done anything like this before, but Mr. Duce could not be expected to know that. He only saw the defiant eyes and heard the determined words.

"No, I didn't warm it over, Ezra Duce, and I'm not going to. It was ready for you at twelve o'clock and you had a right to come and eat it, and if you didn't, that's your hard luck and you can just eat it cold."

Mr. Duce was surprised; but he was philosophical by nature and, after all, what is one cold meal? He would have been quite content to let the matter drop without a word of protest, but Mrs. Duce had declared her independence and she intended it to be no empty declaration. Besides, with Mr. Duce not offering any opposition, it was just too easy. She followed his resigned figure into the dining room.

"From now on," she announced, "dinner will be ready at twelve, and supper at six, and if you're not here on time, you'll either go without or eat it cold. I wouldn't mind if you had a good excuse, but it's always the same one. This neighbor stopped in to borrow a shovel. That one came by to ask you to plow his garden. This salesman came to sell you a magazine. And instead of giving the shovel, or saying, 'Yes, I'll come next Tuesday,' or 'No, I don't want to buy your magazine', you sit down out there and entertain them for two hours while all your work goes undone, and your meals get cold, and I'm supposed to wait on you hand and foot and help you do all the chores you'd have time to do if you didn't talk so much!"

Mrs. Duce sat down. She was quite worn out and also amazed at her own volubility. Mr. Duce was amazed, too, and more than a little hurt.

"Well, after all, Myra," he said, "I can't be rude to my neighbors, can I? If they want to pass the time of day, I can't send them off."

"You can be firm with them," Mrs. Duce said, regaining her breath and her speed. "Say, 'Excuse me, but I can't spare any more time right now'. No one goes over to Syd Tucker's or Ray Smith's or George Perkins' and stands around for two hours. *They* don't waste any time."

"Well," Mr. Duce grew philosophical again and made a most unwary remark. "It's too bad you're not married to Ray or Syd if you think you'd like that better than being married to me."

Mrs. Duce stood up. "Be careful, Ezra Duce," she warned. "I'm not joking. And, furthermore, whenever you get behind in your work because you've been out talking instead of tending to your business, don't come to me and ask me for any favors. I will not feed your hens for you or hoe your tomatoes or pick your strawberries for market. If you're going to waste your time talking, the trouble will fall on you, not on me."

Mr. Duce was impressed by his wife's burst of spirit, but mildly skeptical. After all, when you have been married twenty-one years to a peaceful woman, you come to take her quiet ways for granted. He discovered in the ensuing weeks, however, that a great change had taken place. Mrs. Duce was as pleasant as ever, perhaps even a little more pleasant than usual. For instance, she hummed more as she worked around the kitchen, and she affected what Mr. Duce would have termed coquettish ways, had she been twenty years younger. Still, she rigidly maintained her position even though she smiled and chatted amiably while she did so. There were moments, of course, when she grew tired of

asserting her independence and longed for a return to her tranquil days, but having once taken such a determined stand, it would have been difficult to withdraw gracefully from the battle. Besides, her new-found power was something of a halo to her personality. It almost made her feel like a bride again, after twenty-one years, to recognize the light of respect in her husband's eyes.

She had almost given in one afternoon when Ezra wanted to go to a horse show. He had started out to clean the strawberry bed for the last time that season, and during the morning three of the little Perkins children had taken it into their heads, as children do, to come over and spend the whole day with him. Ezra loved children, never having had any of his own, and had stopped his work during the morning to take them downtown for a treat of ice cream. On the way home he had a flat tire. He was contrite about his wasted morning and hesitated to ask his wife to help him pick the rest of the berries, but he did want to get to that horse show. That was almost Mrs. Duce's undoing, for she, too, loved children and understood Ezra's desire to be kind to them, and she also knew how much he wanted to go to the horse show. She locked herself in her bedroom to reason the matter out.

"You're soft," she said.

"But he wants to go so badly," she replied.

"That's all the more reason to be firm," she said.

"But it wasn't really his fault," she pleaded.

"If you give in now, you will have lost the battle. If he doesn't go to the horse show today, he'll know you mean business."

After that day, Mr. Duce was a beaten man. He ate his dinner regularly at twelve and his supper punctually at six.

When neighbors dropped in to borrow a wrench or salesmen to describe the latest in milking machines, he was polite but firm. "I'm very sorry," he would say. "I hope you'll excuse me, but I have a lot to do." Mrs. Duce, he knew, was a remarkable woman. She was right. No one was insulted when he couldn't find time to chat, and his work was always done according to schedule. But he looked longingly after the retreating backs of salesmen, and the neighbors, and the children.

As the weeks went on, Mrs. Duce began to hanker after the shining windows of Tremont Street and the crowds on Washington Street. Mr. Duce said, "Why don't you take a day off and go shopping? It'll do you good to get out of Hazelton for a change." Mrs. Duce thought so too. She took some money out of her private treasury in the cookie jar, packed her handbag, and Mr. Duce drove her downtown to the railroad station.

"You'll remember to meet me at four-thirty, won't you, Ezra?" Mrs. Duce reminded him. "Don't forget: four-thirty."

Mr. Duce drove home and he did not forget the hour of his appointment, although he had a particularly trying day. The cows broke through into his crop of alfalfa; the automatic waterers in the hen coops blocked up and overflowed; and the horse got free, digging great holes into the front lawn as he romped across it. By the time Mr. Duce should have left his work to meet his wife, he was not half finished, but he stopped everything to jump into the old station wagon and drive down to the station. He drove faster than usual because he was late, and as he drove up Main Street he could see smoke from the train as it pulled out of

Hazelton. Mrs. Duce was not on the platform, however, and the station master said he had not seen her get off the train.

"She must have missed it," Mr. Duce said. "What time does the next train come in?"

The next train did not arrive until 6:41. Mr. Duce went home and finished repairing the automatic waterer. He took time to put the kettle on for tea before he went down to meet the train because he knew that Mrs. Duce would be tired after her long day in Boston, and after missing a train too. Her feet would be aching. He arrived just ahead of the six forty-one, but, to his surprise, the train didn't even stop at the station, which meant that no one on the train wanted to get off at Hazelton.

"Could she have missed two trains?" Mr. Duce asked himself, and went in search of the station master to find out the time of the next train.

When Mr. Duce drove up to the railroad station for the fourth time that day to meet the ten twenty-two, he was feeling very happy. He had finished all his chores, except repairing the front lawn, and he was sure that his wife would be on this train because it was the last one before the milk train at three forty-nine in the morning. She had probably eaten supper in Boston after missing the second train, but Ezra had prepared a little snack for her just the same. A cup of hot tea always tastes good. Sure enough, Mrs. Duce was on the ten twenty-two and was relieved to see her husband waiting for her.

"I suppose you didn't know what happened to me," she said to him.

"No," said Mr. Duce, opening the station wagon door for her. "What did?"

"I met Mrs. Littlejohn in town," explained Mrs. Duce,

"and we sat down in a drugstore to have a frappé and we just got to talking . . ."

"Talking?" Mr. Duce said, genially.

"Yes, Ezra, and Mr. Littlejohn is coming over tomorrow afternoon. After I missed the train, we sat there and talked a while longer, and I invited them both over. You can get to know Mr. Littlejohn. I'm sure you'll like him."

Since it was quite dark in the station wagon, and since Mr. Duce was watching the road ahead, he could not see the timid look on his wife's face. And on the other hand, since Mrs. Duce was rummaging through her handbag for a handkerchief, she did not see the smile of relief on her husband's face.

"I'm sure I'll like Mr. Littlejohn," Mr. Duce said good-naturedly.

THE SAINT DOMINIC OF EL GRECO

Isabelle G. Finn, '49

He kneels amid the lowering clouds of night
That roll above his loneliness all massed
In black and grey and blue, hiding the light
Of all the joy of earth that now has passed
Beneath the reaches of his love. Surpassed
Are all the hidden stars by burning eyes
That move in pain of love from earth to sky.

Alone among the night-topped rocks, lost,
An exile in a harsh and barren waste—
Alone but for the frozen figure placed
Before him, fiercely fastened to its cross.

DUPRES FOR PRESIDENT

Jean Edwards, '49

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Characters

Charles Dupres, *a prominent New Orleans lawyer, author of numerous articles on the U.N., and a very humble man.*

Laura Dupres, *his ambitious but understanding wife.*

George Kent, *an influential political and social leader.*

André Dupres, *a dramatic debutante with visions of grandeur.*

Denise Dupres, *the stolid ten-year-old of the family.*

Bob Prescott, *André's beau, a young doctor.*

Azalea, *the faithful and bewildered maid.*

Reporters, *who behave characteristically.*

Time: *About seven o'clock on a momentous Monday night.*

Place: *New Orleans—the city where the Mardi Gras is officially over on Ash Wednesday, but is on most people's minds all year; where to be queen of a ball is a life-long ambition, and to be queen of Comus is an overwhelming honor; where the inner circle's proudest boast is: "Our fathers who art in Comus."*

Setting: *We must divide our attention between Charles Dupres' study on the right, and a small hall at the left. It is a typical modern study with a fireplace up center and an armchair on either side of it. A mahogany desk down left and a sofa down right complete the furnishings. In the hall up center is a piece of a staircase, beneath which is a love-seat. Down right is a telephone table.*

MRS. DUPRES: Charles, that was George Kent on the phone! He's coming right over. He has something important to tell you. Charles, put your newspaper away and get your mind off politics. From the way his voice sounded it must be about the Comus election tonight. I'm sure you'll be . . .

CHARLES: Queen!

MRS. DUPRES: President of the organization. After all, you've been Cake-Cutter for ten years.

CHARLES: But look at John Lataour. He was Cake-Cutter till he died.

MRS. DUPRES: But he didn't have George Kent behind him. Anyone who could make Morrison mayor and put Jones in as governor, can certainly make you president of the Royal Krewe of Comus. Doesn't that sound distinctive?

CHARLES: Pretty regal, all right.

MRS. DUPRES: Why Comus is nonpareil. And with André making her debut next year . . . (*as usual, Charles dampens his wife's enthusiasm with a laugh*). What's so hilarious?

CHARLES: Nothing, except it would be funny if George were coming over merely to discuss a law case.

MRS. DUPRES: Well, don't let him get distracted like that. Just steer the conversation to the point and keep it there. Everyone says you're sure to get it. You're too modest, Charles. Just speak up! If the Browns weren't arriving any minute, I could manage George myself. (*The doorbell interrupts.*)

CHARLES: That must be George—or the Browns.

MRS. DUPRES: Now don't forget to corner him. André will die if she isn't queen.

CHARLES: Looks like I will too. (*George enters—all that we expected, suave and easy.*)

GEORGE: I just dropped in on my way to the election. It's certainly the year for them.

CHARLES: I hear you're voting republican this time!

GEORGE: Well, it's not quite that bad. I was just talking to some of the boys down at the Boston Club. J.P. and Higgins and I cooked up a scheme. We're all set for a little Civil War at the Convention. After Alabama and Georgia and all of us walk out, then we'll spring our man—dark horse, a southerner, naturally. When the rest see the South is really solid and that we won't take anybody else, there's a good chance they'll come around.

CHARLES: You could swing it, George, if anybody could. But who will you put up?

GEORGE: That's what I've had on my mind. A localite, maybe. Lawyer'd be good. I tell you just what we want: someone truly representative of the South, a gentleman and a statesman. Someone who understands the international picture, not one of those dime-a-dozen politicians. A true liberal, who doesn't need to mention civil rights—a diplomat, in other words. Yet a modest fellow, brainy and popular, and, as I said before, truly representative. (*glancing at watch*) Whew, I'll be late for the election. (*He starts to go, but Charles, who wants to hear more, puts out a detaining hand.*)

CHARLES: What you were saying just now—a splendid idea.

GEORGE: I'd better be going. Oh, and Charles, old man, keep this under your hat, but you'll make a darn good president.

CHARLES (*overcome*): What? Me?

GEORGE: Didn't you know you were the one? There hasn't been any question in my mind all along. Why you're

the first one I thought of—the only logical choice. And as I see it, practically in the bag. Of course, it will take a little wangling. There may be a deadlock. But a few concessions here and there, a little compromising. Politics, politics! I'll throw everything I have behind you. Certain heads will roll all right. I won't mention any names, but M.T. has gone a little too far this time.

CHARLES: Well, he has sort of overstepped the bounds.

GEORGE: It's time for a change, and you're it. My friends have their instructions. We're ready for the showdown. I don't care if it takes a hundred ballots to put you in. (*noticing Charles' dismay*) What's the matter? You're not thinking of declining?

CHARLES: I'm overwhelmed . . . it's so, so sudden . . .

GEORGE: Nonsense, you're too modest.

CHARLES: It's such an honor.

GEORGE: You're right, the highest honor a man could receive. And I'm sure you'll do us proud.

CHARLES: (*weakly*): I'll try my best.

GEORGE: Good. Remember, it's strictly confidential until a formal announcement is made. Say, the election's at seven-thirty. Good night, Charles.

CHARLES: Oh, yes, yes, good night. (*The strains of the Star Spangled Banner are heard, at least by Charles. And he chants.*) Washington — Jefferson — Jackson — Wilson — Roosevelt—and, maybe, Dupres. (*He's looking far off, dazzled, perhaps by the White House as his wife enters.*)

MRS. DUPRES: Charles, you look ill? Is it bad news?

CHARLES: If you only knew.

MRS. DUPRES: Charles, you didn't forget to find out about Comus?

CHARLES (*returning from Washington*): What? Oh, I didn't ask him.

MRS. DUPRES: Oh, Charles, you're joking. You're in, aren't you? Tell me.

CHARLES: I can't tell you a thing.

MRS. DUPRES: Your own wife . . .

CHARLES: Laura, there's something I heard tonight that I'm not at liberty to reveal. You'll have to trust me.

MRS. DUPRES: Don't be ridiculous. You never could keep a secret. (*trying a new approach*) You mean you're pledged to secrecy? (*He nods gravely.*) I won't ask you to tell me then. It must be they're getting rid of the *Tambling* faction.

CHARLES: We didn't discuss Comus at all. Neither of us mentioned it.

MRS. DUPRES: Then you're to be president of Rex? It's less, but nice . . .

CHARLES: It had nothing to do with the Carnival. It's a position of immense responsibility, and that's what bothers me.

MRS. DUPRES (*with disgust*): Not politics again!

CHARLES: Laura, I would not call the Presidency of the United States "politics".

MRS. DUPRES: Charles, are you serious?

CHARLES: There, I told you! Whatever you do, keep it quiet!

MRS. DUPRES: I will; I wouldn't think of telling . . . but if I could only tell the Browns!

CHARLES: Laura, if you let it out, it will never come off.

MRS. DUPRES (*putting finger to her lips*): Of course. I'd better get back to them. You just stay here and get used to the idea. Relax. Here's your paper. (*She tiptoes out, closing the door reverently behind her. In the hall she pauses*

to look in the mirror.) First Lady—I'll be one of the youngest.

André (*entering*): Mother, I think the Browns are leaving. Did Papa find out? (*She starts for the study.*)

Mrs. Dupres: Now don't disturb your father. He must have as much quiet as possible before . . . he's in the public eye.

André: Then he is president. Marie Legouis was so sure she'd be queen.

Mrs. Dupres (*absently*): I do hate to leave New Orleans.

André: Mother, what's happened?

Mrs. Dupres: Oh, dear, I promised not to tell . . .

André: But it concerns my future. If you won't tell me, I'll ask Papa.

Mrs. Dupres: No, André, come back. (*Fortunately for Denise they do not notice her presence on the steps. She has just returned from a successful raid of the kitchen.*) Mr. Kent has approached your father for bigger things. He wants him to run for President of the United States.

André: Then I won't be queen!

Mrs. Dupres: André! Now I must go in to the Browns. If they only knew . . . It would certainly eclipse her daughter's attendance at Princess Elizabeth's wedding. Something like that is so short; you have to keep talking about it. But you're President for four years. And if you're a Democrat, it could go on indefinitely. (*She sails out.*)

André: Successor to Margaret Truman! Lovely André Dupres of New Orleans, also a talented singer. (*Doorbell breaks the spell.*) Oh, that must be Bob. (*walking out*) Azalea, will you show Mr. Bob into the drawing room. (*Denise emerges with an apple and goes straight to the phone.*)

DENISE: Hi, Sally, me, again . . . History? Don't mention it . . . Sure, I'm listening to *Inner Sanctum,* but I have dope for you. Your father being a newspaper reporter I thought you might be interested. The house is in an uproar. You'd think the atom bomb had hit. Papa's locked in his room, Mother's standing on her head, and André thinks she's Margaret Truman, just because my father's running for President. Frankly, I'm not impressed . . . Sure you can visit me at the White House if you want. Hey, I gotta sign off. Here come Bob and "Margaret". This I gotta see! (*Bob and André enter.*)

BOB: Shall we go in now and tell your father about our engagement?

ANDRÉ: Bob, I think you'd better wait. He's not in the mood tonight.

BOB (*surprised*): Okay, whatever you say. I have something to tell you.

ANDRÉ: So have I but you go first.

BOB: It's just that Dad thought I might like to go on with eye surgery at Hopkins. Good opportunity, but then we couldn't get married next June.

ANDRÉ: Yes, that's true. But it's pretty big, the chance of a lifetime.

BOB: Well, it isn't worth it to me. You don't mean you want me to take it!

ANDRÉ: Of course I don't want you to go, but we'd still feel the same after two—four years.

BOB: Two years is a long time. Well, anyway, I turned it down.

ANDRÉ (*humming*): Bob, do you think I sing as well as Margaret Truman?

BOB: Why, sure, I guess so. Say, what were you going to tell me?

ANDRÉ: I really shouldn't.

BOB: Go ahead, I'm practically in the family.

ANDRÉ: Something amazing has happened. Mr. Kent is putting papa up for the democratic nomination. I can't get over it!

BOB: Holy smoke, neither can I! (*happily*) He might not get elected!

ANDRÉ (*indignantly*): What do you mean? I think he has a good chance.

BOB: Well that settles it. We'll have to get married at once.

ANDRÉ: And not live in the . . . I mean, marriage is a serious step and I need a little time to think it over . . .

BOB: Four years?

ANDRÉ: There'll be aides and diplomats galore—Army and Navy—public appearances . . .

BOB: And don't forget your concerts.

ANDRÉ: Oh, the burdens of State! I think I'm beginning to know how Princess Elizabeth must feel . . .

BOB: Think how I feel!

ANDRÉ: It will be better this way, Bob. You to your surgery, I to my public.

BOB: I get the general idea. So that's why you are willing to wait . . . I see, I see everything now. (*He goes out before she can stop him.*)

DENISE (*unable to restrain herself*): Hurrah! (*Sounds of farewells off stage. Could the Browns be leaving? The door closes finally.*)

MRS. DUPRES: Thank heavens, they've gone. Did Bob leave so early, dear?

DENISE: And did he tell her off!

MRS. DUPRES: Denise, get straight to bed and stop eating or you'll be sick. (*Mrs. Dupres enters study and arouses her husband from dreams of glory*): You know, dear, I've been thinking about the balcony. It will be lovely for parties.

ANDRÉ (*following her in*): That's where I'll sing.

CHARLES: I'm sorry I ever told you. It's bad luck . . .

AZALEA (*waddles in*): 'Scuse me, ma'am, there's some gentlemen outside. They says they's from the Times-Picayune. (*The phone rings, breaking the tension.*)

CHARLES (*answering it*): Yes . . . Hello, George, . . . (*triumphantly*) Then it's all fixed . . . The results? So soon . . . You showed *Mr. Tambing* a thing or two? (*sinking into a chair*) Congratulations on being president of Comus . . . (*a long pause while the dreams die*) Yes, I'm still here, George. Well, thanks, thanks a lot. Good night.

MRS. DUPRES: Then you're not . . . ?

CHARLES (*feebly*): No.

AZALEA (*returning*): Those men are still here.

REPORTER (*standing in the doorway with all the zeal of a Fuller Brush man*): We'd like a statement, Mr. Dupres, about your candidacy. (*Charles flushes.*)

MRS. DUPRES (*to the rescue*): Why, there must be some mistake . . .

REPORTER: I have it on good authority that you're seeking the nomination. Your daughter, Denise . . .

MRS. DUPRES (*quickly*): Oh, that explains everything. Denise is an imaginative child, a very imaginative child. (*The reporter looks from one to the other.*) But I have some news for you. My husband has just been elected president of the Royal Krewe of Comus.

REPORTER (*perking up and quite impressed*): How do you feel about it, Mr. Dupres?

CHARLES (*bravely*): I think it's the greatest honor a man can receive.

REPORTER: Congratulations! Good night. (*Exits.*)

BOB (*enters sheepishly*): I just wanted to get my hat . . .

ANDRÉ: Oh, Bob . . . (*rushing to him*) I've been thinking things over. I couldn't give you up. (*They go out arm in arm.*)

MRS. DUPRES: Charles, I've just been thinking . . .

CHARLES: What a fool I am?

MRS. DUPRES (*gently*): No, dear. I'd hate to leave New Orleans, and we have what we've always wanted. (*with pride*) After all, anybody can be President, but very few could be president of Comus!

GRACE

Dorothy Hingston, '48

The graciousness of God in little things:
  A star-strewn sky above a snow-hushed land,
A wild bird at rest on a wind-tamed rock,
  A capricious sea reined by the careful Hand;

White cotton fantasies in a blue-blown heaven,
  A green-gowned hill skipping in the sun,
The silver shower falls of summer rain,
  The graciousness of God is never done!

DEIRDRE

Monica Cotter, '49

BESIDES the usual Ten Commandments, Mama had a little set of her own. They seemed reasonable enough until the year she adopted a new one and said that the children must go to Mass every morning during May. We were old enough now, she said. I was the youngest. I was nine and Paul was eleven and Georgie was twelve.

So the first day of May Mama got us up at half-past seven. Mass began at half-past eight. We had plenty of time to go to Mass, Mama said. We didn't have to be at school till nine.

Mama sat up in the very front pew, but she told us that we could sit at the back so that we could leave as soon as Mass was over and be on time for school. It was awful hard to sit still. The sun danced upon the wall, and we could hear the other children shouting outside on their way to school. It wouldn't have been so bad if Mama had said January or November or some other old month we didn't care about, but in May it began to get warm, and we wanted to be out. Millie and I—Millie was my best friend—wanted to jump rope or pick dandelions. Georgie and Paul didn't care about the dandelions, but they wanted to play baseball.

Every night at supper Mama would ask, "Who said the Mass today?"

If it had been Father Kelley, the three of us would answer together, "Father Kelley."

Then Mama would say, "What color vestments did he wear?" And we would tell her. It was Mama's way of checking up.

By the fourth day we decided that something had to be done. It was Georgie's idea.

"Let's go in and find out what priest is there and what color vestments he's wearing and then come out," Georgie suggested.

"Swell!" Paul said.

"Do you think we should?" I asked.

"Scare-y cat," Paul said.

"I'm not," I said. I started to jump rope.

"Mama will never know," Georgie said.

"Unless you tattletale," Paul said.

"No I won't," I said heatedly.

"Will you do it then?" asked Georgie.

We were at the church steps by this time. I folded up my jump rope and studied the red wooden handles.

"All right," I said.

I had a funny feeling inside of me. It didn't seem quite right. But I didn't want to be called a *scare-y cat* and, besides, I wasn't going to sit in church alone. And it would be nice to jump rope with Millie before school began.

We waited until we saw Father Burns come out on the altar. He was the pastor. He had on red vestments.

"Come on," whispered Georgie.

We blessed ourselves hurriedly and tiptoed out of the bench. I glanced at Mama standing straight and tall in the front pew. The sun brought out the auburn lights in her hair. I was afraid that somehow she would know what we were about. I was waiting for her to turn around and say, "George and Paul and Deirdre, come right back here."

But she didn't. She was reading her missal and she didn't even move. When we got outside Paul did a handspring.

"It worked," Georgie said. He threw his blue baseball cap in the air.

"What did I tell you, scare-y cat?" Paul said to me. "Mama didn't even notice."

"Hey, Johnny!" Georgie yelled. Johnny Corrigan came whistling down the street. His cap was pushed well back on his head. He held his bat in one hand and his mit in the other. The bulge in his hip pocket was the ball. His sister Millie trailed behind him. Johnny didn't like girls.

"Hi, Deirdre!" Millie called and ran up the steps. Johnny took them two at a time. We always took a short cut behind the church to get over to St. Agnes' Parochial School. Millie and I went a little ahead.

"Let's see who can jump rope fastest," I said to Millie.

"O.K.," she said. We put our lunch boxes down on the grass. Mine was red and Millie's was green. We were on the altar end of the church now. The boys came up behind us.

"Sissies! All you know how to do is jump rope and play house," said Johnny. We didn't say anything, but just kept jumping rope.

"I bet Deirdre Crosby couldn't even hit a ball," Johnny said. Millie stopped jumping.

"Yes she can," she said loyally.

"Let's see her, then," said Paul. He held out the bat to me and I stopped jumping.

"Not here," I said.

"Scare-y cat," Paul said.

"Scare-y cat," Johnny mimicked.

"I am not," I said. I took the bat and I backed away. I spit on my hands as I had seen my brothers do. I had on a blue starched dress with little pearl buttons down to the

waist. It tied in the back in a big butterfly bow. I tossed my braids back and I prayed to Saint Anthony to make me hit the ball.

"Here it comes," said Johnny.

I guess I was mad. And I guess that's why I hit the ball. But I hit it so hard it went through the church window. We stood there a minute and then we ran. When we reached the school playground, we turned around to see if anyone had followed us, but no one had. I was scared. Johnny was pale.

"That's nothing," he said.

"I hate you," I said.

"I'm sorry I called you a scare-y cat, Dee," Paul said.

"I hate you, too," I said.

"I don't care," Paul said, and he turned another handspring.

"It's your fault," I sobbed.

"No it ain't," Paul said.

The school bell rang and Millie and I went off together. It was an awful day. I kept thinking of what had happened. I got forty-five in my arithmetic paper, and Sister Mary caught me looking out the window. She scolded me for dreaming, but I wasn't dreaming. I was thinking of what was going to happen to me. I guessed it was all because we didn't stay for Mass, but it didn't seem very fair that I should be the one to be punished. And, besides, I was the littlest. There was just one thing I could think of to do.

When the three o'clock bell rang, I hurried past the other kids and ran down the steps. Johnny Corrigan was waiting there. He had got another ball and he was tossing it into the air.

"Come on and play baseball with us. We want you on the team," he said.

"No," I said and started walking up the street.

"Aw, come on," he said. I kept on going and didn't say anything.

"O.K.," he said and ran the other way. I saw Millie coming and I pretended not to see her, but she stopped me just the same.

"Let's go to the Fairy Dell," she whispered. Only Millie and I knew about the Fairy Dell. It was in the woods behind Millie's house. There was a big willow in the woods—the Fairy Tree. Underneath the tree the moss was velvety and green. It was dotted with little toadstools. These were the homes of the fairies. Millie and I would lie on our stomachs and watch the fairies for hours.

"See that pink fairy sitting on the toadstool combing out her hair"? Millie would say.

"Yes," I'd say. "And do you see the elf with the green ears peering at her from behind the tree trunk?"

But this afternoon I couldn't go to Fairy Dell.

"No, I can't go," I told Millie.

"Where are you going?" Millie asked.

"Never mind," I said. I had to go by myself. I was glad when Millie went down her street.

Instead of going straight home, I took the road that led to the church. When I came to it, I didn't look up at the windows. I went up the steps slowly. It was cool and dark inside. I stopped to unpin my handkerchief from my pocket. Then I unknotted it and took out my dime. This was the last of my birthday money. There was no one in the church and I was glad. I held on tight to my dime and I walked down the center aisle straight up to the vigil-light stand. I opened out my hand. The dime was still there. I would have liked to charge the candle, but I thought I'd better

not, so I pushed my dime through the slot. It made a funny little noise when it went in, and it sounded awful lonely.

I lit the first candle in the top row and then I knelt down. I thanked Saint Anthony for making me hit the ball, but I told him he didn't have to make it go through the window. I asked him politely please to make the hole not be there when I looked up. It was sort of giving him a chance to make amends. I shut my eyes hard and then I looked up. The hole was still there.

And then I didn't have any more to do with Saint Anthony. And I had spent my dime on him, too. I prayed to God instead. I told Him I would go to Mass every day for the next ten years if He would take the hole away. But that didn't work either, so I got up and went out. I put my hand in my pocket and I kept feeling my handkerchief, making believe that my dime was still there. But it wasn't.

That night we had potato salad for supper. I loved potato salad and no one could make it as Mama could. But I couldn't eat much that night because there were butterflies in my stomach. I looked at Mama's face and then I looked at Daddy's. I thought maybe I could tell by their faces whether they knew or not. Daddy looked at me over his glasses and winked.

"What's the matter, kitten, are you sick?"

"No," I said and ate some more potato salad. I guessed he didn't know or he wouldn't have talked to me like that. It made me feel worse. Paul and Georgie had promised they wouldn't tell.

Mama was passing out the jello when she said to Daddy, "Some young vandal put a ball through the church window this morning during Mass. It was shocking." Daddy looked across at Paul and Georgie.

"If one of mine ever did a thing like that, he wouldn't be able to sit down for a week." Daddy never thought of looking at me.

"Well, I'm glad I know where my children were," Mama said.

After supper when everyone was in the living-room, I went upstairs to my room. I put on my new navy blue coat and my new straw hat with the daisies and velvet ribbon. There was only one thing to do. I didn't want to be a disgrace to Mama any more. I took a piece of paper and I wrote: "I broke the window so I am going away." I put it on my pillow. Then I picked up my doll Rosebud and I went down the back stairs and out the back door. It was easy. I walked out the driveway and down the street. I was a little scared, I guess, because I had never been out alone at nine o'clock before. It was pretty dark. I talked to Rosebud because I thought that she must be pretty scared. I didn't know where I was going. I just kept walking. Then my feet began to hurt and I was tired. I began to cry. I thought it would be nice to be home again in my own bed. I thought I would go back and get it all over with. Even though I wouldn't be able to sit down that week, I'd be able to get around the next.

When I turned around to start back, there was Daddy. He didn't say anything, and I didn't either. He just took my hand. When we came to the drug store with the big *Liggett's* sign, Daddy pushed me ahead of him through the swinging doors. We went over to the soda fountain and he sat me on one of the high stools.

"Two fudge sundaes with all the trimmings," Daddy ordered.

And then I knew everything was all right.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Mary M. Holihan, '48

EVER since old Percival Lowell, founder of the dynasty in Boston, penned his elegy on Governor Winthrop, there have been writers of distinction in the Lowell family. Robert Lowell, the great-grandnephew of James Russell Lowell, and Pulitzer Prize winner for poetry in 1947, gives promise not only of living true to family tradition, but even of setting new standards for it. His appearance at Harvard recently found Boston poetry lovers gathered in generous numbers for an interpretation of some of the provokingly obscure stanzas in *Lord Weary's Castle*. But the explication of his poems was apparently not the purpose of his reading. "All my relatives say that my poems are unintelligible," he said with a smile—and that was the end of it. He did not want us to worry about not understanding his verse, but encouraged us to enjoy what we could. And did we not think that it was passing fair?

Tall, dark, rawboned, and embarrassed to the shuffling stage, Robert Lowell is an appealing lecturer, but not an enlightening one. His assertion that his work "may seem clear when it is actually obscure, and obscure when it is actually clear," was no help to the lost reader. His reading seemed to be to himself alone. Yet one had the feeling of something strong and powerful behind the words. The striking images of the last lines of *Colloquy in Black Rock,* for instance, serve to restrain the emotion that is felt all the more forcefully for the very fact that it is not expressed:

> Christ walks on the black water. In Black Mud
> Darts the kingfisher. On Corpus Christi, heart,
> Over the drum-beat of St. Stephen's choir

I hear him, *Stupor Mundi,* and the mud
Flies from his hunching wings and beak—my heart,
The blue kingfisher dives on you in fire.

In spite of the wall of reserve that the young poet has built about himself, little glimpses of his personality came through to delight his audience. The Orson Welles' scowl which clouded his face as he sat through his introduction was enough to alienate any group, but the big smile with which he broke it up turned it into a jest which he expected all to enjoy. It was as much as to say, "I have to do something while I'm on exhibition, don't I, so I might as well act."

Robert Lowell can look on his own recent past more objectively than most people. He could invite a group of strangers to join him in smiling at his ambitious preparations for college. He went down to Nantucket, he said, with a strange collection of antiquated books gathered from the secondhand bookstores. Most of them he admitted that he found unintelligible, and Donne impossible altogether. While at Nantucket he wrote reams of poetry—all in Spenserian verse. Quite an achievement when he thinks of it now. He brought his collection to Professor Spencer. "This is not grammar." "That verb does not exist." "Read the dictionary and Fowler's English Usage" were the comments of the critic. Any young man who is able to look back over the years and see the ridiculous in what he once considered the most important matters on earth will go on to greater things, for he can study himself with a view to improvement. Perhaps in a few years he will see how impossible it is to write for his own mind alone and yet expect to give universal enjoyment.

The American literary world is looking on with profound

interest as the genius of this latest "scion of a noble family" is unfolding itself. In many respects he is a family rebel. He did not finish his college course at Harvard, as did all the generations of Lowells before him, but left after his second year to attend Kenyon College in Ohio. He became a Roman Catholic in 1940, a conscientious objector during the last war, serving a term in prison in consequence, a professor at Louisiana State University, and more recently at the University of Kentucky. For a Lowell to live outside of Boston is nothing short of social suicide.

Perhaps Robert Lowell saves face with his family—if indeed he is recognized at all by it, since his name appears nowhere in *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds*—by using the Boston scene as material for his poetry. Adams, Otis, Hancock, Mather, and Revere all come to life again under his magic pen; and his verses take us swiftly and quite naturally to the old Park Street Cemetery and Boston Common and Beacon Hill and The Golden Dome.

In the introduction to *Land of Unlikeness,* Lowell's first book of poems, published in 1944, Allen Tate observes that "Lowell is consciously a Catholic poet and that it is possible to see a close connection between his style and the formal pattern." This is quite true. Lowell seems to have two great loves—New England and Catholicism. He speaks easily of "Jesus, the Maker of the holiday", and the "scapegoat's crown of thorns" and pays tribute to the Trinity in the beautiful stanza:

> I praise the Trinity
> From Death three Eagles fly
> Sire, Son, and Paraclete
> A blind world greet;
> Our charity
> Reverbs this three-fold I.

The literary critics of our day prophesy that Robert Lowell will be the successor in American letters of Robinson and Frost. Many of the poems in *Lord Weary's Castle* show indeed that

> ". . . he is a poet good
> As ever built wi' words."

TO RUTH

Jean Edwards, '49

Green-clad April tiptoed in,
We looked up from Hamlet new—aware
Of tiny flecks of color everywhere.
"All the world's a stage."
Listlessly, we turn the page;
You turned it, too.
We did not notice you,
Though you were there.

The play you wrote we study long
As if it held, in some strange way,
The dinner music to the song,
The spirit hidden in the clay.

We did not even hear you go—
We did not dream it was to stay.
How silently you slipped away!

CITY MUSEUM

Margaret Federico, '48

"WHAT, Sir? Oh, the Roman art exhibit. Well now, that's on the third floor in the right wing. You'll have to wait a while 'cause the museum don't officially open till nine-thirty. You can't go upstairs till Charley O'Brien gives the word. I'm only the janitor here. See, he's that cop over there leanin' against that pillar. Odd fellow, too. Used to be the pleasantest, nicest fellow you'd ever want to meet. Changed a lot, though. Awfully quiet lately. Hardly ever smiles any more, either. Acts like he just hates the place. Funny . . . a little bit o' time and things sure do change. Now you take that accident happenin' to Miss Summers . . . but I was tellin' you about Charley, wasn't I? Like I was sayin' . . . he used to be a real nice guy.

"I remember the first day he was assigned to guard duty at the museum. He didn't like it one bit. It's a dull unpromisin' job, he tells me, and he don't want no part of it. The homicide squad was what he had joined the force for, but a rookie has to do what his precinct captain says. So, it's the city museum for him and nothin' he can do about it. You can see how a big Irish cop like Charley is out o' place in all these quiet rooms, and these dull corridors with their thick rugs and marble pillars give him the creeps. It's like livin' in a dead world, he says to me.

"Used to joke a lot with everybody, though, 'specially with Miss Summers. She was a frail little thing with dark eyes and a soft voice, and the warmest smile you ever see. Worked in the Education Department. Her and Charley used to be real friendly, in a polite sort o' way.

"You see, the first few mornin's Charley's here, he's standin' near one of those marble columns, just like he is now, when Miss Summers comes in regular as clockwork at nine-fifteen. She don't say nothin' to him these first few times. Just passes with one of those warm smiles o' hers like she gives to everybody. But what do you suppose O'Brien does? Goes to the trouble of findin' out her name from one o' the museum guides.

"So he begins sayin', 'Good mornin', Miss Summers,' and she returns the greetin' with a friendly and casual like, 'Good mornin', Charles.' I don't know how she came to get his first name, but she did.

"I could tell he liked it, too. But then, this Summers girl had a way with her. It wasn't so much the things she said as the way she said them. Now you take the way she'd say 'Good mornin',' to me, or to Charley, or anyone around here. It wasn't flip or familiar, or half said, but friendly and personal, and special, as if she really meant it, and it made you feel good all over.

"Almost every time she passed Charley, she would say, 'Got a paper?'

" 'Nope,' he'd reply regularly.

"Then she'd hand him the one she'd been readin' on the train, all neat and folded as if she'd gotten it ready in advance. It would always be the *Times*.

"I remember one mornin' when Miss Summers didn't arrive prompt like she always did. Charley, he hung around the front entrance of the museum till about ten-thirty, and then he strolls over to one of the guides and says in a casual tone, 'Didn't get my *Times* this mornin'. Guess Miss Summers must have slipped up.'

" 'Maybe she's sick,' the guide tells him. 'She's not a strong girl. Got a weak heart or somethin'.'

" 'Course I could o' told him that, but he never asked me.

" 'Oh,' is all Charley says, but he frowns like somethin' is really botherin' him and walks away.

"Next mornin' Miss Summers comes in and is her usual friendly self. She looks okay, too, 'cept her face is paler than that marble Egyptian statue on the stairs over there. I can see Charley notices it, too, and I get the impression that he wants to make sure she's all right, but he doesn't dare. Miss Summers is kind o' reserved and she might resent a dumb cop bein' too concerned over her health.

"I'm not sayin' Charley was stuck on her. That'd be kind o' ridiculous seein' as how they barely ever had a chance to say more than good mornin' or good night to each other. Besides, Charley's got a girl. Told me so himself when he first come here. Name's Sally. Works in an office downtown.

"Anyways, like I told you, those two never say much more'n good mornin' or good night to each other. 'Course there was that time about the Flemish tapestry exhibit. Charley's walkin' 'round one of the corridors this certain afternoon, and Miss Summers goes by with some other person from the Education Department. They're talkin' eager and interested about this Flemish exhibit that's goin' on. Miss Summers is ravin' about this tapestry she'd been studyin' all mornin' practically. Well, what do you suppose Charley does? Goes up to have a look at that exhibit. Pretends he's just makin' his usual rounds, but I know better. Now this is a peculiar thing for him to do 'cause he just don't take to all this art and culture stuff. He was always

makin' wise cracks about the mummies and things like that. Yeah, he used to be a live wire, that cop.

"That weren't the end of it, neither. Next day he comes in with a book under his arm . . . the *History of Tapestry Weaving* it's called. When I see this, I naturally asks him what he means by it.

"He smiles kinda sheepish like and then says to me, 'What's the matter, Pop; you gotta grudge against culture?'

" 'No,' I says, and lets it go at that 'cause I can see he's kind o' embarrassed about me spottin' the name of the book.

"Anyways, Charley's real serious about the whole thing. Reads it all from cover to cover. Then it comes to me all at once. He wants to talk to Miss Summers about this tapestry stuff. Never did get around to it, though. Just didn't know how to approach her about it, I guess. Anyways I never could figure what he'd want to do that for. Why should a tough rookie like Charley get all bothered over such nonsense? Don't make sense, does it?

"Funny things is always happenin' around here, though. Why, you take what happened the other day in the rotunda.

"Miss Summers . . . she has an attack. Gotta bad heart like I already mentioned. Well, she has an attack, see, and just like that, she's gone. Too bad . . . she was a real friendly person. We'll miss her around here.

"See what I mean about a little bit o' time changin' things? I figure Charley must o' had a fight with his girl or somethin' too. Hasn't been himself for days. Certainly don't take much to throw some people out o' tune. Why you'd think . . .

"Oh, it's nine-thirty, I see . . . Well now you just go right up them stairs and it's like I said . . . third floor in the right wing."

METAMORPHOSIS INCOMPLETE

Frances M. McCarthy, '49

THE top of the convertible was down and the car radio was blaring a program of dinner music into the still daylight of an early spring evening. The girl at the wheel drove as she did everything else, with a haphazard impatience. People always turned and noticed her as she drove by, too fast and too carelessly.

A station break in the dance-music program told its listeners that the time in ten seconds would be six-thirty. Linda Boynton made a grimace. "I'll be too early," she said half aloud. "Oh, well, I can wait for them at the Square."

Linda parked the car quickly. Running a comb through her long shining pageboy, she looked critically at her reflection in the rear view mirror and then settled back on the red leather upholstery to wait.

Harvard Square, mecca of students for years. . . . Linda could remember when they had all looked somewhat alike, green school bags slung over their shoulders with a studied air of detachment—the trademark of their intellectual standing, as it were. Once, at the uncertain age of fourteen, a blond college man with a crew cut had whistled at her when she had come from a Saturday afternoon movie. She laughed to herself at the memory of the feeling of naïve pride that had come over her with the realization that he had singled her out of the group of her best friends.

The Square has changed, she thought, as she watched a group of young people meeting their dates for dinner. The students were much older than those of the pre-war era. Their cast-off army and navy clothes made a drab back-

ground for the bright cotton dresses of the college girls strolling by.

Two boys soon spied Linda and, dodging cars across the Square, came over to her.

"Hi, gorgeous, no date tonight?" one of them asked. "Come on, let's go over to the Grille for a coke."

"Sorry, Jim, but I'm going to be busy."

The other boy assumed a mock air of sympathy. "What a woman! Better luck next time, Jim. Come on, old man, we'll go drown our sorrows without her."

When they had gone, Linda laughed aloud, completely sure of herself and confident of her attractiveness. She tooted the car horn at two girls who had just come out of the subway exit.

"Hello, Linda, I hope we haven't kept you waiting." The girls got into the front seat. One was an attractive blond—rather stupid, Linda thought—and the other a sweet, unobtrusive girl, dressed quietly in a simple brown dress. Linda never noticed her much at school as she didn't run around with the right crowd.

"Tell me, kids, what's the story on this party tonight? Where shall I head for?"

"Do you know where the Army Regional Hospital is, Linda?" It was Beth who spoke.

"Sure, I'll go out the highway. But tell me, what's going to happen tonight?" Linda started the car and headed north.

"Well, you see," Peg answered, "there is quite a big hospital out there with an awful lot of boys that never get out. Some of them have been there for two or three years. I guess it's pretty tough to just sit around in a wheel chair all day, trying to think up something to do. Well, anyhow, these boys like to have someone to talk to, so the people out

there asked us to come over once in a while. We've been going there for almost a year now and—Gee! it's wonderful."

"But, Peg, what should I do when we get there?" Linda persisted.

"Don't worry about it. The boys will be entertaining you. They're the best gang—always trying their darndest to be funny." Peg smiled reassuringly.

The red brick one-story buildings of the hospital were in sight, and as Linda drove up to the gate an M.P. stopped the car to attach a visitor's sticker to the windshield.

"The boys have been working on a little show for you tonight, and they hope you'll like it," he said as he opened the heavy white gate. Linda drove quickly up the wide roadway.

Several other groups of brightly dressed, pretty girls were walking along the neat gravel paths to a low brick building with "Recreation Hall" printed in large red and white letters over the door.

"Come on, Linda, we'll have to bring you to meet Mrs. Wells. She is the senior hostess. You'll like her." Peg led the way up the path.

Linda stopped suddenly when she saw a wheel chair coming directly toward her. Its occupant was propelling it with both hands on the huge side wheels.

"Joe, it isn't safe around here any more. You'll be killing somebody with that thing." Beth laughed as she spoke.

The boy smiled and shook hands with Beth and Peg and then looked at Linda. Well, who's the new recruit? Tell her to get that scared look off her face. I can maneuver Geronimo here across a four foot plank. Hurry up, gals. You're going to be late for the show."

No one had ever spoken to Linda like that before, and she disliked the idea of being criticized. She was so sure of herself. No one had ever challenged her poise.

When the girls reached the hall, Linda mechanically exchanged pleasantries with a kindly, middle-aged woman who was standing on the porch; but her mind was obviously on the scene inside the open doors. To Linda, the picture looked something like a Dali-dream sequence. Maroon and blue bathrobes presented a stark contrast to the glaring white bandages which encased broken and mangled bones. Splints and pulleys held the fractured limbs at weird, unnatural angles. In one corner, a group of boys balancing themselves on crutches were watching one of their buddies trying to jitterbug on one good leg and a plaster cast where the other leg should be. Laughing girls were perched here and there on the arm of a wheel chair or were playing cards with the patients, intent on winning.

Unconsciously, Linda stopped in the middle of a sentence and stared horrified at the sight of an orderly wheeling a litter into the room. A boy of about nineteen with blue, patient eyes and a crop of bright red hair lay on it quietly, his face pale and thin, as of one who hadn't been out in the fresh air for a long time. Running across his forehead and down his ashen cheek was a jagged red gash, the mark of stitches making a pattern of crosses drawing it together.

Mrs. Wells patted Linda's arm and whispered to her, "The first impression is always the worst, dear. You'll soon forget their appearance when you begin to talk to them. They make you forget everything but the fact that they are a wonderful group of boys. That boy on the litter has had seven operations, but he's had the courage to keep on with his art.

Those charcoal sketches over by the piano are his, and he's planning a one man show in Boston soon."

A trio of patients approached Mrs. Wells. The occupant of a wheel chair was shouting directions to a boy with one arm in a sling who was pushing the chair with his good arm. The third member of the group shuffled along beside them.

"Hey, Mrs. Wells, must you monopolize this beautiful creature? How about letting us get a word in."

The boy in the wheel chair, the self-appointed spokesman, said, "May we introduce ourselves? This is Joe and this is Nick and they call me Yank, but don't believe it; I'm from south of the Mason-Dixon Line." The three made oddly grotesque salutes.

The older woman laughed and introduced Linda. She whispered to the young girl, "Don't worry, dear; they'll do all the talking until you get used to them."

Mrs. Wells left them, and Linda suddenly felt terribly alone and frightened. She couldn't believe that she could lose her self-assurance so quickly and so completely.

"Come on, Linda, we want to get a good seat down front."

She realized that the boy called Yank was talking to her, but she seemed unable to move.

"Aw, beautiful, don't just stand there. We'll have to sit way down back if you don't hurry."

The boy with the broken arm guided her expertly through a maze of wheel chairs, crutches, and canes that littered the aisle.

"Nick here is going to be M.C., so you're hobnobbing with celebrities tonight. The show should be pretty good. Hey, soldier, bring a chair for the young lady."

When they were settled, Yank looked at her appraisingly. "Joe here is from Maine," he said, "and if you give him half

a chance, he'll drag out his pictures of his kid sister. She's graduating from grammar school this year. She knitted these afghans for us and didn't drop a stitch. As for Nick, he's one of these foreigners; he lives in that country called Brooklyn. I was going to college before Uncle Sam caught up with me. Look, there goes Nick up on the stage. I guess they are going to start the show."

The lights were lowered and for the next few minutes Linda was vaguely conscious that a series of acts were being performed on the stage. During the show she was tense and uneasy, but at intermission Yank leaned over to her and whispered, "Relax, Linda; we're not as badly off as we look."

When the show was over and the whistles and applause had died away, the three boys led her toward a ramp descending to a long corridor, opening on either side to brightly lighted wards.

"Young lady, you are going to be a guest at one of the best parties that has ever been seen within these walls. You are now approaching our humble home—Ward 6, better known as 'Broken Bones'."

With a great flourish the boys led Linda into a long room lined with beds. The dazzling white of the walls and cots made her blink, but when her eyes became accustomed to the brightness, she looked around her. Perched on the middle bed, the center of a laughing, singing crowd, a handsome youth with a paper cap set on the back of his head was boisterously leading a chorus of "Deep in the Heart of Texas".

"Hi, come on over and join the merry throng." The boy on the bed greeted the newcomer and began to cut an elaborate birthday cake.

"Linda, this is Tex Bailey. He says he's really from the

Lone Star State, but we're beginning to think he's just a drug-store cowboy." Nick brought Linda over to the bedside.

Tex acknowledged the introduction with a long look at Linda, and then swept a pile of wrapping paper from the bedside chair to the floor.

"Come on over and talk to me. I haven't seen a pretty girl around here since I came. The nurses rate me, so I can't talk to them. You know, the old army game, the enlisted man against the officers and the best man never wins. Sit down here and tell me what's going on in the world."

Linda sat down on the chair and nervously began picking up the torn pieces of paper from the floor. She noticed Birthday Greetings written on some of the cards and turned quizzically to the boy on the bed.

Anticipating her question, he spoke with a bitter laugh, "Yuh, it's my birthday. I'm twenty-two today; getting to be an old man."

The smile disappeared from his face, and Linda was shocked to see the deep furrows that the ravages of pain had left. She thought to herself, "He's only a few years older than I, and he really has the face of an old man." Forcing a smile she said aloud, "Happy birthday, Tex. If I had known it was somebody's birthday party, I would have brought something."

"Oh, forget it. I've got enough stuff here to supply the whole army. This place looks like a quartermaster depot as it is. But enough of this childish prattle. You'll have to leave in another minute or so. They put the lights out at nine in this nursery. Here comes the orderly now; you'll be back next time, won't you Linda? I'll be looking for you."

Linda smiled faintly and started toward the door. Tex

called after her, "Hey, Linda, I'd like to be the perfect host and show you to your car, but they won't let me out alone on that thing yet." He pointed to an artificial leg that the orderly was laying on the side of the bed. Linda choked back a sob and ran blindly down the corridor.

Once back in the refuge of her car, she took the wheel with shaking hands and started down the driveway. As she reached the gate, the M.P. removed the sticker from the windshield and smiled at her.

"Thanks a lot for coming, Miss. It certainly makes the boys happy to see you. You'll come back again soon, won't you?"

"No, I won't be back," Linda said as she shifted the car into first. "You see, it doesn't make me happy to see them."

The convertible turned out into the highway, the radio blaring jazz into the still darkness of the night.

MADONNA

Alice T. Carew, '48

She lives as one who long ago,
A simple, lovely maid,
Kept house for Love and worked and prayed
Amid the Judean hills.

She smiles as one who bears her name,
So pure and gently mild;
Behind the quiet glow a love
Flames high and warms her child.

THE KING HATH GREATLY DESIRED THY BEAUTY

(from the Gradual of the Mass of a Virgin)

On April twenty-seventh Ruth Sterry slipped into her heavenly home as quietly as she had moved among us these past three years at Emmanuel. Few of us really knew Ruth. The depth of thought, the sensitivity to beauty, the appreciation of values that occasionally shone through her reserve often awed us and always commanded our respect. Those of us who enjoyed her more intimate friendship knew that her mind to her "a kingdom was" and that she had found even in her short life what many spend their fortunes and their health searching for in vain.

We are all seekers of wisdom—the wisdom of heaven. The wisdom that we must spend years to acquire, Ruth has found in one brief moment. We are living in the shadow of Eternity, Ruth in the light of Truth, where all thoughts are the "white celestial thoughts" of God.

REMEMBERED

Yvonne L. Bulger, '49

As faint and subtle perfume scents,
  In brief, recurring waves we sense;
So, now and then, my very mood
  The memory of you presents.

When quiet music soothes my ear;
  Or when I feel the need of cheer;
When to loved places I return—
  Oh, then I wish that you were near.

NOCTURNAL THOUGHT

Ruth Sterry, '49

When sun had set, and rays of fiery light
Departed from the sky now darkening fast,
I stood and felt the overwhelming might
And strength that had the world in pattern cast
With moon and stars to brighten up the night,
And planets in a solar system massed.
The power then to my inmost being spoke;
Awareness of the Author in me woke.

And now I saw in every twinkling star
A glimmer of a world beyond the sky
Whose distant lamps when lit I viewed afar;
And every now and then a cloud would try
With puffy curtain from my eye to bar
The light. Against restraint the star would vie
And finally would rise before my sight
As testimony to the power of light.

QUERY

Ruth Sterry, '49

Oh who
Can fathom secrets of the night,
Can capture nature's flaming hues,
Can build a mountain if he choose,
Or snatch a star to lend him light?
Can you?

Oh who
Can calm the fury of a storm,
Surpass the swiftness of a breeze,
Can shape a sun to keep him warm,
Or strip the foliage from the trees?
Can you?

Oh who
Can grow an elm tree from a seed,
Can send a shower from the skies,
Can know each creature's every need,
Or match the universe in size?
Can you?

THE ETHOS STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Alice T. Carew, '48

Associate Editor
Eleanor T. Hughes, '48

Literary Staff
Margaret M. Carroll, '48
Barbara A. Conley, '48
Janet C. Healy, '48
Dorothy R. Hingston, '48
Winifred T. McDonough, '48
Sally W. Rollins, '48

Business Manager
Jean C. Farrell, '48

Business Staff
Ann C. Bulger, '48
Ann T. Corbett, '48
Gertrude F. Creedon, '48

Circulation Managers
Anne M. Farrell, '48
Patricia E. Hogan, '48

EDITORIAL

What's Right with the World

The world yawns wide before us. Minds far more astute than ours have pronounced it to be in a sorry state, one wherein a third world war seems imminent, lasting peace impossible, evil on the rampage. The outlook is so dark that men have been led to predict that the signs of the "abomination of desolation" which are to precede the end of the world are being fulfilled before the eyes of the present generation. Each of us is aware of the wrongness of the world we are setting out to conquer. Is our future therefore to be black with despair? Is there no rent in the pall of pessimism to admit one ray of hope? Is there nothing *right* with the world?

If there is anything right with the world, we, above all, should be able to perceive it. At twenty-one, we at least are equipped with the rose-colored glasses that are the exclusive possession of youth. The cynicism of age has not yet smoked the lens through which we gaze at life. Ours is the zest for life that gives "tomorrow" its fullest meaning. We are still touched with the eager, child-like anticipation of the new day, the fresh chance to live again, to create our own experience.

Despite all the scientific wonders that bewilder us, man is not yet a passive automaton. The dynamos of human emotions are as responsive to their peculiar stimuli today as in the primary experience. Modern man thirsts for companionship and friendship, as did Adam, and finds equal pleasure in the satisfaction of these social cravings. The thrill of the intangible bond of love is still as diverse as the personalities involved. Because life has progressed for centuries is no indication that there is nothing left to be done and that all the ideas that man is capable of have been used up. There are still great things to be accomplished.

M. E. S., '48

Your Second Spring

Do you remember last March when that first soft breeze from the Charles sent your spirits soaring? No longer did you cast a discouraged glance at the patch of blackened snow at the corner of the driveway or sigh wishfully at the bleak outlines of the trees on Brookline Avenue. In only a month you would be sitting on the grassy banks of the Fenway watching a softball game, or leisurely walking up and down the campus paths. Now that the pheasants are

here with their young families and the Back Bay shrubbery is bursting with green foliage, the sultry pre-summer heat has dampened your spirit. Shall we call it spring fever?

Do you remember those optimistic spurts of energetic enthusiasm when you came back to school each fall ready to conquer the world? You were up in the clouds. How easy the descent!

Now it is June after several springs, after many flashes of high sounding resolutions and promises of world-sweeping reforms. Nature's spring, meanwhile, has developed with gradual, determined purpose. It is not too late for a second spring, too, for us. You remember Father Keller's call to action last April at the NFCCS convention. "We need Catholics with a purpose," he told us, "the purpose of Christ." Discussions without definitions, exhortations without definite plans of action, criticism without positive remedies will never nourish or bring forth spiritual fruit.

This summer will find many of us assuming our places in the community. We think perhaps that the world has no particular need of us and that our place in it will be a very unimportant one. This may be true, from a material standpoint, but in a spiritual sense we cannot play a mediocre rôle. We cannot be content with a narrow and isolated Christianity. We must "boldly testify Christ." Dynamic, uncomprising Christians can be the instruments of a spiritual revival even in pagan America.

In her refreshing and challenging book, *France Alive*, Claire Bishop gives a sympathetic account of the astounding renewal of Catholicity in France. We have often heard that "the Communists are everywhere," but in France we can now say that "the Christians are everywhere." They are not merely living, they are living Christianity—not a selfish,

egotistical Christianity, but an apostolic, communal Christianity. Priests, in an effort to counteract the anti-clericalism of the past century, have taken jobs in factories, mines, and along the water front; young girls have banded in groups to live a contemplative life while still working as nurses, teachers, factory workers, and secretaries.

With their communal life centered around the dialogue Mass and strengthened by their mutual joy and energy in the service of Christ, they have inaugurated many movements to raise the material and spiritual levels of living in France. One youth group launched a campaign to pool precious jewels for the making of chalices, by way of atoning for sins of luxury; another group has written books on the professions, restating professional ideals in terms of daring, fearless Christianity; a group of poor peasants who sent part of their meager meal allowances to the city slums, aroused their whole village to a spirit of community charity.

In France courageous young Christians have so absorbed the teaching of the Gospel that they dare to live the life of Christ to the letter. They are not concerned about material success in life. Their first thought is to be true Christians who are animated by the spirit of the Beatitudes.

This is France Alive. The young people have risen from their lethargy and have renewed their enthusiasm with a firm purpose. This is their second spring. France points the way to us.

A. T. C., '48

THE PACK OF AUTOLYCUS

"My father named me Autolycus . . . a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

"Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad heart tires in a mile-a."

The Winter's Tale, IV, iii

ETHOS ECHOES

The College was put in a panic one day recently when a full-grown lion made its way into the cafeteria, drank a glass of water before the stunned group of diners, and calmly walked out, terrifying all in the vicinity.

What! You have never heard about Emmanuel's distinguished visitor? Where have you been? You could have read the news in THE ETHOS. As far as we know

The beast was not tracked to its lair, having escaped its pursuers, and has not been seen since. We hope that it is safely lodged in some zoo, costumer's, or other safe place.

Before you go paging through those back copies of THE ETHOS which you thought you had read, we must confess that you really are not at fault. You were probably too distracted by the agonizing pain of cutting your first tooth or engaged in experimentation in the field of perambulation to bother reading that magazine with the pretty blue cover. Besides, it was the spring of 1927 and your literary tastes needed a few more years to develop.

Yes, this interesting article appeared in the April, 1927, issue of THE ETHOS. That year witnessed the opening of "a cafeteria within the school building—thereby saving the trouble of running out each noon, which became a hardship in cold or stormy weather." Can you imagine

Emmanuel without a "Caf"? No before-class coffee, no exam *post mortem* over a friendly coke?

We might never have sympathized with our pioneer classes if 1927 had not also brought THE ETHOS into existence. Tracing its parentage from *The Atlantic Monthly, Thought,* and a mimeographed college magazine called the *E. C.*, THE ETHOS spread its literary wings. The first issue featured an unusual and refreshing series of articles entitled "Emmanuelites Abroad". Although the same issue contained a strangely ironic article on "Post-War Constitutions," this series of travelogues creates a nostalgia for those peaceful years when enthusiastic, budget-wise American students could be "waved at by the Duke of York's baby", purchase a corsage of violets from a Brussels flower girl, sit in a Paris sidewalk café "eating ice cream and watching the world go by", ride by bus to Lisieux, visit the famous Blue Grotto of Capri, and travel in pilgrimage down the same road on which the Wise Men rode to the peaceful town of Bethlehem.

In addition to these enlightening accounts of foreign travel, the first issue of THE ETHOS contained a familiar report of a Christmas shopping tour, not for a pair of nylons or a Bing Crosby album, but for "a set of pins" and "that jade pen for sister Bess".

The class of '27 not only struggled through crowded department stores, but according to the E. C. Echoes (a section of the magazine devoted to campus news items) they attended the freshman baby party, watched the play contests, listened to a symphony string quartet, and enjoyed a bowling party for the benefit of the Foreign Mission Society. And look what you missed, freshmen! A picnic at Lake Pearl! In 1927, the sophomores opened the social season by "politely" showing each freshman her subordination to the sophomores.

> With their facial decorations of colored chalk and their braided pigtails of varied sizes and shapes, they sat in a semicircle like so many Indians awaiting their call to perform. But in spite of all this ordeal, every freshman proved to be a good sport, and both classes returned with a better understanding of their relative places in the College.

Cheer up, freshmen, we have grown mild with the years!

Back in the winter of 1929, a dignified senior lamented over the appalling lack of respect shown to seniors by freshmen. However, it

was a senior who had to admit that the Freshman Tea Dance was a wonderful "college-girl" party—"soft light, sweet music, to say nothing of partners and others." She asserted that the delightful memory would help her in later years to understand "the Younger Generation".

Although we of the present generation are familiar with the basketball tournaments, the French plays, the Junior Promenade, and the Christmas entertainments for the orphans which are recorded in these early issues of THE ETHOS, we have never had the privilege of watching a Classical Society play. Draped in all types of sheets, the gallant Romans paraded before their appreciative audience. Of course, in the little scene of Pyramus and Thisbe, the wall fell! Poor lovers! And such a fashion show! How we would have enjoyed seeing our classmates model "the most fashionable dress for bride, matron, slave, senator, vestal virgin, and youth . . ."

Besides recording all the social and academic events of the school year, THE ETHOS featured a column of alumnae notes. What a boost to underclassman morale to read what their sister classes were accomplishing out in the world. Mary M—— is going to marry Jim! You know —— that shy fellow who stood blushing like a sunset as he waited for Mary at the corner of the campus driveway . . . Jean D—— is teaching in Maine, and she said she would never go away from home . . . and Ann F—— has had a baby girl. I hope she's as pretty as her mother.

Despite a few surface discrepancies, THE ETHOS of 1948 and THE ETHOS of 1927 are essentially the same. Perhaps the members of the first staff wore Dutch bobs and never dreamed of a juke box in the gymnasium, but they still knew how to express the ideals of the Catholic literary tradition in excellent form. A. T. C., '48

DISCONTENT

I searched about one April day
For poems to write concerning May.
When May appeared (and all too soon!)
I longed to write about fair June.
I could not let that month go by
Without a poem-thought for July.
And then, with all the summer flowers,
I wrote about the April showers!

S. W. R., '48

CURRENT BOOKS

The Hour of Spring, by Mary Deasy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1948. 368 pages.

The Hour of Spring is a novel portraying the gradual Americanization of the descendants of an Irish immigrant, Timothy Joyce. Through the inquisitive mind of Bridget Joyce, the granddaughter of Timothy, we follow the family through three generations of struggle, tragedy, joy, and sorrow. The framework of this story is unusual. The narrative is told to Bridget by three persons whose lives were closely interwoven with those of the Joyces: old Staffy Brady, who has the Irish faculty of seeing humor in the direst of situations; Christy Fogarty, whose own tragic life enables him to portray facts realistically and with understanding, and Regina Hope, whose immeasurable hatred for the Joyce family colors her presentation of her recollections.

A first impression of *The Hour of Spring* is that the title is a misnomer. It seems more like the Siege of Winter, a gaudy, slightly sensational picture of life without much meaning. It is not until the end that we sense the true value beneath the glitter. From the grandchildren we have a faint stirring of hope. After Timothy's death, the younger generation seek refuge from the dismal funeral parlor in the corner drug store. There Evelyn proposes the argument of the book when she cynically questions the value of life and death. "Someone should have sense enough to put an end to the silly business of living and dying," she says bitterly. The protests of all the cousins are swift and unanimous, but it is Bride who reveals the bright optimism of their thought. Of course there must always be life, no matter how futile it seems at times—life with its failure and success, its tears and laughter, its heartaches and happiness. The human race must perpetuate itself. There must always be sons born out of pain to listen to the sound of the seas, and hear the happy song of the birds, and breathe in the earth's clean air. Think of the poor old sun shining without someone to shine on! That is reason for life. It is to Bride also that the thought comes clearly and unmistakably that we must find the courage to go on within ourselves, and that it is only when we have given ourselves ungrudgingly to the business of living that a miracle occurs and the burden becomes a blessing.

Here is a slice of life, overdone in spots, but in the main intensely real. The war that the numberless Joyces wage with life assumes almost global proportions. A genealogical chart is needed to keep the tangled adventures of the family straight. There is the stolid Kate Joyce, whose idyllic courtship turns into a disillusioning experience. Paradoxically, after her husband's death, she finds security and happiness in a marriage of convenience. We watch Maggie, gay and impulsive, rush headlong into an unwise marriage. Yet the courage with which she makes the best of her mistake fills us with admiration for the dignity of human nature. Matt and Hugh also rise superior to their humdrum lives by fashioning out of a dull existence a glorious cause that is satisfying. This is the redeeming feature of most of the characters—their strength and resignation in meeting the vicissitudes of life, and the maturity that necessarily develops as a consequence. Marcia is the one exception. Her intense selfishness makes her life almost futile.

At the end of the story, then, we are prepared to say with Bride that the business of going "round about and round about and round about" is not meaningless, but rather wonderful. The sunlight and the shadow, the monotony and the excitement, the heartbreak and the exultation are all necessary to make living a complete whole. It is all a part of a great design.

The Hour of Spring is Miss Deasy's first novel. She exhibits here a fine understanding of the depths of the Irish temperament. Her subtle style and musical phrasing suggest the instinctive poetry of the Irish spirit. Through her keen insight, her stirring emotional power, her original humor, she reveals with touching pathos the strength and weaknesses of the Irish character. ANNE T. MCBURNEY, '48

Thomistic Philosophy in Social Casework, by Mary J. McCormick. New York: Columbia University Press, 1948. 148 pages.

The relation of the principles of St. Thomas Aquinas to our present-day thought on government and industry is well known through papal encyclicals. Here is a new and very interesting application of the great medieval scholar's contemplations. In *Thomistic Philosophy in Social Casework,* Miss McCormick has shown us the extent to which the teaching of the saint offers a basis for understanding human needs in giving us aids to the interpretation of human conduct. The first qualification

for a good social worker is an understanding of human nature. This understanding developed into a systematized, unified form is what is known as casework. A formulation of purpose and method is necessary for professional social casework, and a formulation that is based on sound philosophy has within itself the principles that give value to the service that is rendered to society by social workers.

The principle underlying the proper psychological approach to an individual may be derived from St. Thomas's definition of the nature of man. The terms in which it is quoted by Miss McCormick are technical enough: "Man is a being who results from the personal union of physical matter, or 'body', with an animating vital form called 'soul' or 'mind'. This union of body and soul produces a single nature that is complete in itself and is wholly individual in the sense that it is reality and is capable of integrating and directing its own forces in a way that is different from that of every other individual nature." Translated into our more common speech it means that every person must be respected and treated as a distinct individual who is capable of reasoning and of taking the responsibility for his own acts.

This book may be read profitably not only by those who are actually engaged in social casework, but by anyone whose vocation it is to deal directly with individuals. Mothers of families, teachers in the classroom, nurses attending the sick will all find here the fundamental principles underlying their relations with human souls.

ANGELA CARROLL, '48

Two Quiet Lives, by Lord David Cecil. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1948. 256 pages.

Lord Cecil has brought to life in the pages of this work two dim and shadowy figures in English letters—Dorothy Osborne, the seventeenth century Jane Welsh Carlyle, and the melancholy but lovable contemplative, Thomas Gray. The author explains in the epilogue of his book his reason for associating these two personalities together in his mind: "Melancholy, monotonous, thwarted, neither life was a delightful spectacle, as the phrase is generally understood. Nor were they themselves free from faults. Even the exquisite Dorothy could be both morbid and unreasonable; while as for Gray, what with his primness, his touchiness and his ludicrous nervous fads, he was in some respects

downright tiresome. Moreover both were noticeably deficient in those social virtues by which the world professes to set such store. However, none of this made me like or admire them less. . . . An eye for truth, depth and delicacy of feeling, the presence of a strong and beautiful inner life—these Dorothy and Gray possessed. It was because their hearts were so civilized that they found the world so barbarous; their melancholy arose in part from the fact that they never committed the blasphemy of thinking human existence adequate to satisfy the aspirations of the soul."

The world of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which they found "so barbarous" is revealed to us here quite as vividly as are the characters who form the subject matter for Lord Cecil's quiet meditation. The setting for Dorothy Osborne's life was England during the first years of the Commonwealth, and through her letters, which the author summarizes generously for us, "the window which opens into the 17th century England swings wide". The naïveté and ceremoniousness so characteristic of Dorothy herself are there too in the period in which she lived. Countesses could with equal grace superintend jam-making in their kitchens in the morning and curtsy magnificently in the afternoon to notables at a brilliant formal reception. Men adorned themselves with velvet and lace, wrote verses and sang them to the lute, and prided themselves on their skill in duelling. Their ladies had romantic names, and look romantic, too, gazing out from the canvases of Lely and Vandyck. It is hard to imagine them as real human beings, for a curtain of ceremony hangs between them and us, and lyrical music drowns their voices. In the letters of Dorothy Osborne, however, the music fades and the curtain is raised. The personality of the writer of them emerges in sharp, clear outline as it is interpreted by her thoughtful and sympathetically observant admirer, Lord Cecil. "She is a combination of Rosalind and Viola," he writes, "with something of her father's gallant nobility joined to a Herrick-like sensibility . . . The sad eyes could observe the world with a sharp-eyed amusement . . . She hated to give pain, but it was impossible for her to say what she did not think". . . Withal, she was devoutly religious, "finding relief from her sense of guilt and disillusioned despondency in the melodious flowered pages of Jeremy Taylor."

These were the qualities in Dorothy Osborne that won the love of Sir William Temple, later to become one of England's greatest diplo-

mats and statesmen. The love story of Sir William and Dorothy in many respects parallels that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, especially in the intensity of the devotion felt and expressed and in the opposition encountered in family circles. In both instances there was a profoud understanding of the spiritual nature of love as a complete and unique harmony between two minds and hearts. Temple, even as Browning, was a brilliant example of the ideal gentleman, in whom all the elements of the good life—moral, intellectual, and physical—were blended together in a cool harmony. "What do you wish for most in the world?" said a friend once to Temple. "Health, peace, and fair weather," was the answer. Both Sir William and Dorothy set the same value on reading and the country and intimacy and contemplation.

Like Dorothy Osborne, Thomas Gray had a thoughtful personality and a distrust of the world. Here again Lord Cecil in a charming way presents to us the eighteenth century background of Gray's life—the prosperous England, where life was leisurely, and there was time for visiting and letter-writing and pleasant chatter about politics and books and art; where living was formal, too, if not naïve, as in the century before, and men "wore wigs to cover their naked heads and wore good manners to cover their naked feelings." There is a delightful picture, too, of the sheltered life of a school boy at Eton in those days and of Gray's sensitive responsiveness to all the beauty and romance of the place. When someone asked him in later life what first gave him his taste for poetry, Gray answered, "Reading Vergil at Eton as a boy of eleven".

It was at Eton that Gray formed the friendships with Horace Walpole and Richard West and Thomas Ashton—"the Quadruple Alliance", as they called their circle. Nowhere does Lord Cecil better reveal his power of character analysis than in his description of Walpole, the "Ariel in slit shoes" . . . "the modish Ariel of the *Rape of the Lock,* not Shakespeare's wild wind-elf".

The lyrical charm of Gray's melancholy, occasionally lit up by a flicker of humor, his feeling for natural beauty, his rich inner life with its intense affections are all revealed to us in the simple eloquence of Lord Cecil's prose. It is in the simplicity of the style of *Two Quiet Lives* that its delightfulness chiefly consists. The reader feels that Lord Cecil wrote his polished phrases with ease. They flow along like a refreshing stream. The humor, too, is refined and appropriate, that quiet

humor that grows out of a keen understanding of and sympathy with men and their affairs.

Lord Cecil ends his book on a personal note: "It was late on an August afternoon," he writes, "with the ebbing sunlight still a-glint on the white and gold of the bookcases and the tortoise-shell butterflies still flickering over the aster beds outside the window, that I finished this book. I sat back feeling contented; it is always agreeable to stop working. But I also felt sad. For I had grown to admire the two persons I had been writing about so much and to find the contemplation of their life so delightful that I hated saying good-bye to them." In closing Lord Cecil's book, the reader has the same feeling, but it is rather an admiration for the author himself, whose own rich inner life has enabled him to discover and express with rare understanding the soul-wealth in hidden lives. CATHERINE REILLY, '49

Humanist as Hero, by Theodore Maynard. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. 261 pages.

Many biographies have been written about Thomas More, the humanist. Theodore Maynard's book is not only about Thomas More, the humanist, but about Saint Thomas More, the Catholic humanist. In every chapter the author shows how the saint's humanism was applied to a single practical end, not foreseen, but intellectually and spiritually prepared for. More was not merely a scholar involved in the study of the classics of Greece and Rome, as he is presented by R. W. Chambers and Miss E. M. Routh in their treatments of him. He was rather a scholar "bent upon bringing the Divine Spirit into every sphere of human thought". Tired of the dreary routine of expiring scholasticism, More helped to revivify this cold philosophy by emphasizing the dignity of man's nature and his spiritual mission here and now in this world.

Our thoughts of Saint Thomas More are centered generally either about his great work, the *Utopia,* or his heroism in meeting death rather than surrender his allegiance to the Pope. Mr. Maynard charms us with new pictures of More—the little page in the household of Archbishop Morton, stepping in among the theatrical players as the quick-witted improvisor with an unbelievable command of dialogue for a lad of twelve; as the brilliant student at Oxford; as the young aspirant to the Benedictine life, wearing his holiness, as he did all else, with an attractive and cheerful grace.

Although More answered the call of the home instead of that of the cloister, he did so out of a sincere conviction that God had a purpose for him in the world. And this purpose he began at once to carry out. He startled all England by preaching the theology of Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, the while he practiced law. He has impressed the whole world ever since by the picture he has left of the patriarchal father of the family, surrounded by his children and grandchildren and caring with loving solicitude for their minds and souls as well as their bodily comfort.

Mr. Maynard does not hesitate to stress More's temptation while in prison. It gives him a chance to bring into bolder relief the humility of the saint. He confessed to his daughter Margaret that her "frail father" was "much more shrinking from pain and death than he thought it the part of a faithful Christian man."

We are delighted with the author's accounts of the saint's humor. More was always poking fun at himself for putting his fingers into too many pies, as the following naïve verse suggests:

When a hatter
Will go smatter
In philosophy;
Or a peddler
Wax a meddler
In theology,
All that ensue
Such crafts new
They drive so far a cast,
That evermore
They do therefore
Beshrew themselves at last.

He even had it in his heart to jest when taken to prison. When the gate keeper asked him for his "upper garment", More, instead of taking off his cloak, gave the man his hat. He could extract humor from a painful situation. Because his daughter pleaded with him to accept the king's oath, he called her "Mistress Eve", his temptress. Even at the scaffold, after having given the executioner a gold coin for his labors, he exclaimed with a forgiving and loving voice, "I pray you, Master Lieutenant, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Maynard has fulfilled the first requisite of a good biographer by care-

fully gathering all the facts. He also succeeds in his purpose of defending More against the wrong conceptions and attacks of non-Catholics, but his interpretation, although correct, is sometimes pierced to death by an unlively pen. This biography lacks the profundity of true scholarship that Chamber's book possesses and the power of simple poetical prose that colors Daniel Sargent's work. Maynard often loses the thread of thought in long unnecessary digressions, but his book is worth reading for its true presentation of the psychology of a martyr.

DORIS COULOMBE, '49

The Times of Melville and Whitman, by Van Wyck Brooks. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1947. 489 pages.

Welcome, indeed, is this original study of the times of Herman Melville and Walt Whitman. This is the fourth volume of Van Wyck Brooks' history of the literary life of America. It is scholarly, to be sure, but it is also marked by that irresistible charm characteristic of all of Brooks' works. It would seem that this charm is a product of the author's deep insight into the writers and their works, of an understanding of the times, of a superb sense of humor, and of an enthusiasm and interest which make men like Bret Harte, Audubon, and John Muir live again.

The reader accompanies Dr. Elisha Kent Kane into the northern icefields; he watches Charles Godfrey Leland follow the gypsies into the field-lairs and lonely wood paths where they camped; he is amused by Joaquin Miller who "was a nine days' wonder in England where he wore a sombrero and a red shirt open at the neck, with a flowing sash and trousers tucked into his boots, to show the British what a frontiersman was like." Passages like these, interwoven in the history, are delightfully refreshing.

The work covers that colorful period in American history from the eighteen forties to the nineties. It was a great era, for it saw great things: the gold rush of '49, the fatal clash between the North and the South, the building of the transcontinental railroads, and the coming of big business. Gone were the times of Irving, Cooper, and Emerson. A new literature was taking shape, and Melville and Whitman were in the lead.

Brooks' work is timely in view of the renewed interest in Melville among the literati of the country. Formerly, critics tended to ignore Melville; he was known only as the author of *Moby Dick*—a good sea story. Modern critics realize that there is much more in Melville than

meets the eye. Brooks puts him on a level with Whitman. Indeed, he feels that they had much in common. They were, first of all, exact contemporaries. Both were from the same typical New York stock, "big, vigorous, ruddy men with spacious views of life who had lived in close communion with the sea and the earth." Both were profoundly democratic in their outlook and feelings. They felt that it was the special mission of American writers to celebrate democracy in their works.

As Brooks points out, there were a few differences between the two writers. Melville's family was aristocratic, while Whitman was of more humble origin. Both were essentially genial in temper, but Melville had a "great power of blackness" in him as opposed to Whitman's "sunniness or whiteness". As a seaman, Melville had seen suffering on every hand and evil warring against the good; Whitman had scarcely observed evil on the sidewalks of New York.

After *Moby Dick* was published, Melville stopped writing. It had seemed that he was just beginning a very fruitful career, but, instead, it was the end. This has puzzled many critics. Brooks finds an explanation of the problem in the fact that Melville's life at sea had encouraged his meditative humor and a tendency he had to speculate on the problems of predestination and original sin, of moral responsibility, evil, and good. "He had become an illustration of Goethe's saying that all theory is grey while the golden bough of life—and art—is green." The excess of the note of speculation, Mr. Brooks thinks, all but extinguished his creative power. Melville was the most popular writer in America for a decade, but after that he was completely forgotten.

Of particular note, also, is Brooks' treatment of Mark Twain. This was the writer who, as a child, had longed to be a cabin boy on the Mississippi "so that he could emerge with a white apron and shake the table cloth over the side where the other boys of Hannibal could see him"; who, as a man, thought that God had made man "because he was disappointed in the monkey". Brooks feels that, like Whitman, Mark Twain prepared the ground for a new and unique American art of letters—in a positive way with the Western writings, in a negative way with *Innocents Abroad.*

This is hardly a book to be read at one sitting. It is a book to be "tasted" a little at a time, or to be dipped into for the interesting and intimate glimpses it gives of the familiar figures in our American literature whom Van Wyck Brooks has a way of presenting to us in an almost neighborly fashion.

MONICA COTTER, '49

Compliments of

The Senior Class

EMMANUEL GRADUATES:

With a Bryant & Stratton training you can have a choice of jobs, generally in the field of your college major. Shorthand is the "Open Sesame," while the other subjects may help progress on the job. Individual advancement assures you your training in the shortest possible time. Ask about the Intensive Course for College Graduates. Telephone to Ken. 6789, or visit the school — Boylston corner Arlington Streets at the Arlington Subway Station.

BRYANT & STRATTON SCHOOL

BOSTON

Best Wishes

Guy Ormandy

Orchestras

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

433 Little Building

BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. Hancock 7777

S. S. PIERCE CO.

Visit the
Perfumery Department
at our
133 BROOKLINE
AVENUE STORE
A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel

M. B. FOSTER
Electric Company
368 Congress Street
Boston, Massachusetts

Hubbard 7032 Open Evenings
Thomas
Beauty Salon
Hair Stylists of Distinction
7th Floor — Dexter Bldg.
453 Washington Street
Boston, Massachusetts

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE HERLIHY BROS.
Incorporated
MILK – CREAM

COMPLIMENTS OF
Watertown Savings
Bank

Thomas P. Mee Co.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
Fruit and Produce
Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market
and Cellar No. 9
BOSTON, MASS.
Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

General Ice Cream Corporation
Mansion House Division
183 Cambridge Street
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS

OF

TIP TOP BAKERS

Kenmore Lunch
CAFETERIA
RESTAURANT
AND TAP

Kenmore Square
526 - 528 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Massachusetts

Kenmore Pharmacy, Inc.
PRESCRIPTION
SPECIALISTS
"Where Your Physician Trades"
500 Commonwealth Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

Matthew F. Sheehan Company
New England's Leading Church Goods
22 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

Compliments of a Friend

"WE KEEP THE STORMS OUT"

BENJAMIN P. WILD

Roofing and Sheet Metal Work
Repairing a Specialty

142 Cherry Street Cambridge, Mass.
TRObridge 6-6751

Hotel Continental

"One of New England's Best Hotels"

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Telephone LIberty 8587

Frank A. Gendreau

47 Winter Street, Room 605-6
BOSTON

Expert
Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing
Diamonds Watches Jewelry

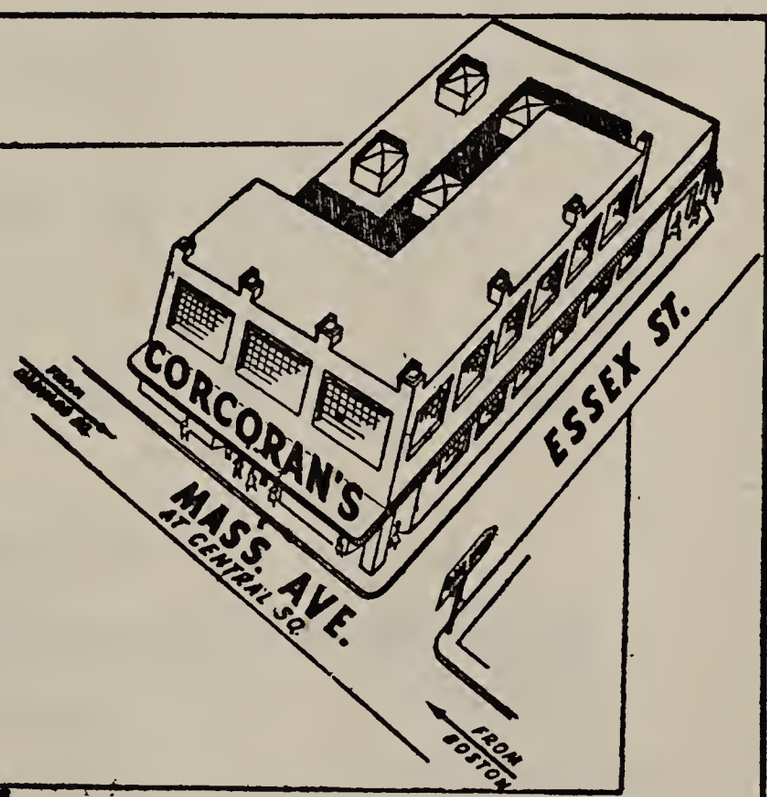
BENZIGER BROTHERS Inc.

Church Goods

106 Chauncy Street

LIBerty 1150

A FASHION STORE in Cambridge



Corcoran's CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

John D. Lynch Drug Company

APOTHECARIES

2406 Massachusetts Avenue

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

DAWSON & HICKEY

BEEF - LAMB - VEAL - POULTRY

14 New Faneuil Hall Market

BOSTON 9, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. CAPitol 1637
1636

VISIT YOUR FRIENDS
Across the River

- *for smooth Campus Togs*
- *for attractive Home Furnishings*
- *for the ultimate in value plus savings*

And Sears *is* your friend. For we have your best interest at heart. Whether it be a comfortable upholstered chair—a suite of furniture—a new fountain pen—or nylons you can find it at Sears. And it will be priced to fit your budget. You can depend on Sears to give you maximum value at economy prices.

Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings until 9:00

+

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" **SEARS**

Boston—KEN. 7350—Brookline Ave. at Park Drive

Compliments

of the

Alumnae Association

of

Emmanuel College

Compliments of

Emmanuel League

The
Angel Guardian Press

Printers

Publishers *Bookbinders*

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

ACADEMY OF
NOTRE DAME

ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF
NOTRE DAME

TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF
NOTRE DAME

Corner of Granby Street and
Bay State Road
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS

High School Classes

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

A PROMINENT SPOT ON MAIN STREET

Within the past year A&P has been mentioned as part of the story or dialogue in at least 47 popular books of fact and fiction.

Well, that's perfectly natural, because we provide 6,000,000 American families with good food at low cost.

Wherever plain people live, the A&P is an important part of their lives. Years ago it was the familiar red-fronted grocery store. Today the super market, carrying over two thousand different items, is as much a part of the American scene as the town hall or Main Street or the village green.

No wonder so many chroniclers of American life put the A&P into their narratives!

We're flattered to turn up in 47 books. But we know—and we think you know, too—that institutions like the A&P are built on generations of hard work and public service.

If we're a fixture in American life, it's because the men and women of A&P have worked constantly for over 86 years to do the nation's most efficient job of food distribution.

A&P FOOD STORES

EMMANUEL COLLEGE ETHOS

NOVEMBER, 1948

Published quarterly, during the academic year—February, April, June, November—at Emmanuel College, Boston, Massachusetts, under the management of the Senior Class. Subscription: $2.00 per year; 60 cents per single copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 4, 1928, at the Post-office at Boston, Massachusetts.

THE ETHOS STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Monica J. Cotter, '49

Associate Editor
Frances M. McCarthy, '49

Business Manager
Mary E. Kelley, '49

Circulation Manager
Jean E. Dowd, '49

Literary Staff
Yvonne L. Bulger, '49
Doris M. Coulombe, '49
Patricia A. Murphy, '49
Marilyn G. Myers, '49
Barbara M. O'Connor, '49
Catherine V. Reilly, '49

Business Staff
Anne E. Carney, '49
Marie K. Farrell, '49
Ann C. Horrigan, '49

Circulation Staff
Louise M. Clasby, '50
Mary Louise Fitzgerald, '51
Miriam R. Hingston, '50
Anne C. Keefe, '50
Eleanor O. McCarty, '50

Typists
Katherine H. Fenton, '50
Mary F. Donohue, '50

Art
Mary D. Higgins, '50

THE ETHOS NOVEMBER, 1948

VOLUME TWENTY-ONE NUMBER FOUR

CONTENTS

POSTCARDS FROM A MONASTERY—Jean M. Edwards, '49 223

IDLER, *Verse*—Mary Louise Fitzgerald, '51 230

UNCERTAIN FLAME—Frances M. McCarthy, '49 231

SONG OF A LUNATIC, *Verse*—Rose M. Bufalo, '49 . . 239

DISCOVERED—Miriam R. Hingston, '50 240

WE THREE, *Verse*—Kathleen F. O'Neil, '49 242

THE RETURN OF SEVEN—Patricia R. Wilcox, '50 243

WINSLOW HOMER'S WATERCOLOR: THE BLUE BOAT, *Verse*—Claire L. Slattery, '49 249

SNOWLAND—Adrienne E. Pepin, '49 250

FANCY THAT—Marie T. McDonald, '51 255

MARY—Patricia E. Holleran, '50 262

ON THE HILL, *Verse*—Isabelle G. Finn, '49 267

CURRENT BOOKS:

Family Circle—Claire L. Slattery 268

The Loved One—Eleanor M. Ridge 270

The End—Barbara M. O'Connor 271

Cry, the Beloved Country—Patricia A. Murphy 273

Pilgrim's Inn—Catherine V. Reilly 274

The Heart of the Matter—Marilyn G. Myers 276

VOCABULARY, *Verse*—Jean M. Edwards 278

THE COLLEGE TOWER

POSTCARDS FROM A MONASTERY

Jean M. Edwards, '49

ON A rainy afternoon in mid-September, 1938, a young man sat reading the life of Hopkins. The chapter was strangely fitting. It discussed Hopkins' letter to Newman in which he presented his doubts about becoming a Catholic. Suddenly Thomas Merton laid aside the book, put on his raincoat, and went out. At last he knew where he was going. The walk was only nine blocks, but the way had been long—from the Pyrenees, to Bermuda, to London, to Cambridge, to Columbia, to the rectory of Corpus Christi Church. Inside, he said, "Father, I want to become a Catholic."

> And this is the ninth November since my world's end and my Genesis
> When with the sting of salt in my dry mouth,
> Cross-crowned with water by the priest,
> Stunned at the execution of my old companion, death,
> And with the murder of my savage history,
> You drowned me in the shallow font.

The stepping stones up the *Seven Storey Mountain* to the summit of the Trappist monastery from which Merton now looks back were many. Who knows how God first issues His invitation to the human heart? Perhaps a line of Dante ignited the spark; or the majesty of Europe's cathedrals struck a chord; or his thesis on Blake's mysticism, or the negation of a two-dimensional life, or the fear of death led to his escape into "the four walls of his freedom" at Gethsemani. They all fit into the pattern of transformation and

rebirth. Probably the longing and the impulse go back to the cry of his childhood:

> "Father, all the birds are in their church . . . Why don't we go to church?"
> "We will," his father promised.
> "Now?" the boy asked urgently.
> "No, it is too late. But we will go some other Sunday."

So it was deferred, and it was only years later that the hunger was filled and Merton could write in thanksgiving:

> O sweet escape! O smiling flight!
> The vineyards break our fetters with their laughter;
> Our souls walk home as quiet as skies.

Strangely enough Merton's parents gave him everything except a fundamental faith. His ambitious, Quaker mother hoped he would grow up free of all religious superstition, an independent deist. From his father, a painter of the surrealist school, he received a subtle sense of art and a prejudice against Catholicism. Spiritually abandoned by his family, Merton was to be rescued by a host of helping converts: Hopkins, Crashaw, Maritain. These philosophical and poetic ancestors spiritually adopted him. Those words of Hopkins seem specially dedicated:

> Where art thou, friend, whom I shall never see,
> Conceiving whom I must amiss?
> Thou who canst best accept the certainty
> That thou hadst borne proportion in my bliss,
> That likest in me either that or this,
> Oh! even for the weakness of the plea
> That I have taken to plead with,—if the sound
> Of God's dear pleadings have as yet not moved thee,—
> And for those virtues I in thee have found,
> Who say that had I known had approved thee,—

For these, make all the virtues to abound,—
No, but for Christ who hath foreknown and loved thee.

Now Merton echoes the same convert spirit, that irresistible impulse to share the discovery. Continuing the chain reaction of inspiration, he says in "The Poet, To His Book":

Go, Stubborn talker,
Find you a station on the loud world's corner,
And try there (if your hands be clean) your length of patience;
Use there the rhythms that upset my silences,
And spend your pennyworth of prayer
There in the clamor of the Christless avenues

And try to ransom some one prisoner
Out of those walls of traffic, out of the wheels of that unhappiness!

It is because Merton was so immersed in the world that he can speak to us with such persuasion of its emptiness. His *Seven Storey Mountain* has a sureness of touch, a familiarity that makes it a fascinating adventure of the soul. His was not the straight-as-an-arrow assault on truth as Newman's, nor an artistic flight such as Hopkins', but rather the long, slow winding road and the pursuit of the Hound. This is the mosaic of a man of our age—the going around in a circle, motion without meaning. And that is the wonder of the story, watching this modern miracle unfold. Frequently by-passing the light, he gets caught up in materialism at Cambridge and detours with communism at Columbia. It is only in the darkness of despair that he finds himself, and morning comes. Not in an *apologia* but a *confession,* this modern Augustine lets us inside with moving humility, revealing the psychological, emotional, and intellectual elements of his struggle. The *Seven Storey Mountain* creates a link between his life and his lyrics, underlining the shadings, deepening the meaning.

As we read those lovely lines on his brother's death, for instance,

> Come, in my labor find a resting place
> And in my sorrows lay your head,
> Or rather take my life and blood
> And buy yourself a better bed—
> Or take my breath and take my death
> And buy yourself a better rest.
>
> When all men of war are shot
> And flags have fallen into dust,
> Your cross and mine shall tell men still
> Christ died on each, for both of us.

we recall Merton's poignant picture. On the day of his brother's baptism when he is kneeling pews apart from him, he remembers with remorse this same distance between them in childhood, imposed by older-brother aloofness.

Life in the true sense began for Merton at twenty-four. All that goes before is the prelude. A series of shocks started currents of reaction and rebellion within him. His mother's death and cremation haunted his childhood and cast him spiritually adrift. His response to the challenge was to try to conquer the world and its pleasures, snatching the moment, outwitting life in a constant duel with death. When it struck again and he suffered the loss of his brilliant father, who died of a brain concussion, his cynicism was confirmed. His grandfather's death brought him to his knees. Each time he tried to rally his forces, only to realize the frailty of his godhood, until finally the shadow of his own death recalled him to life. A far cry from his old fear is this calm credo on death:

> Yet all my power is conquered by a child's "Hail Mary"
> And all my night forever lightened by one waxen candle.

Now he warns the sick world of a worse fate, its spiritual suicide, in his atomic "Figures for an Apocalypse". Starting is the epitaph he writes for the gay city, New York, where he found sin and salvation:

> This was a city
> That dressed herself in paper money.
> She lived four hundred years
> With nickles running in her veins . . .
> She was as callous as a taxi,
> Her high-heeled eyes were sometimes blue as gin,
> And she nailed them all the days of her life,
> Through the hearts of her six million poor.
> Now she has died in the terrors of a sudden contemplation
> Drowned in the waters of her own, her poisoned well.

Though eloquent in his rôle of prophet, Merton is at his best when expressing the deep wells of joy that he has found, when uttering the silence of a Trappist peace:

> Look where the Lamb bends all His brightness
> Low as our dim and puny lights
> Although His fleece is full of sun.
> Not all the universe can comprehend
> His glory's equal, nor His light's,
> Who loves us so, He won't outshine our winking candles!

It is amazing to learn that Merton wrote no poetry until after his conversion, and yet how right that only with the song came the words. Had he written before, it probably would have been in the desolate vein of Eliot's *Wasteland*. As it is, there is a little of Robert Lowell's sharpness in his concern for his stumbling brothers; but, less razor-like, it is pity instead of brutal condemnation. The severity is tempered by hope, blended with an exultation that is in the manner of Hopkins:

Shall not this Child
(When we shall hear the bells of His amazing voice)
Conquer the winter of our hateful century?

Here in this straw lie planned the fires
That will melt our sufferings:
He is our Lamb, our holocaust!

And one by one the shepherds, with their snowy feet,
Stamp and shake out their hats upon the stable dirt,
And one by one kneel down to look upon their Life.

Scotian in his philosophy, he is never more like Hopkins than when he writes as a knight of Our Lady. There is a striking parallel between Hopkins' "Our Blessed Mother Compared to the Air We Breathe" and Merton's "The Blessed Virgin Mary Compared to a Window"; and we note the contrast between the two: the compression and the electric charge of Hopkins' salute, the flowing tempo of Merton's shining similes. Classical, but not obscure like Lowell, winging, but not as intense or rhythmic as Hopkins, Merton has something all his own that sets him apart as a modern mystic. His knowledge of the world and his new wisdom of a better one are fused into a ringing appeal to our age:

Lord, in this splendid season
When all the things that grow extend their arms and show the world Your love,

Shall the free wills of men alone
Bide in their January ice
And keep the stubborn winter of their fruitlessness?

"Why are we all afraid of love?" he pleads. How well for us that God in His graciousness endowed Thomas Merton with the gift of music to tell of it.

If it were anyone else, it would seem incredible that a young man should turn from the extreme of worldliness to the peak of other-worldliness. But it is just like Merton that once he knew he would have the greater wisdom, his surrender must be complete. For him there was no gulf between conviction of mind and bending of will; with a gesture of absolute love he chose the better part. In "A Letter to My Friends" he says:

> More than we fear, we love the holy desert,
> Where separate strangers, hid in their disguises,
> Have come to meet, by night, the quiet Christ.
> We who have some time wandered in those crowded ruins,
> (Farewell, you woebegone, sad towns)
> We who have wandered like (the ones I hear) the moaning trains,
> (Begone, sad towns!)
> We'll live it over for you here.

So the hooded figure disappears, wrapped in peace, his muffled steps going away into the garden where all is safe and sure. But even here the citadel is not impregnable, and Merton finds himself torn between his art and a more complete union with God. He resolves the dilemma, giving up music for mysticism; he will draw closer and closer to the crux, the kernel, the center, Christ, and will keep the secret. But the gift is rejected, and Merton is told by his superiors to sacrifice his silence and speak to those who are lost. The cry comes to us from Merton's shaken tower:

> "For I knew that it was only by leaving them that I could come to You: and that is why I have been so unhappy when You seemed to be condemning me to remain in them."

Still unable to escape the world that needs him, Merton awaits the understanding Christ's promise of peace:

"And when you have been praised a little and loved a little I will take away all your gifts and all your love and all your praise and you will be utterly forgotten and abandoned and you will be nothing, a dead thing, a rejection. And in that day you shall begin to possess the solitude you have so long desired. And your solitude will bear immense fruit in the souls of men you will never see on earth."

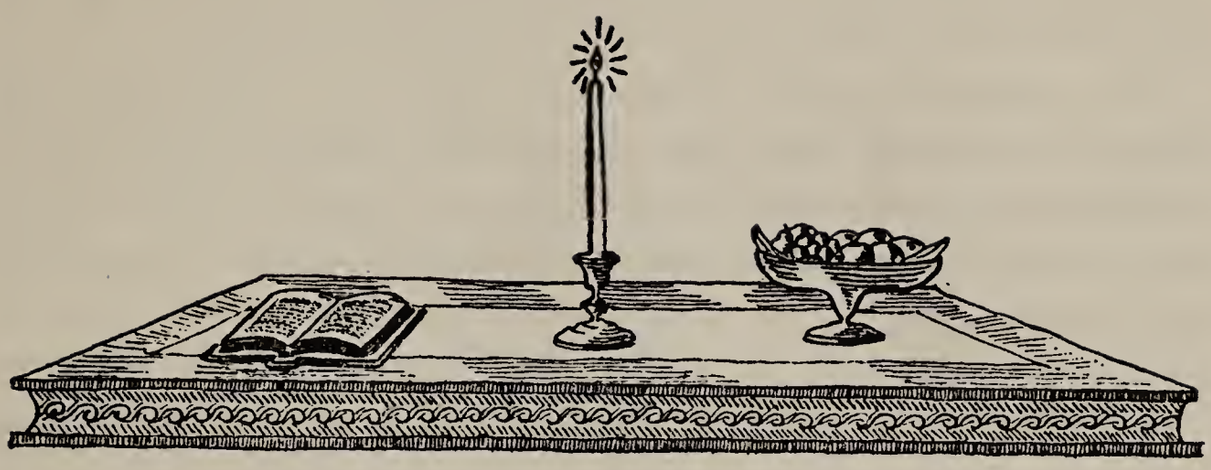
IDLER

Mary Louise Fitzgerald, '51

An hour wasted . . .
The quiet whir of minutes passed,
Forever lost.
Poor idle dreamer,
Your cobweb still unmade.

An hour wasted . . .
A stolen breath of Time's great wind
Unused—the crowns
Await the doer;
Your whimsy builds but play.

An hour wasted . . .
The splash of seconds born and fled,
And all the same!
Laugh, idle dreamer,
And catch the hem of day.



UNCERTAIN FLAME

Frances M. McCarthy, '49

THE wick of the candle was new and wax-covered. It seemed to resent losing its clean whiteness to the destructive orange flame. It fought against its enemy, sputtering impatiently, but finally succumbed to the consuming fire.

Sarah Levine stood, burnt match in hand, as she watched the flame establish its proprietorship over the twisted candle of the Sabbath light. For a moment, her free hand covered her eyes as she repeated the blessing of the lights, a blessing that had made the enjoyment of the beauty of the candle-light a joy for the people of her race down through the ages.

The flame rose to its full, gold-tipped glory as if the prayer of the woman had given it a final claim to the unyielding newness of the candle. Its beauty was overshadowed by the brilliance of the light that shone from a globe that hung from the ceiling like a luminous, inverted mushroom. The

enameled surfaces of the modern kitchen created a glare that left no corner of the room in darkness, accentuating the insignificance of the dim glow cast by the candle.

The woman turned from the table on which she had placed the candle and absent-mindedly dropped the burnt match into a tall, white wastebasket. She shuffled wearily back to the table and perched awkwardly on a chrome and red leather stool.

"So another week has gone, Papa."

She took up an old green sweater from the table and began to draw together the edges of a minute hole on the sleeve. The man sitting opposite her at the table did not answer for a moment, but stared into the flame of the candle between them. He shifted his gaze to the hole in the sweater that was now fast disappearing under the skillful needle of his wife.

"Mamma, I said for you not to sew on that old sweater. Jacob has promised the money for a new one."

"But you know how much like an old friend is this one. It still is good for a long time yet. But, Papa, I said another week has gone."

The old man shrugged his shoulders and made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"I know, I know—another week has gone."

His wife persisted. "Another week and still you do not say to Jacob what is to be said. It has been a month and still you do not say what we decided to say to Jacob. Why do you not do this?"

The two old people made an incongruous picture as they sat facing each other. The man, bearded and wizened, fingered the worn pages of a small, dog-eared volume that was stained with the mark of long since forgotten habdalah wine

that had been spilled from an old ceremonial cup as a symbol of overflowing happiness to come. Although it was not yet time, he seemed impatient to be at prayer for his lost race. He nervously watched his wife at work with her needle. Her tiny, black eyes were straining to see the fine work that grew under her fingers. The lines, deeply etched around her face and mouth, were out of character with the ease and comfort of the kitchen around her. They told of the years of straining against too little money in the land of too much wealth. It was as if their presence had made an island of darkness in the center of a shining, white world that was alien to their old-world lives.

"I know, Mamma," Nathan answered. "It is that Jacob —you know Jacob, Mamma—how he is when the business is good. He is a busy man, Mamma."

"When is it that a son is too busy to talk to his own father? Answer me that. We said that Jacob is not sending his little Joseph to the Talmud Torah. He is past the age, but still you say nothing. When our Jacob was his age, he went every day after school. It was right that he should learn of all the things that are written."

"Ssh, Mamma. I hear someone coming in. When the time is right, I will talk to Jacob."

The door to the kitchen opened and a young boy of twelve entered. He wore a loud plaid jacket and well-tailored long trousers rolled up at the cuff. Even the aquiline nose of his grandfather was lost to the past, for the boy's snub nose was spattered generously with freckles.

"Hi, got anything to eat, Gram? I'm starving. We had a swell game after school today. All the kids were there." He stopped short when he saw the candle burning on the

table. "Oh, I forgot, I didn't mean to bust in here. Why don't you remind a guy once in a while? I can't remember everything."

The boy moved silently around the table and began to rummage in the refrigerator. He pushed a milk bottle to the side of the shelf and tried to reach a bottle of coke that was against the back. In doing so, his awkward arm knocked against a half-filled pitcher of fruit juice.

"Aw heck, who put that darn thing there anyway!" He turned to look at his grandparents, hoping they didn't hear him.

Sarah stood up slowly and walked to the refrigerator. Her felt slippers slid across the floor with every step, making a swishing sound on the polished surface like the scuff of a windshield wiper drawn across a rain-spattered window.

"It does not matter, Joseph. The time is too early for praying. Why are you so late?"

The boy turned to his grandmother. "I was waiting down the corner for Mom and Dad. They promised to take me to the movies tonight and I thought maybe I could go to the early show with some of the gang. But it's too late now. The other guys left a long time ago. When will the folks be home?"

"They should come soon." Nathan looked up from the table. "Joseph, you come over and talk to your grandfather. I have something that is to be said."

Sarah interrupted too quickly and too loudly. "Papa! You must talk to his father first. It is not right to question the boy. It is the place of his father to decide such things."

"Joseph, you should go to the school to learn the teachings of the Talmud." The old man continued as if he had not heard his wife. "Every boy of your age should give up his

play to learn what is written; you will soon reach the age of bar mitzvah. You should be learning to take your place in the Temple.

The boy shifted his weight nervously from one foot to the other. He twisted the now opened coke bottle in his hands and then took a long drink from its mouth, pushing aside the glass his grandmother had offered him. He tried to gain time, for he did not know how to answer the old man's question.

"Gee, Gramp, I don't really have to, do I? None of the kids around go, except maybe a couple of the kids from the other side of town."

His grandfather stood up and almost shouted at the boy. "So now it is only the kids from the other side of the town that go to the Temple? Is it so that when you get a little money and move over to here that you don't have to learn the prayers of your race?" The old man's lip quivered with anger.

"Gosh, don't get me wrong. I didn't mean . . ." The boy looked frightened.

"Forgive me." The old man was stricken with the realization that he had betrayed the teachings of his people by being angry with a loved one. He moved quickly to the boy and put his arm protectingly around his shoulder. The two were of the same height. "Joseph, forgive an old man who does not know what he says in anger."

The earnestness in the tone of the old man embarrassed Joseph. He had never seen the patriarch of his family humiliate himself before.

"That's O.K. I guess you just don't understand the kids today, that's all. It's just that the kids don't have the time to spend at praying like you did when you were a boy."

He tried to move away from the old man's grasp. To cover his nervousness, he took another drink from the coke bottle, but spilled some of it on the front of his jacket.

"Joseph, you must watch for the nice jacket. Your father paid a lot of money for it."

"Let me do it, Gram. Here, let me have the towel." The boy disliked to be the center of attention. He turned his back and went over to the sink to wet a corner of the towel. "This stuff sure is sticky. Shouldn't the folks be along soon? The show down at the Strand is swell this week. Have you seen it, Gram? They say it's awful funny."

Sarah returned to her stool and took up the sweater again. She shot a warning glance to silence her husband.

The boy kept talking rapidly. "They say there's a dog in this movie that is as big as a pony, and he always runs after the mailman. Gee, it must be hard to train those movie dogs. Hey! Here comes Mom. Hey, Mom, we're in here!"

A tall, richly over-dressed woman stood in the doorway. A brown fur jacket was slung in studied carelessness over her shoulder and her matching alligator purse and platform shoes caught the light in their marked surfaces as an old carved mahogany piece reflects sunlight from its corners and crevices.

"Joseph, how many times must I tell you not to bother Mamma and Papa? Come on and get ready. We'll have to go in a minute. Here comes your father." Sylvia Levine always felt uneasy before her mother-in-law; the old man never seemed to come out from the background, so she could feel more at ease with him.

"Papa, I'm sorry if Joseph disturbed you. He should be old enough to learn to respect the privacy of others, especially when you and Mamma want to pray for the coming

of the Sabbath. We'll be going to the movies so we won't disturb you any more." She continued, turning to her husband, "Jacob, we must teach Joseph to be more considerate; he is getting entirely too selfish."

The boy's father fingered his hand-painted tie absently as he talked. "I'm sorry if he disturbed you, Mamma. You and Papa don't get too much privacy around here with Joseph running in and out all day. I guess we haven't had the time to teach him what is right."

Nathan Levine's small eyes lighted up, and for an instant he looked toward his wife for her silent approval. Then, almost shyly, like a child reciting an elocution lesson after long hours of practice, he began to talk.

"That is something Mamma and I have wanted to say about the boy. I mean—we wanted to say how you could teach him. Mamma, isn't that so?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued. "Why is it that you do not send him to the Talmud Torah? That is where you went when you were of his years. It is good for the boy to go."

"Let me handle this, Jacob." Sylvia spoke rapidly before her husband had a chance to answer. "Papa, we have talked about it and we knew that you would bring up the subject sooner or later. Jacob and I decided long ago that Joseph was not to waste his time at the Temple school. It is much more healthy for the boy to be out playing with other boys after regular school than to be trudging over to the Temple every afternoon."

She moved to the sink and picked up the empty coke bottle. She walked across the floor, her heels tapping decisively, and dropped the bottle into the wastebasket, as if the movement were meant to close the matter.

"But, Jacob went to the school every day." Sarah looked at her son. "He did not get any harm. He grew to be a fine man."

"Sure, Mamma. I learned a lot at the school; it was good for me. I suppose in the long run it doesn't do a boy any harm to get a little strict discipline when he's young," Jacob agreed.

"But we have decided, Jacob," said his wife, emphatically. "Joseph is not going to the school. He shouldn't be tied down to any religion until he feels he's old enough to decide for himself."

Papa Levine stared at his daughter-in-law. For a moment he tried to speak but could not. Finally he found the words. "Sylvia, you are only making a joke. But you must not make a joke about that which we know. Is it not written that all our children and our children's children will become a child of the covenant?"

Sylvia could not imagine that this meek little man would ever challenge her, even in such a gentle way. She looked from his face to his wife's and then back again to the face of the old man. She was thinking that now she had to deal with the two of them. Never before had she felt like an outsider, but now an invisible curtain seemed to be drawn between her and the old people. It was as if a glass wall had been set up, like that separating a condemned criminal from his judges.

The panic in Sylvia's heart echoed in her voice as she spoke shrilly. "I won't have my son tied down to any silly, old-fashioned superstitions! There is no need for him to go and I won't allow it." Her voice had lost its original, acquired, well-modulated tone. "None of my friends send their children, so why should I? Religion is all right for you

old ones that haven't anything else to live for, but I won't have Joseph tied down to it. Do you hear? I won't have him tied down. Come on, Jacob. We should get out of here and leave them to their candles."

The silence in the kitchen was tense. Jacob Levine looked first to his mother and father who were standing side by side as if protecting each other from the tirade of words that had been flung at them. Their faces showed no anger, only a bewildered helplessness. From them, his eyes wandered to his wife who was standing victoriously by the open kitchen door, her dagger-tipped fingers resting lightly on the arm of her son. Jacob turned away from the kitchen, closing the door firmly behind him.

The draft from the closing door caused the flame of the candle to flicker for a moment and then go out.

SONG OF A LUNATIC

Rose M. Bufalo, '49

If I stood on my toes and stretched my arms high,
I could dimple the moon with my fingertips,
And kiss her cheeks with my straining lips
Until I enticed her from the sky.
Then could I dance with the moon in my arms;
My idiot laugh would echo her spell,
And oh, the secrets I know she would tell—
No more a mystery her magic charms;
No more would I sit and mope and sigh,
Or wonder at her witchery.
Oh, couldn't I set my stifled soul free,
If I stood on my toes and stretched my arms high!

DISCOVERED

Miriam R. Hingston, '50

HE PICKED his way along the crooked sidewalk, counting the cracks, and stepping practisedly over them. He was six, and very glad to be free of school for the day, with only a spelling book in his hand to remind him. Dragging his fingers across the top of the wire fence enclosing a half-starved maple tree, he slowed his pace. Mean old fences, thought the small boy. Never let you climb the trees. And there must be lots you could see from the top of that tree—way down to the end of the street maybe. The thought appealed to him, because he had never been to the end of the long, long street banked with narrow, scowling tenement houses. He would probably never have guessed, nor wanted to guess, that the same pattern persisted throughout the course of the street—the same jammed-together houses, rubbish-heaped empty lots, the same roaring elevated. Stepping to the curb he peered far up the street. It was outlined with rusty ash barrels, but the barrels disappeared into the overhanging haze after a short distance.

"Hey, Jimmy!" A crowd of small boys came plunging down the street toward him. "Hey, Jimmy! Wanna play tag? You're it!" And they sallied off again, with the small boy in hot pursuit. As they ran, ducking into alleys, hiding behind rusty iron pilings, dodging in and out among the cans of refuse, they suddenly came upon a huge, green tree of beautiful proportion. It was high and rich with leaves, with wide, reaching boughs, making a fluttering pool of shadows beneath. The small boy saw it, and the wonder of

it filled his eyes. He continued running, but the sight had pleased him, and he thought with quick insight, "So that's what a tree is supposed to look like. So that's it." It stretched his mind a bit to enclose the knowledge.

The next morning just before he opened his eyes, he saw the tree again with its green, shimmering leaves. It was very early and very quiet, and he lay there with a little glow around his heart. It was like this on other mornings; soon a breeze would creep in and ripple the curtain all by itself, and a thread of sunlight would climb over the windowsill and spill over his blanket, and there would be a magnificent quiet. And this morning there was the tree, too. That was special. The tree seemed to have something to do with the sunlight and the breeze, and nothing to do with tenement houses, or noisy streets, or dirty, cluttered fire escapes. He waited. The curtain stirred, and the white sunlight crept in. But as a bird timidly began to sing, the first elevated train of the day hurtled by, drowning the melody. And there it was, happening all over again. His thoughts were disappearing, wedged out of his mind before he had even enjoyed them. He reached out for them, but they were gone into air.

If he had been a little older, he might have lain there and philosophized on the power of the distractions of the world, but he was six, and arose immediately with thoughts of breakfast uppermost in his mind.

A few afternoons later the small boy was on his way home with a group of his boisterous little friends. They were pushing and chasing one another like young puppies, when finally one snatched the cap of another and sprang ahead. The rest of the group set out at top speed after him. Screaming with laughter, they turned a corner suddenly, and there

loomed ahead of the small boy, across the street and beyond an iron gate, a green hill—an incredible hill of green velvet slopes reaching to the street, roadways winding in and about like a river. And there were trees—trees everywhere, tall and shadowy, and spread right down to the gate. His walk petered to a stumble and died, as his eyes drank in the marvel before him. He leaned against the building behind him, still looking with the depths of his soul in his eyes, and hitched down to a squatting position. It was as if he had been struck. He could never remember how long he remained that way, dumb in astonishment, but the thoughts he had that day, the brand new dynamic thoughts that forged an anchor for his soul and a faith for his heart he could always remember. His soul found its home that day and never lost its way again. The memory of it kept his heart alive all the next long winter, and he often wondered if the snow lay cleaner on the tree-spread hills than in the city streets. He was quite sure that it did.

WE THREE

Kathleen F. O'Neil, '49

We walked along, the three of us:
You, I, and silence. We walked thus,
With dusk surrendering
Its grey restraint to moorish night.

A mystery-making veil of greys
Enveloped all. You turned to me.
With tenderness you kissed my lips . . .
We walked along, the three of us.

THE RETURN OF SEVEN

Patricia R. Wilcox, '50

"And something of the strangeness of the deeps rises occasionally to the surface to provide mankind with a mystery never to be solved except by conjecture."

—Brooks

IT WAS an unusual day. I had looked wonderingly out the window of the schoolhouse and noticed gray clouds gathering in the northeast. At first I had thought it was just another storm, but about two bells, I could sense some hidden danger as the first puffs of wind attacked the building, shaking the window panes with such fury that one of the boys was asked to venture outside and fasten the board. Still the wind hammered away, and through the inch-wide cracks here and there in the ancient chimney it crawled and leaped on the open fire with murderous glee. The flames danced wildly, then fell exhausted. The room was enveloped in blackness. From the open hearth the faint red glow of the embers was obscured in a veil of smoke.

I felt chilled and startled by a feeling that I could not understand. I leaped from my desk. I could hear Mrs. Johnson groping in the darkness, probably looking for matches, I thought, and made my way cautiously to the door, forgetting the sunken plank beside the last desk. I stood there, but the three other pupils were creating a commotion that deafened the grumble of the wind. I was safe, and breathed again. Then the glow from the hearth was blotted. I flung the door open and escaped.

I ran out into the storm and welcomed it with open arms. And then I felt it again. That feeling! Was it fear? Nonsense, I thought. Why, I have seen hundreds of snow storms. No! The only thing I have to fear is Mrs. Johnson; but that's tomorrow. Heck! Pa can't write. Why should I have to? Mrs. Johnson can, but her words aren't spelled the same as in the book. What does a sailor need to spell for? That's it. I'm not going—tomorrow or any other day. And I faced the freezing wind and hurried home.

Half way along the path I found it difficult to see more than twenty yards ahead. The snow was coming in fine flakes that were thrown with such violence that I could not shield my eyes. The kids will be stuck at the school house tonight for sure, I mused. I was glad to be away and started running with head bent.

The path, now covered with white, led to the east side of the island away from the village, past the graveyard, where now sentinels of gray rebutted the charge of the wind. It forked through the little valley and sloped upward to the edge of the cliff which rose majestically from the sea. It was here on Wrecker's Watch that I lived. As I hurried I could make out a timid glimmer of a light from the sky. That was how it appeared as I ascended the steep hill toward the kitchen door.

The evening meal was passed in silence. After the dishes were washed and put away, the three of us sat around the table, each facing the warmth of the black stove. Not a word. I looked at Pa. He sat still in the old rocker with its torn cushion, sat there listening to the wind. I looked at Ma. She must have been thinking of memories that were pleasant, for I saw the slight crease of a smile on her lips as she knitted with her old whalebone needles the gray

coarse-spun yarn. Yet somehow in her eyes I saw a spelling of sadness. She turned to Pa and rather hesitantly spoke.

"Can't help but think about Grandpa tonight, Pa. Guess the storm reminded . . ."

Then it happened. It was not a loud sound, but it carried. It carried a message of one word and its letters were spread among the swirling flakes in a red flash—*Distress.* We hurried to the window facing the cliff's edge. Toward us in the gray and white outside there came not ten feet away another red flash of a distress signal.

It was not strange to us, for half a mile from the cliff there was Stowing Pig's Ledge. On the map, it is called the "Graveyard of Ships." Pa headed towards the door. There he struggled into his high rubber boots and oilskins.

"Can I come, Pa?" I asked hopefully, hurrying to the door to get my oilskins.

"Next time."

"What kind of vessel you think she is, Pa?"

"Can't see. Tell you when I get back."

As he opened the door I heard Ma say in a soft pleading voice, "Stay home this time, Pa. Let the young ones go."

Without a word he strode out, and the last I saw as I heaved myself at the door to shut it was his back specked with white.

It wasn't long before Ma and I looked at each other across the table and I read in that glance that something was wrong. That same feeling was back. Quickly and silently we dressed and soon followed the half-filled prints that led to the shore. When we came near we met most of the townfold huddled together in groups of threes and fours. The snow clung to their shoulders, making them look like living gravestones.

"Any word yet?" Ma asked old Captain Jones as he stood alone, shoulder stooped, eyes mere slits.

"Nope. I wonder how much salvage she's got," he contemplated, and then went on talking to himself about former wrecks.

"Any word yet?" Ma asked of a group.

"Just waiting, Mrs. Adams, just waiting. Can't see at all on account of this blasted snow. There's Silva, Joe, Chuck, the two Bills, and Harry out there. Ought to be coming in soon," hollered one.

"How come this crew is here to help?" Ma inquired.

"Well, it seems they were drunk this morning when they left port and decided to sober up here before going out any further. Sure is lucky they were here to help . . . makes a lucky seven."

Still the snow continued and the wind increased. No sign. The wait became cold, intolerable. The sea bounded with waves that sent their plumes of spray into the wind which flung it back on all who watched. Rumble—distant, yet a rumble. Again we heard it, but from the cliff. Soon a wagon approached. It was Mr. Ridgely. In the back of his wagon were several large clay pitchers wrapped in heavy towels from which seeped the steam and fragrance of hot coffee. Heartily I got in line, and as I sipped the scalding liquid I forgot the seven.

Then I saw Ma. There was no cup of coffee in her hand. Instead, she alone continued the watch. The coffee tasted bitter, and shamefully I joined her. She turned.

"Better we go home. Pa'll be in shortly. Storm's letting up." And to contradict Ma's statement, the wind renewed its strength.

The way home was easier, now that the wind was to the

back of us, but the path seemed to stretch endlessly. Finally we made it, and on entering Ma went into the living room while I remained by the door tugging at my boots. When I had succeeded in pulling them off, I went to the living-room door and peeked in. Ma was standing before Grandpa's picture, which hung slantwise over the fireplace. From the light of the candle on the center table, his eyes appeared green as the angry sea, his cheeks ruddy as if touched by the icy gale, and his mouth half smiling, ready to form the words: "I told you so." And there before him Ma stood with head lowered, her eyes fixed on the cold ashes in the hearth. In her whispering was the audible word—home.

I crept away and climbed the stairs. With each step I remembered more clearly—Grandpa. It was the last night he ever spent at home. I was climbing the stairs that night, too, when I had heard his voluminous voice as Pa and he sat in the upholstered black leather chairs before the fire.

"Ha! ha! me lad. If you're going to live by the sea, do it right. Sail with me at the coming tide and ye'll be rich the next time ye touch shore. Why live on peanuts? The sea'll claim ye sooner or later anyway. That's what I say—live by the sea and ye'll die by the sea. Come on, lad."

I went into my room wondering if it were true. I put the candle out and crept into bed. The wool blankets were soon snug and warm. The howling wind, the snow pecking at the window, the chilly room drifted into oblivion.

Morning brought the sun. The frosty window barred its warm rays from the room. From under the covers I reached for my clothes and quickly dressed. It was too cold, I thought. The schooner—I had forgotten the schooner. I ran into Pa's room. He was not there. The bed was made . . . the fire was out. I rushed downstairs. Ma was not home, either.

I went to the kitchen and prepared breakfast. They must be down at the shore, claiming their share of salvage. I went to the living room and faced Grandpa's portrait.

* * *

A month has passed since the storm. The headlines in the paper no longer continue to announce the destruction which swept the coast, but in the corner, in the obscure lower left corner, there is but a small reminder:

> "The body of John Silva was washed ashore at Gull's Island early this morning. He had been one of seven who had lost their lives when they attempted rescue of a fishing boat off Stowing Pig's Ledge during the storm. The fishing boat, the Mary Ann, had managed, however, to stay afloat, and reached port safely. Funeral services will be held tomorrow at the Seaman's Bethel. The body will be then taken to the island for burial."

This is not the whole story, for each man, each of the seven, came home, their bodies washed up on the shores within a half mile of their homes. One to Gull's Island, that was Silva; one to Fort Henry, Harry; two to the Island, the Bills; one to Elizabeth's Island, Joe; one to Hattie's Beach, Chuck; and to Wrecker's Watch, Pa. Despite the current that sweeps by the islands, toward the horizon, the sea brought the seven home. . . . "A mystery never to be solved, except by conjecture."

WINSLOW HOMER'S WATER-COLOR: THE BLUE BOAT

Claire L. Slattery, '49

It calmly glides along the lucid stream,
Submissive to the oarsman's stroke; supreme,
Alone it searches, seeks out hidden lands
That men know not except in thoughtful dreams.

The spongy, trackless swamp attempts to ban
Its way, and greedy growths all seek to mar
The slender craft. Leafy sentinels
Stark and straight watch progress from afar.

And crowning all are blue-tinged clouds that whirl
Across the mighty heavens. Each sweeping swirl
Melts one into the other, a shifting frame
Beneath which nature's beauty may unfurl.

I float within this blazing boat of blue—
I brave the bleakness of the marshes, too;
Beneath the cloud-filled sky I wait and watch,
For I become one of the "Blue Boat's" crew.

SNOWLAND

Adrienne E. Pepin, '49

HURRY, Jean, the train will be moving in a few seconds!"

There was just enough time to get aboard with our suitcases, skis, poles, boots, skates, and the multitude of small packages that comprised our impedimenta. The train moved slowly at first, and then faster and faster, up and down the gently sloping valleys, past the stretches of wooded and pasture land, past the rustic houses that occasionally dotted the countryside. The farmers' wives, dressed in picturesque black costumes, waved their bright red kerchiefs to us in pleasant salute, as we swept by, and the children ceased operations on their snow forts long enough to shout their welcome. The ride seemed interminable. We were on our way to Wengen, a small winter resort in the Alps, necessitating several changes on the way, and the baggage proved to be more than an ordinary problem at every stop.

At Interlaken there was much confusion. We had five

minutes to change trains, and there was no porter in sight. Consequently, we quickly formed an assembly line in order to get all our equipment aboard in those very short five minutes. We succeeded finally in getting settled in the extremely small compartments of the mountain train. Now we were only a few miles from Wengen. I joined the others in gay song, until a faint sound of falling water caused me to pause and listen. Then I saw it—a breath-taking waterfall that fell majestically from the summit of the peaks to the quiet plain below, reflecting in the rose-tinted light of the setting sun the rich green of the pine trees that sparkled with a thick coating of ice.

Slowly, slowly the mountain train climbed the steep hill and came to a halt at the friendly railroad station in Wengen. Here the confusion reached a climax. As we vainly attempted to get off the train, porters came rushing in to take care of all the baggage. It is not at all surprising that in less than five minutes I found that I was separated from the group. Under ordinary circumstances this might have been quite annoying, but not in the Alps.

In vain did I try to catch the sound of familiar voices. Nothing. I was all alone, and yet the feeling was one of deep contentment. The mountains, the trees, the plains, the cottages, the twisting roads all gleaming in their winter garments of crystal were mine, completely mine to look at and admire.

As I wandered up the narrow streets of the small mountain town, I found it impossible to keep my eyes on the road. They were drawn up to the summits of those lofty peaks surrounded by a soft halo of moonlight. At irregular intervals the mountain ranges dipped down into deep valleys, causing an interplay of light and shadow; and midway

between the summit and the plain, groves of tall evergreens added a touch of color to the wide stretches of white.

The road was slippery in parts, and I must have fallen several times; but even the falls were enjoyable. I laughed softly, never pausing to brush off the snow, so deeply was I absorbed in admiration: the mountains, majestic in their winter array, forming unbroken and sweeping lines; the quiet plain dotted with nut-brown chalets that looked like doll houses; the city of stars, with the moon for its capital, shedding a warm light over the snow-covered expanse below.

"Achtung!" someone cried in a warning tone.

Although I did not understand, it seemed urgent to run over to the side of the road. No sooner had I done so than a heavily-laden sleigh whizzed past me at lightning speed. It was guided by a young Swiss German lad who was riding down the hill on his heels, holding on tightly to the two front handles of the sleigh. I realized then and there that "achtung" was the Swiss German equivalent for "track", and when you hear the signal, you have to move just as quickly as in a New York subway.

I was snapped out of my pleasant meditation, and reluctantly I walked toward the center of town. I approached a young lady who seemed intelligent enough to understand English and asked her what direction I should take to reach the Hotel Alpenrose. No reply. I repeated my request in French. Still no reply. I could have asked the question in German, but the answer would have been too difficult to comprehend, my German vocabulary being limited to a few greetings and farewells. Determined that I would eventually find my way, I trudged along and tried a second passerby. Success! The young man and his friends spoke French. The

directions were quite complicated, but after much twisting and turning I finally reached the hotel. Everyone was sitting around a warm, crackling fire wondering where the lost wanderer could be. My arrival assured them that I was in the best of spirits, though a bit chilled.

Although I was very tired after the long trip and my wandering about, it was not until very late in the evening that I decided to take a look at my room. When I saw the balcony, I was as happy as a child with his new electric train. A balcony all to myself! When all the lights were out and everyone was sleeping soundly, I tiptoed out to enjoy the beauty of the night. At first it seemed like an exquisite winter painting. The moon was full, and its bright glow on the summits of the mountains turned night into day. Its brilliant rays reflecting on the jagged, snowy peaks produced light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable loveliness. The tiny cottages in the valley below were weighed down by several feet of snow, but sweet occurrences of transmitted light assured me that there was life within the rough walls of those small havens. With this picture in mind, I crawled under two feet of covers and puffs to dream a dream that was becoming very much of a reality.

The next morning I made up my mind that I was going to ski down from the top of the Jungfrau—come what would. A very crowded train carried up a happy group of mountain climbers. At one point I felt that I could just reach out and touch the summit! I was five miles up from Wengen. How to get down? I might say that the safest way would have been to go down on the same ski train, but that would have meant the betrayal of my American spirit of sport.

With much courage I started the long descent. No matter how much I kept my knees bent, I always managed to find a soft spot. Then what? Then, I became a snow man. But the ride down was not all falls. At every turn the scenery changed—down steep glades, along zig-zag tracks, past thick groves of pine trees that rose more than fifty feet high. I sped, my spirit raised in the exultation of the moment to the very summits of the great heights that towered above me.

There was no time to feel tired, and even after this five-mile descent I was ready to go to the outdoor skating rink. Skating to Strauss waltzes! I could see the skiers making their graceful turns on the near-by hills, and an almost overpowering feeling of aliveness and gayety made me glide over the ice as though the silver blades were winged.

This winter paradise lasted seven short, but pleasure-filled days; and as I looked back at the towering mountains from the train window, I tried to capture for one last time the spirit and beauty of a kingdom where majesty and grace reign in quiet serenity.

FANCY THAT

Marie T. McDonald, '51

I'M NOT exactly sure how I became a ghost. All I know is that one day I looked around and discovered that I was. You might think that this is not very good proof. In fact, I wasn't absolutely convinced either until two little boys saw me and shouted, "Look! A ghost!" Then I was convinced. I definitely am a ghost.

I don't remember my parents very well because while I was yet a very pale young ghost my mother ran off with a skeleton, leaving my father and me all alone. My father couldn't stand the strain, so he left me in an old abandoned mansion and went to look for greener graveyards.

The mansion in which my father left me is ten miles off the main road, and ever since the Civil War I have enjoyed the utmost peace and quiet there. It is because of the disruption of this peace that I have finally floated on to my chair and begun to write this tale that you are now reading Yes, I was perfectly happy until the twenty-first of August, 1946. This is the way that my peace was broken.

I was on the second floor veranda enjoying the mild afternoon sun and the breeze as it blew through me. Two Fords of the 1937 variety, looking like demons from the nether world, sneezed to a stop in front of my home. I dived behind a post and watched two young couples climb out of the cars. I'm not quite sure why I hid behind the post. Probably it was because of the shock of seeing people again after all this time. I hadn't seen any for over fifty years, and unless my memory fails me, the girls were wearing skirts

down to their ankles then. But when the two girls got out of the Fords on that afternoon in 1946, they were wearing shorts! I blushed. So you see I really had to hide because I couldn't let these strange young people see a pink ghost.

One of the girls, whose name I later found out was Sue, cried out happily, "Tom, it's wonderful! Just think of how we can fix it up. It'll be beautiful." She was jumping up and down and clapping her hands like a child. Tom answered rather wryly that she was correct in saying that it would have to be fixed up.

The second girl now stepped up to Sue and laughing deprecatingly said, "Oh, Sue, don't you see how impossible it is? We could never make this old hulk of a place livable in three weeks; and, furthermore, it's too far away from everything. There are no people out here. We couldn't give parties and we couldn't even get to town often, for the boys will have the cars during the day, you know, in order to get to class. You couldn't be serious about this."

Sue stopped her jumping and pulled herself up straight as she answered, "Yes, Nancy, I've never been more serious. We have to find some place soon, and you know we've looked at everything else within fifteen miles of the campus, and this is the only thing left. We have no choice. It's this or nothing. We must give it a try."

By this time I had come out from behind the post to look over the railing at them. Nancy looked up at the veranda but jumped back quickly. I was not sure whether she saw me, but I was to find out later that she most definitely had.

I was stunned. What could they mean? Were they going to move into my home? For certainly it was mine. There had been no other claim of ownership for seventy-eight years since the day a veteran of the Battle of Gettysburg

had stopped here on his way home; but I frightened him so thoroughly that he had decided that he didn't want the place after all. Now four young whippersnappers appear and claim it as their own. I decided that I would have to go back to work again. After nearly four-score years of rest, that is a distressing conclusion to have forced on you.

I heard them downstairs going through the rooms, exclaiming over this and that, moaning over that and this. Then they climbed the stairs. I have never bothered to use them so I didn't know what condition they were in, but I hoped fervently that they would fall through. They didn't, however, and the four intruders clambered through the rooms upstairs.

When they had seen all that there was to see, they retreated to the front yard where they sat making their plans. Oh, how those plans hurt me! My favorite moldy, verminous armchair was to be thrown away; the chimney which I had used for an elevator was to be torn out and a new-fangled one put in. My heart oozed a sort of vinegary mist with the pain. For this armchair and chimney held many pleasant memories for me.

Finally these people left and I was again in comparative peace, but the knowledge that they would return haunted me. An ironic thought: I, a ghost, being haunted! My home! Strangers! Humans were going to live in my home. I couldn't sleep all night, and in the morning there were big hollow places beneath my eyes. I was not a very good-looking ghost that day.

My four persecutors arrived again early in the morning. They had carpenters, architects, plasterers, and other humans of a diverse variety of vocations. They went to work right

away, tearing down, throwing out, putting aside, smoothing out, and making decisions.

I couldn't start my haunting campaign that day because nobody would have paid any attention anyway. They were all making so much noise that they wouldn't have noticed me. I tried a few shrill howls, but Joe just asked the carpenter if he couldn't grease his saw, so I gave it up and waited for the next day. But the next day was just as bad. Nobody would take time out to let me frighten him, so I remained out of sight hoping for a chance to display my fearfulness. I had to do something about this.

It was nine days before my chance arrived. Nancy had told Sue and Tom about her ghost, but they hadn't believed her so I decided that I would have to pay them a visit. The second night of their stay in my home I floated into Sue's and Tom's room. I had planned on entering as the clock struck twelve, but the light was still on so I had to wait until one-thirty. Evidently Tom had a lot of studying to do.

At one-thirty I opened the door. I didn't need to open it as I could have gone through, but I thought that the click of the doorknob in the middle of the night might be a little frightening in itself. I sailed clumsily over the floor but neither Sue not Tom stirred. They were sound asleep. I coughed, but they still didn't wake up. I sneezed, sang, howled and cried, all to no avail. Then I grabbed Tom and shook him till I thought my appendages would disappear. Finally, he opened one eye, looked at me and closed it peacefully again. I yelled, "Hey, there, I'm a ghost! I'm haunting you!"

He smiled sweetly and said, "But I don't believe in ghosts," and went back to sleep.

My spirits were dashed! My pride hurt! He didn't believe in ghosts! He looked at me and didn't believe I was there. This younger generation must not believe in anything!

I had never felt so bad in my whole life. But my spirits mended after a few days and I was able to go back to work, for I knew I must continue my campaign. If I couldn't expel them, at least I must get back my chimney and chair. I haunted night and day, but the only one I succeeded in frightening was Nancy, for only she believed in me. The other three laughed when they heard me mentioned and they began to ask Nancy how Archibald, her pet ghost, was. This was an insult to my dignity, but I knew that I had to bear it courageously.

I clanked through the halls at night. I howled with fury, demanding the return of my chair and chimney. Finally, I made an impression on them, but it was not the impression I had meant to make at all.

For, at last, Sue, Tom, and Joe realized that there was a ghost in the house and a very unhappy ghost indeed. But they did not fear me. They would not bring back the chair. They would not move out. In fact, they were proud of me! They thought it was wonderful to have a ghost in the house, and they invited other students from the college to stay in my home during the night so that they could hear me moan and howl.

Well, I kept on moaning and howling because I knew I had to do something, and after two weeks they began to weaken. They were very tired (because I didn't let them get much sleep) and actually their nerves were on edge. Evidently they were a little more afraid of me than they pretended.

The two couples held a meeting one night four weeks after they had moved in. I hid in the council room behind the draperies so that I could hear what was going to happen.

Nancy opened the discussion by pouting. "I told you so. When are we going to move?"

"Oh, Nan, you don't need to be so stuffy," Joe answered. "We're not worried, and we're not going to move. We just want to think up some plan that will beat this infernal creature."

"After all," Sue suggested, "we thought it was almost impossible to make this house livable in the short time we had, but we did it; so now we can't let a ghost drive us out."

"That's right. I'm glad you're with me, Sue. Are you, Tom?" Joe questioned. At a nod of assent from Tom the three inflexible humans set to work making plans to smoke me out and send me away forever. I was very sad. It is the only home I remember. My spirits drooped. They drooped so low that they could be seen beneath the curtain, and Nancy saw them. She pulled at Joe's hand and pointed at me.

"Look," she whispered hoarsely, "there he is now. 'Speak of the devil'." I didn't like being referred to as the devil. Even if we are of the same density, there is a difference in specific gravity.

Joe and Tom grabbed me and wrapped me in the curtain so that I couldn't escape. They told me that I would have to leave or keep quiet forever. They gave me no middle course. Sue, however, saw how very sad I was and she asked me what the fundamental cause of all my howling had been. I told her how I felt about the invasion of my home, in general, and about the removal of my chair and chimney in particular. I explained that I would never leave, but

that I would keep quiet if they returned my moldy old chair to the middle of the living room and un-reconstructed my fireplace.

Nancy looked horrified, but a gleam began to kindle in Tom's eye. "You know," he spoke to the other three, "I think we might be able to agree with him after all." Nan glared at him, Joe gaped at him, and Sue grinned at him. They went into a huddle. I couldn't hear what they said, but when Joe told me that they would fulfill my demands if I would do a very simple thing for them, I agreed.

So that is the reason that I, a respectable ghost, am sitting on a moldy verminous armchair in the middle of an ultra-modern living room, facing a broken down fireplace, watching Tom, Jr., now three years old, in his play-pen. Yes, that is the compromise I had to make. I have my chair and batty chimney, but for three hours each night I am a baby-sitter!

MARY

Patricia E. Holleran, '50

MY NAME is Mary. Plain name, isn't it? Like the song says, 'plain as any name can be'. . . .

"Was a time . . . I was fifteen, then, and painfully grown-up—had my hair frizzed and piled on top of my head. Looked like a rabbit with curly ears.

"Well, those were the days when I begged Ma to let me change my name to Sheila. I knew that name would change my whole personality—turn my freckles into dimples, change my plain brown hair into fairy-book princess gold, make me look slim instead of bone-skinny. I needed that name like a cake needs frosting. 'Course Ma just laughed at me. The girls in the gang tried to call me Sheila, but they always giggled right after. By the time I was seventeen, I was resigned to Mary—plain, ordinary, Mary."

She continued to fold the remnants of materials on her counter in the same painstaking way—with a smoothing gesture here, a gentle pat there and with a smile of the same quiet enjoyment in her work that had been the cause of my stopping to inspect her display of multicolored cloths. I had fifteen minutes before I had to leave town and meet the children at their school, and this would be a good time to get the white muslin for Jill's blouse that I had forgotten last week.

It had really been this smile, playing familiarly around her eyes and lips, as a child plays on his own front steps in the sunlight—it was this smile that made me ask impulsively, "What makes you so happy?"

She seemed surprised at the question. In fact I rather surprised myself. The question was asked, however, and hung on the air between us while she looked directly and deliberately at me. The answer seemed to deserve more than a shrug of the shoulder and a casual or vague word and, as another woman can, Mary sensed that I wanted to hear her story and that I had time to listen.

There was an immediate bond of warm and interested friendship between us and I found myself smiling as I watched her clear a space for my small bundles amid the pastel-colored baby flannel, tiny printed calicoes, and luridly striped silk jerseys. Her hands as they darted in and out of the rainbow textiles were sure and graceful and almost respectful, although dry and rough and not at all beautiful in themselves; they had the same beauty as the hands of a sacristan straightening an altar cloth. The incongruity of the comparison shocked me; yet the perfection of it satisfied me.

Meanwhile Mary's cider-colored eyes were laughing as she told of her adolescent desire for a more glamorous name, and I wasn't sure whether it was the story itself or the glowing quality of the woman that was captivating me the more. Suddenly she grew more serious, or at least not self-mocking, as she admitted that she had never told this story before and she wasn't sure she could tell it now.

"It was twenty-seven years ago next March that it happened . . ."

She began slowly, reflectively gazing down at the soft, white muslin for Jill's blouse that she was now holding between two worn palms.

"About three o'clock in the afternoon the sky turned an

angry black; a strong wind came roaring through that doorway opening into the street . . ."

She glanced up at me quickly to be sure I saw the picture as she painted it and, satisfied, she went on, choosing her words carefully.

"The doors were slammed shut on the wind, the counters were straightened and the store lights were snapped on, but the customers had already caught the feeling in the air and they bustled about, forgetting the rest of their shopping, assembling their packages in double bags, having them wrapped extra tight against the weather, and then hurried out into the wind and darkness to their own homes before the rain came.

"And the rain did come. You could hear its wild beating on the plate-glass windows—almost like someone trying to come in out of the storm.

"The last customers left, taking all the warmth and life with them and leaving only a damp, cold chill in the air.

"I was restless myself; nothing ever seemed to satisfy me . . . no one asked me what made me so happy in those days." She looked at me again to be sure I was still following her story.

"The change in the weather had upset me and the Hallowe'en eeriness of the storm outside as well as the silence inside the store rather frightened me.

"To fill in my time until five-thirty I started to straighten my counter. I was just pushing remnants of this same kind of baby flannel into piles." As she spoke she laid a stroking hand on the potential baby nightgowns. The material responded by clinging to her hand as a baby clings to his mother's extended finger.

"I was aware of someone standing there, and although I

was only sorting, I'm ashamed to say I enjoyed making her wait. She didn't ask for anything and the silence was so great I could hear her breathing as though she had been hurrying or was excited.

"I looked up impatiently and then I stared. There was something about this girl—something different and yet something you see in every young girl's face: coolness and cleanliness, innocence and wisdom, and life and joy. . . . I don't know how long I stood and drank in her beauty."

Silence followed as Mary recalled the sight, and knowing that she was again seeing the girl in her imagination, I felt cheated.

"Exactly what did she look like, Mary?"

It was cruel to tear her from a special vision, but Mary smiled as she became conscious of my eager presence, and then she looked disturbed as she searched for more concrete words.

"I don't really remember what color her eyes were—but they were bright and excited and seemed a little afraid. I don't remember much other than her eyes."

"Well, was she blonde or brunette?"

"She had brownish hair that waved around her face."

"Was she short and fat or tall and thin?" I was becoming impatient at her vagueness. Something about this story had acutely interested me.

"Well," Mary wandered on again in her description, "she seemed tall because she stood straight and still, but her eyes looked straight into mine, so she couldn't have been very tall."

"What did she say, Mary?"

"She didn't say anything at first. She just smoothed the white baby flannel and then she picked it up and held it in

her hands, just looking at it. Then she saw me staring and she smiled all over and looked as though she was dying to tell me something. I was afraid of breaking the spell by saying anything, and she just looked down at the material again and held on to her secret. Then she said that she didn't know how much she wanted—just enough to wrap a baby in.

"I tell you it took me a while to cut off the cloth and fold it and put it into a bag. When I handed it to her she had her money ready, and as she pressed it into my hand, she again looked straight at me. This time she looked sad and serious, yet kind and almost motherly."

I couldn't help feeling strange as Mary continued, "And when she picked up her package, I wanted to say, 'You'd better bundle up against the weather,' but, instead, she turned to me and said something kind of funny. . . ."

"What, Mary? What did she say?"

" 'Good-bye, Mary,' she said, 'I'll see you again soon'."

I was momentarily disappointed, and then I remembered.

"But, Mary, had you told her your name?"

"I couldn't say a word all the time she was here."

Then I understood. I didn't have to ask Mary if she had seen the girl since. And when Mary said that the sun was shining when the girl left, she didn't have to tell me that the sun had newly appeared and that the girl walked down the aisle a glowing nimbus, silhouetted by the sun, framed by the doorway, and then disappeared.

No, Mary didn't have to say that she was left a name made out of stronger stuff than fairy-book, princess gold, and a joy and happiness and a promise that still reflected in her face. As I handed her the money for Jill's blouse, we were both conscious that we were again re-living the

scene as Mary must have done time and again since that March afternoon. The smile we gave each other went deep. Mary knew why I said nothing as I turned to go. We understood each other.

ON THE HILL

Isabelle G. Finn, '49

The rolling meadow as I climb
  Is lit with maple's blaze
That reaches up with fiery limbs
  To greet the autumn days.

And higher still in morning's mist
  The pine trees hum anew
With every zephyr's gentle kiss
  That rolls away the dew.

So moving on past eager hands
  Of oaks that reach above
Their hedge of stone, again I stand
  To look upon the cove.

Its huddled houses vivid lie
  Beneath the sun's harsh ray,
And join with tree and field and sky
  In singing lauds to day.

CURRENT BOOKS

Family Circle, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1948. 310 pages.

Cornelia Otis Skinner needs no introduction to us. Appreciative audiences have laughed and wept over her inimitable monologues and sketches for many years. Enthusiastic readers have chuckled at her skillful presentation of situations surprisingly similar to their own experiences. In her new book Miss Skinner recreates for her vast number of friends the personalities of the gentle Southern mother and the gifted New England father who developed and fostered the gifts of mind and heart that have made her famous. She acquaints the reader with the underlying cause of her own charm, wit, and enthusiastic zest for living. The result is vivid and sparkling, a story as fresh as if it had taken place yesterday.

As the curtain rises, Moberly, Missouri, with its railroad tracks, cinder banks, and frame houses dominates the stage. Before long the Durbin family assumes a position of prominence and we are introduced to impetuous, haughty, lovable William Durbin; gentle, shy, plump "Zou",

his wife; and the younger Durbins, in particular the adventurous and temperamental Maud. The Durbins were engaging Southerners, extremely clannish, held together through all difficulties by mutual bonds of affection.

It was evident from her early childhood that Maud was a leader. She had a flair for inventing original games and soon began to direct her energies toward the staging of private theatricals in which she was the chief performer. Her talent for acting and recitation began to be recognized by more mature admirers than her hayloft audiences. In 1893 Helen Modjeska appeared in Maud's home town, became interested in the young performer, and offered her a position in her company. She acquitted herself well in the Modjeska repertory company and while serving her apprenticeship attracted the attention of the young Otis Skinner.

The carefree spirit of the Durbin family disappears at the opening of the second act and we are introduced to an austere and rigidly restricted household. Otis Skinner is presented to us, the son of a scholarly Universalist preacher and soft-spoken, dark-eyed mother. A product of a long line of righteous, God-fearing, granite-faced New Englanders, Otis lived through a childhood that was not over-gay. It was while watching the *Hunchback of Notre Dame* that he made his momentous decision to become an actor. His rise to fame was slow and difficult, but by the time he became Modjeska's leading man he was a seasoned and thoroughly finished performer. The male star of the repertory company soon noticed the charming Southern actress who smiled shyly at him, and after parting from Modjeska's group, he invited Maud to be his leading lady, a position made permanent when she became his wife.

The next few years were years of hardship for the young couple, but Otis slowly built up the career that was to make him famous. With the advent of Cornelia, Maud Durbin Skinner retired from the stage and devoted herself to making a permanent home for her husband and daughter.

In the third act we have the true "family circle." Each scene contributes incidents which directly and indirectly colored and framed the thoughts and actions of Cornelia Otis Skinner. We meet her as an ungainly child, thoroughly enjoying the frequent trips necessitated by her father's travels and manifesting early an interest in amateur

theatricals. Curiously enough, her first performances of any note were not on the stage but before the camera as an extra in silent movies. Such engagements served to foster her ambitions, and her family, although still dubious about her talents, arranged that she should study abroad.

Upon her return to America Cornelia entered upon her career. Her first brief scene was in *Blood and Sand,* which starred her father. The finale of this presentation has served as the finale for the third act of *Family Circle.* Otis Skinner, in the "gilt-prescenium-and-red-plush" Empire Theater on Broadway presented his daughter to an expectant and critical public, smiled and said, "Well, Miss, you've made your New York début. From now on you're on your own."

Cornelia, as the narrator of *Family Circle,* fills her pages with the same sparkle and wit that make her presence on the stage a delight. She pictures the many incidents in her life, both hilarious and sentimental, as all part of one high adventure, and with the actor's sixth sense for comedy she knows how to light up a scene or point up a phrase. She has a swift and beautiful appreciation of people and things and can become deeply absorbed in the happenings of the present moment. In *Family Circle,* she is limited in her use of the unexpected retort which gives to her earlier works much of their charm. An authoritative history cannot be sacrificed for cleverness of phraseology. Yet, to a slight degree, this very lack becomes an excellence, for it tends to simplify a technique which if not taken in moderate doses wears off its first bright polish.

CLAIRE L. SLATTERY, '49

The Loved One, by Evelyn Waugh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1948. 164 pages.

The author describes his work as "a purely fanciful tale, a little nightmare produced by the unaccustomed high living of a brief visit to Hollywood." He introduces to us Mr. Dennis Barlow, Miss Aimée Thanatogenos, Mr. Joyboy, and a number of other lunatic personages as a screen upon which to trace the tapestry of his conception of the American way of life.

With a deftness and artistry, striking in the precision of their effect,

the author thrusts before our eyes the sterilized blankness of our hygienic, chromium-plated, neon-illuminated civilization. The detachment from reality characteristic of many Americans, with its concomitant preoccupation with sentimentalism, is amusingly portrayed, or rather cleverly sneered at. At the same time, with smiling British ruthlessness, Mr. Waugh sends ambling before us, in hideous parade, a fiendish crystallization of American life and thought, through his clever presentation of the American press, our educational system, our commercial advertising, and our vulgar display of wealth. He gives form to the ghastly hollowness of the great American ideal, the accumulation of money as the norm for success.

There is no question that Mr. Waugh's urbane style and restrained understatement contribute to make this little novel a masterpiece of cutting satire. The book not only amuses us but is decidedly provocative of thought. Mr. Waugh tells us himself that he anticipated "ructions" from his readers for two reasons: first, because of the unseemingly preoccupation of the work with the cadaver; and, second, because American readers in particular would be indignant at what they might consider unflattering portraits of their fellow countrymen. Americans have reason to be a little weary of the superficial reactions of foreigners who come to our shores on lecture tours or perhaps for a brief visit of a few months and then return to Europe to write books on the superficial way of life that is lived in the new world. Dickens, and Mathew Arnold —and even Chesterton and Belloc, in our own day—are notable offenders in this regard. Some day perhaps one will come who can see our life "steadily and see it whole."

ELEANOR M. RIDGE, '49

The End, by Hugh Venning. Buffalo: Desmond and Stapleton Company, 1948. 303 pages.

Hugh Venning's attempt to describe the end of the world, as it will occur in the year 2045, is intended to be simply a projection into the future and not a prophecy. The story is set entirely in the realm of fantasy, although the actual scenes take place in Great Britain. The form of government in England has been replaced by socialism under the guise of democracy. The rest of the world, with the exception of

three Catholic countries, are following the leadership of the Second Roman Emperor, known as 666. In an effort to map out the rights of the individual and to show deference to the Emperor's supreme rights, names nowhere appear. All of the Superior's subjects are identified by numerals.

It is an ultra-scientific age and all the findings of science are accepted unconditionally. In fact, science has been so successful that it has done away with eating, drinking, and sleeping, and even with religion.

Religion is eliminated from all countries of the world, with the exception of the three Catholic countries of Poland, Ireland, and French Canada. Then Mr. Emmanuel, the great lover of God, comes on the scene. The plot centers about the familiar episode of Christ before Pontius Pilate, with Seymour Pomfret, Prime Minister of England, serving as the second Pilate.

The peace which England has known exteriorly at least for over a hundred years is now interrupted by an ultimatum issued by 666, who states that he has redecorated St. Peter's in Rome and will set himself up as God. All must pay homage to him or pay the penalty of death. The Catholic countries are lost at once through invasion.

Mr. Emmanuel, simultaneously with the decree issued by 666, is brought before Seymour Pomfret for an investigation of his teachings. Pomfret is so impressed and influenced by this man that he offers refuge in England to Pope Benedict XX. For this disobedience England is to suffer the fate of the Catholic countries.

In a final attempt to secure the homage of Mr. Emmanuel, who has really been the only one to stand out against him, 666 offers him all the riches of the world, if only he will bow down and worship him. This scene is noticeably akin to Christ's temptation by the devil. Needless to say, Mr. Emmanuel stands the test, but the dreaded invasion of England by 666 takes place. It is not an invasion of the Roman armies alone, for the armies of the Lord descend and the battle is a short and victorious one for the side of Goodness.

The Pope arrives, for the first time treading on British soil, and assists Mr. Emmanuel in baptizing the people before their mass entrance into heaven. This accomplished, "The Cross, the Sign of the Son of Man, breaks through the curtain of the heavens, and shines over the universe in glory."

In concise, clipped sentences, and with telling irony, the author shows just how far man can sink when he relies solely upon himself and science. Much of the humor of the book comes from the rather pathetic attempt of man to live without religion and to try to cover up his wretchedness with a false gaiety.

The book recalls Fr. Benson's *The Lord of the World* and Alfred Noyes' *The Last Man,* both of which treat the same theme. Although Hugh Venning's work is written in a lighter vein, it moves us to reflect none the less deeply on the doom that awaits our civilization unless it listens to the spiritual prophets of the age and takes a new direction.

BARBARA M. O'CONNOR, '49

Cry, the Beloved Country, by Alan Paton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 278 pages.

> "For it is the dawn that has come, as it has come for a thousand centuries, never failing. But when that dawn will come, of our emancipation from the fear of bondage and the bondage of fear, why, that is a secret."

So concludes this stirring novel by Alan Paton. Who knows what will happen when a social system has been driven mad with racial unrest. What is the fate of those innocent ones who find themselves plunged into the consuming fire of bitter resentment, terrorizing crime, and shocking moral deterioration?

It is not an easy task to present a timely universal problem, based on fact, and at the same time bring vividly to life profound human characters in a unique novel of personal apprehension and tragedy. Yet Mr. Paton has achieved this in one of the most amazing novels that has ever been written on South Africa.

The hero of this story is a God-trusting and humble Zulu parson from Ndotsheni, in the hills above Ixopo. He leaves his poverty-stricken country village for Johannesburg, "the city of evil", in search of his son, his sister, and his brother.

Fear travels with him in the "greatest train of all" because he knows only too well that those who go to Johannesburg never return. Corruption, hatred, and all the resulting vices of oppression lurk in the shadows of the white man's city, and in the black pits of the white man's gold mine.

Through the aid of the Reverend Msimangu and a few friends of the Mission House in Sophiatown, the parson discovers his sister. The grief which burdens him when he begs her to give up her weakness and return with him is only the first realization that his fears were well founded. His search for his wayward son ends at a reformatory where his only boy is being held for the murder of a white man who had devoted his life to the better development of the black races of Africa.

Strange and fierce emotions are compounded in the climaxing situations which follow when the English father of the murdered man and the humble Zulu clergyman find that they are destined to travel the same road back to the hills above Ixopo.

In the face of every overwhelming sorrow, each one more crushing than the one before, the old parson retains his faith and hope in God's mercy: and God's mercy comes to the trusting Zulu, but not in the usual way. Evil did not rise and take on the armor of good. Weakness did not become strong and cast off the choking yoke of human nature. But a miracle did happen, and a far reaching good was washed ashore from the polluted waters which flow from the river of evil in Johannesburg.

The reader will find a little of the lyrical quality of *The Pearl* in the style of this, and a little, too, of the fine restraint that one finds in the dialogues of Thomas Hardy when the characters find their emotion too strong for human words to express. The style is natural. The people are real. The facts are recorded. We are left with long, long thoughts of tomorrow.

PATRICIA A. MURPHY, '49

Pilgrim's Inn, by Elizabeth Goudge. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc., 1948. 346 pages.

Reading *Pilgrim's Inn* is like stepping from the cold reality of everyday life into a world of fantasy. Although Elizabeth Goudge sets her novel in contemporary England, the plot has much of the magic of ancient fairy tales.

Nadine and George Eliot are the parents of five extremely unusual children—Tommy, Ben, Caroline, and the twins, Jerry and José. There is a pathetic note in the intense love and adoration of the children for their mother, since she is not the maternal type of woman and wearies

of their constant activity. Nadine's past life is mainly responsible for her attitude, especially her supposed love for her husband's nephew, David Eliot. David is an actor who has suffered a nervous reaction from his experiences as a soldier in the recent war. In him we see the reflection of the times as they really are and as they must be depicted, even in a novel such as this. The reader sympathizes with him and is pleased when he meets understanding, young Sally Adair. Sally and her father, John Adair, are a delightful pair—he, the unruly, gruff, artist, and she the orderly, tawny-eyed shepherdess.

These characters are brought together by the directing hand of Lucilla Eliot, who reigns supreme at beautiful, old Damerosehay. Lucilla persuades her son, George, to visit the Pilgrim's Inn, Herb of Grace. Once George and his children have seen the Inn, their hearts are won by it, and it is natural that the Eliots decide to buy it.

The family are soon enveloped in the charm and friendliness of the Herb of Grace. The children find in the spacious beauty of the English countryside an outlet for their pent-up emotions. Jerry and José, as Rat and Mole, romp through the deep woods to their Place Beyond, where they find ecstatic contentment in their games of make-believe.

At Herb of Grace, also, John Adair takes Ben under his artistic wing, and the enchanting atmosphere of the old Inn helps them to make wonderful discoveries about themselves and about each other. For Caroline and Tommy, who are away at school most of the time, the Herb of Grace is the perfect home to which to return on holidays. There comes from out of the past a spirit of festivity and of hospitality which were characteristic of the old English inns.

The effect on Nadine Eliot is perhaps the most tremendous of all. She becomes so closely united to the Herb of Grace and to the country around it that she loses part of herself in it and makes a surprising decision which affects the lives of several people.

When a houseboat docks at the old Inn and Annie-Laurie and Maloney come to stay with the Eliots, a new problem arises to be coped with by Nadine and her brother-in-law, Hilary. They must discover the story behind Annie-Laurie's bitterness and the reason why she and Maloney are masquerading as father and daughter. Hilary proves to be a most understanding man, as Maloney confides to him the unpleasant details of his past life.

Throughout the whole book, Lucilla Eliot's influence is exerted over the inhabitants of the Herb of Grace, and she watches with pleasure from Damerosehay the events which gradually bring them closer together. She is especially happy when she learns that David Eliot wants to respond to the love which Sally Adair feels for him, and she gives him the advice which she knows he needs at this crucial time of his life. With Lucilla's steady hand guiding these matters, how can they not have a happy end?

Although at times we almost feel as if we are in another world, the novel cannot be called the work of an escapist. Elizabeth Goudge faces the problems of a post-war world with candor. In David Eliot, we see our own American boys returned from the war with shattered nerves, and we sympathize with Sally when she leaves her ration book on the train, because we remember all too clearly our days of rationing.

The best feature of *Pilgrim's Inn* is its beautiful descriptions of the English countryside. The reader feels that the author truly loved this place which she pictures as a land of enchantment.

CATHERINE V. REILLY, '49

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene. New York: The Viking Press, 1948. 306 pages.

The Heart of the Matter is a novel of conflict between a man and his soul. The central character is Scobie, a middle-aged police official in a run-down British colony on the West Coast of Africa. He is content with his place in life not because he has reached great heights in his career but because he is satisfied with himself and sees no apparent reason for change. In contrast to Scobie's apathetic attitude is that of his wife. She strains at the circumstances that bind her to a climate she hates, a social environment where she is not accepted, and to a husband who has substituted pity for love. For these reasons she goes on a vacation in search of peace of mind. This is when Scobie's troubles begin. His moral downfall is gradual but complete. He commits first the sin of infidelity to his wife, then receives Holy Communion while in the state of sin, and finally takes his life. These sins were committed for one reason—pity. Softness is the tragic flaw in Scobie's character.

He is unwilling to cause suffering to another human being, even though his attitude is sinful.

It was pity that caused Scobie to help Helen, in the first instance, and which causes his infidelity. It was pity for his wife, whom he did not wish to hurt, that prompted him to receive Holy Communion in the state of sin. It was pity that caused his suicide—"the terrible desire to protect his wife from himself." As he dies he tries to form the words of the Act of Contrition, and we are left with long reflections on the great mercy of God.

The book has been variously received by the critics, who all recognize its power. Some, who do not understand its message, find its theme obscure and without meaning. Catholics, who perhaps alone can interpret its lesson with understanding, feel, on the whole, that it will be sold to the wrong audience and will give a false impression of Catholic teaching.

MARILYN G. MYERS, '49

VOCABULARY

Jean M. Edwards, '49

I love words for rhyme or reason—
All the time, in any season.
Each one has a face, a name,
No two ever quite the same.

Lonely words like ship and sea;
Cosy words like toast and tea.

Frisky words like skip and spin;
Solemn words like sorrow, sin.

Fluffy words like curl and frill;
Lingering ones like dream and still.

Funny ones like escalator;
Gallant words like aviator.

Crinkly words like rustle, crisp;
Ghostly ones like wraith and wisp.

Words in pairs like death and doom,
Black and white, bride and groom.

Kodak-words like tree and leaf;
Poignant ones, farewell and grief.

Noisy words like clash and bark;
Liquid ones like laugh and lark.

Dim words like forget and grope;
Shining ones like faith and hope.

Mellow words like mercy, mild;
Christmas words like Star and Child.

Compliments
of the
SOPHOMORE CLASS

President . . . . . Ann L. Sweeney
Vice-President . . . . . Marilyn R. Lee
Secretary . . . . . Ann D. Quinn
Treasurer . . . . . Patricia M. McSweeney
Parliamentarian . . . . . Joan T. Dwane

Compliments
of the
JUNIOR CLASS

President . . . . . Miriam R. Hingston
Vice-President . . . . . Dorothy J. Sulesky
Secretary . . . . . Audrey L. Clancy
Treasurer . . . . . Marguerite C. Barry
Parliamentarian . . . . . Barbara R. Eaton

Compliments

of the

SENIOR CLASS

President . . . . . Alba P. Fraccastoro

Vice-President . . . . . Ruth E. Harrington

Secretary . . . . . Joan M. Fitzgerald

Treasurer . . . . . Mary F. Saunders

Parliamentarian . . . . . Therese M. Langelier

EMMANUEL GRADUATES

With a Bryant & Stratton training you can have a choice of jobs, generally in the field of your college major. Shorthand is the "Open Sesame," while the other subjects may help progress on the job. Individual advancement assures you your training in the shortest possible time. Ask about the Intensive Course for College Graduates. Telephone to Ken. 6789, or visit the school — Boylston corner Arlington Streets at the Arlington Subway Station.

BYRANT & STRATTON SCHOOL
BOSTON

"WE KEEP THE STORMS OUT"

BENJAMIN P. WILD

Roofing and Sheet Metal Work
Repairing a Specialty

142 Cherry Street **Cambridge, Mass.**
TRObridge 6-6751

A PROMINENT SPOT ON MAIN STREET

Within the past year A&P has been mentioned as part of the story or dialogue in at least 47 popular books of fact and fiction.

Well, that's perfectly natural, because we provide 6,000,000 American families with good food at low cost.

Wherever plain people live, the A&P is an important part of their lives. Years ago it was the familiar red-fronted grocery store. Today the super market, carrying over two thousand different items, is as much a part of the American scene as the town hall or Main Street or the village green.

No wonder so many chroniclers of American life put the A&P into their narratives!

We're flattered to turn up in 47 books. But we know—and we think you know, too—that institutions like the A&P are built on generations of hard work and public service.

If we're a fixture in American life, it's because the men and women of A&P have worked constantly for over 86 years to do the nation's most efficient job of food distribution.

A&P FOOD STORES

VISIT YOUR FRIENDS
Across the River

- *for smooth Campus Togs*
- *for attractive Home Furnishings*
- *for the ultimate in value plus savings*

And Sears *is* your friend. For we have your best interest at heart. Whether it be a comfortable upholstered chair—a suite of furniture—a new fountain pen—or nylons you can find it at Sears. And it will be priced to fit your budget. You can depend on Sears to give you maximum value at economy prices.

Open Thursday and Saturday Evenings until 9:00

✠

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" **SEARS**

Boston—KEN. 7350—Brookline Ave. at Park Drive

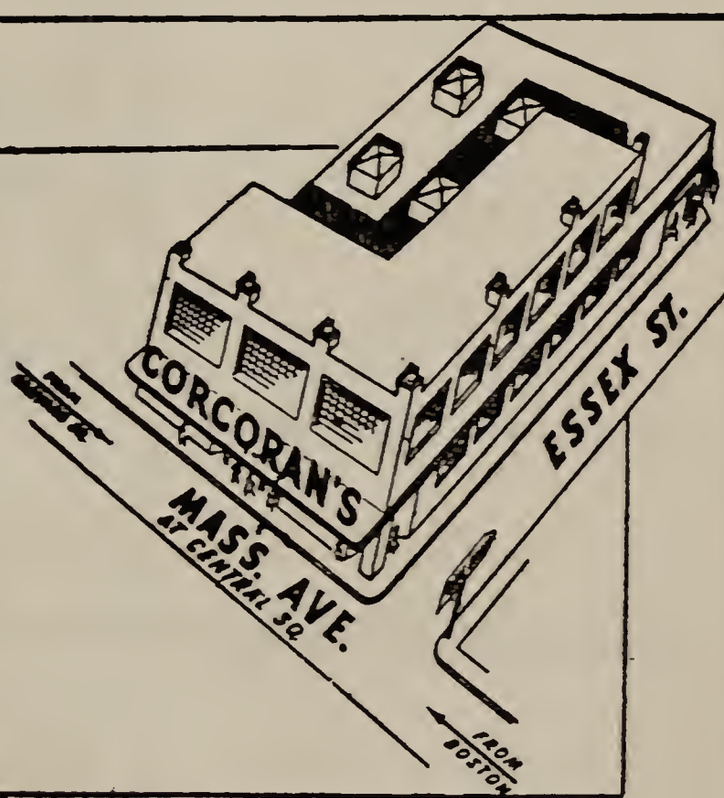
Best Wishes

Guy Ormandy Orchestras

RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

433 Little Building
BOSTON 16, MASSACHUSETTS
Tel. Hancock 7777

A FASHION STORE in Cambridge



Corcoran's CENTRAL SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

Compliments of

Watertown Savings Bank

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME
ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School
High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME
TYNGSBORO, MASSACHUSETTS
Boarding and Day School
High School and Elementary Departments Affiliated With Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Compliments of

Emmanuel League

Compliments

of the

Alumnae Association

of

Emmanuel College

ACADEMY OF NOTRE DAME

Corner of Granby Street and Bay State Road
BOSTON
MASSACHUSETTS

High School Classes

Thomas P. Mee Co.

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fruit and Produce

Stalls 47-49 Faneuil Hall Market
and Cellar No. 9
BOSTON, MASS.
Tel. CAPitol 0284-0285

BENZIGER BROTHERS Inc.

CHURCH GOODS

106 Chauncy Street

LIBerty 1150

S. S. PIERCE CO.

Visit the
Perfumery Department
at our
133 BROOKLINE AVENUE STORE
A Few Minutes' Walk from Emmanuel

DAWSON & HICKEY

BEEF - LAMB - VEAL - POULTRY

14 New Faneuil Hall Market

BOSTON 9, MASSACHUSETTS

Tel. CAPitol 1637
1636

Emmanuel's Friends: Please patronize

The Hotel Sheraton

offers you unexcelled facilities for banquets, dances, wedding receptions, teas.

★

91 BAY STATE ROAD
BOSTON, MASS.
KE 6-2960

HOWARD R. WILEY
General Manager

COMPLIMENTS

of the

FIRST NATIONAL SUPER MARKET STORES

Compliments of a Friend

COMPLIMENTS
OF A
FRIEND

John Lynch Drug Co.
2406 Massachusetts Ave.
NORTH CAMBRIDGE

Longwood Towers Co.
"a friendly corporation"

The Wool Shop
Yarns of All Types
282 Dartmouth St., Boston

Telephone Liberty 8587
Frank A. Gendreau
47 Winter Street
Room 605-6
BOSTON
Export
Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing
Diamonds - Watches - Jewelry

Hotel Continental
"One of New England's Best Hotels"
Cambridge, Mass.

Pius XI Co-operative Society

Complete Stock of Books

45 Franklin Street, BOSTON

Sunshine Biscuit Co.

226 Causeway Street

BOSTON

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

Foster Electric Co.

368 Congress Street

BOSTON

General

Ice Cream

Corporation

Mansion House Division

183 Cambridge Street

Cambridge, Mass.

Compliments of

The Herlihy Bros., Incorporated

MILK - CREAM

Matthew F. Sheehan Company

New England's Leading Church Goods

22 Chauncy St., Boston